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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

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KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

LEON VALLÉE

LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Volume Thirty-one

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, Limited, London

MERRILL & BAKER, New York EMILE TERQUEM, Paris

BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, Berlin

PN6013
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Entered at Stationers' Hall
London, 1899

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Paris, 1899

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XXXI.

		PAGE
To the Indies	*José M. de Pereda*	13
The Seamstress in a Garment of Her Own Make	*José M. de Pereda*	29
A Cordovan Housewife	*Juan Valera*	38
Six Etchings	*Armando Palacio Valdés*	59
"Miau"	*Benito Perez Galdós*	86
Os Maias: Episodes of a Romantic Life	*Eca de Queiroz*	102
The Raven	*Anna de Castro Ossorio*	112
Ballads and Songs of Brittany	*Tr. Tom Taylor*	119
Blind Rosa	*Henri Conscience*	150
The Sightless	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	176
An Old Acquaintance	*Nicolaas Beets*	198
Speeches of Bismarck	*Tr. Forrest Morgan*	217
In the Domain of the Crows	*Jonas Lie*	280
A Life's Enigma	*Björnstjerne Björnson*	291
The Eagle's Nest	*Björnstjerne Björnson*	301
To-Comes	*Henrik Ibsen*	303
A Tale of the Sea	*Alexander Kjelland*	305
Uncle Reuben	*Selma Lagerlöf*	312
He was too Good	*August Blanche*	319
Mrs. Fönss	*J. P. Jacobsen*	323
Sonnets of Old Rome	*José M. de Heredia*	338
Nihilist Circles in Russia	*Georg Brandes*	340
Varvara Afanasievna	*Viscount Melchior de Vogüé*	350
Apologues by Count Tolstoi	*Tr.*	367
The Sister	*A. Tchechov*	398
Napoleon	*Victor Hugo*	404

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME XXXI.

PSALTER OF ST. AUGUSTINE . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

RAPT IN VISION 92

LANDSCAPE IN BRITTANY 120

NORWEGIAN PEASANT GIRL 304

NAPOLEON 400

TO THE INDIES.

By JOSÉ M. DE PEREDA.

(From "Mountain Scenes": translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[José Maria de Pereda, the pioneer of the great leaders of contemporary Spanish fiction, was born at Polanco, near Santander, on the Bay of Biscay, in 1834. He is a wealthy country gentleman of good blood, but has always been a hard worker and assiduous student, especially of the manners and soul of his native district; he has never lived outside it and rarely written of anything else. The mountaineers and coast dwellers of North Spain regard him as their special literary champion, the only one for ages. Santander named a handsome street after one of his books, and he has had presents of plate and paintings on this account. As a man and as a writer he has followed exactly opposite paths: in politics, an extreme divine-right absolutist (having been a Carlist deputy) and reactionist; in literature a revolutionary realist of the most modern type. Especially he is a humorist of the fine old Spanish stamp. His first work was the publication in a local paper of the sketches afterwards collected as "Mountain Scenes." His first long novel was "Los Hombres de Pro" (The Respectables), in 1874; a satire on the ignorance, venality, pettiness and incapacity of the ruling order thrown up by modern suffrage conditions. "Don Gonzalo Gonzalez of Gonzalezville" (1878), the story of a returned "nabob" who has made a fortune in the colonies and goes into politics in his native land, harps on the same string. "De Tal Palo Tal Astilla" (A Chip of the Old Block) followed in 1879; then came "El Sabor de la Tierruca" (The Savor of the Soil), 1881; "Pédro Sanchéz," 1883; "Sotileza" (Fine-spun), 1884; "La Montalvez," 1887; "La Puchera" (The Family Board), and "El Buey Suelto" (The Unruly Steer), 1888; "Al Primer Vuelo" (The First Flight), 1890; "Nubes de Estio" (Summer Clouds), 1890; "Peñas Arriba" (The Higher Peaks), 1894. He has also published the collected volumes, "Tipos y Paisajes" (Types and Landscapes), 1870; "Bocetos al Temple" (Sketches in Distemper), 1873; and "Esbozos y Rasgunos" (Scratches and Scrawls), 1880.]

"Our husbands, our children,
To the Indies still roam,
In search of the fortune
Lying hidden at home."

I.

"Say, ma, this blouse *is* badly made, though!"

"Oh, you ungrateful rascal! Why, it fits you like your skin!"

"Nonsense, ma. I tell you it's too tight all over, and when I try to take off my hat the flaps work up round my neck!"

"Off with you, you impertinent little scamp, and don't stay here, bothering me!"

"Well, ma, you may as well give up fine sewing, anyway, and that good-for-nothing sister of mine, too! Just look at her now! She holds her needle as if it were a crowbar! My eye, look at what a shirt she's making! Now just try and make those stitches finer, can't you?"

"Oh, you rogue! Since when have you come to be a judge of fine sewing, and a howling swell yourself? And here I've been slaving for you night and day for more than a month! Mamma, I won't sew another stitch for him!"

And the unappreciated seamstress, a robust young girl, as brown as a chestnut, threw on the floor the shirt she had been sewing, and turned her back resolutely on the critical little dandy of thirteen, swift as a squirrel and thin as a rail.

His mother, some forty years of age, although the wrinkles in her face and the stoop of her shoulders give her the look of a woman of sixty, after struggling to make her thread fine enough to go through the eye of the needle, which is almost lost in her callous fingers, soothes the susceptible little sewer, goes up to the boy, makes him turn round three times, gives a vigorous pulling down to the garment he has criticised, and after gazing at her work for a moment in silence, she sits down again, exclaiming in a tone of deepest conviction, "Well, I'd like to see the tailor who could make you a better fit!"

But before proceeding with our story, and that our readers may better understand the situation, we will pause here to explain matters.

That our characters have their home in the mountains should be evident from the style of the above dialogue, and in case that has not made it sufficiently clear, I may state just here that such is the case. The reader may locate the scene of the story in that part of this province which best suits him, but the scene I am about to describe is found oftenest in the eastern part. [*I. e.*, about Santander.]

The stage setting in this case is the wide porch with red-tiled roof of a poor villager's cottage. The front of this cottage, like most of its kind, has in its center the main door, to the left the door of the sitting-room, to the right the kitchen window.

The two women are sewing, seated in the doorway. The second door stands partly open, as the good Uncle Nardo, the head of the family, husband and father respectively of the characters in our dialogue, has just gone in to settle up his accounts. As for the window, although this is an unnecessary detail, I will state on the word of a veracious historian, that it was closed; for its real use, more than to let light into the kitchen, is to let out the smoke when there is a fire in the fireplace, which just now is as cold as the mush that has been cooking there in the morning, — their food for the day. And we will add that it is now afternoon, stating also, and this is no idle detail as it may seem at a first glance, that we are in the month of September.

And now we have only to relate further that the little fellow who made such weighty charges against his mother and sister, came up to the porch, attired in a complete suit of gray nankeen, his neck tightly swathed in the intricate and tumultuous folds of an enormous cravat of red and white checked cotton. His small and intelligent face was almost hidden under the wide brim of his straw hat, adorned with a green band, and on his feet, to complete the picture, were clumsy, heavy shoes. The dust that covered them, the lad's flushed face, and the stout stick he carried, showed clearly that he had just come from a long walk. As for his grounds for complaint concerning the maternal shears and his sister's needle, we cannot deny that they appear well founded, after close examination of his clothing. At the same time it is evident that the poor women had never seen anything better in their way, and that the disdainful little fellow had never before rejoiced in such fine feathers as those which now embarrassed him. We can also affirm that, in spite of his opening speech, there is a certain gleam of pleasure, a smile on his face, which would seem to denote an inner satisfaction; his journey must have had a satisfactory ending.

But to understand this and other things which we propose to relate, let us take up our story where we left it before making this digression.

While his mother was saying the words we have recorded on having examined her son's suit, the boy seated himself on a bench between the two doors, and wiping the dust from his shoes with his pocket handkerchief, answered with some spirit: "You say this because you have nothing to compare it with, but if you should see me side by side with Don Damian, as I have just seen myself!... My, what clothes! his tailoress knows what's what! And such a cut! It's just glorious! Not such misfits as these, plague take 'em!"

"But you little imp of ingratitude, how do you expect to compare that fine cloth with your nankeen at fifteen cents a yard?"

"Who's talking about nankeen or the price of the cloth? I tell you it's all in the knowing how to cut it! If you'd only let a tailor at Santander make 'em, as I wanted you to,... the vest is just the same way, too, and the trousers — on one side they're an acre too wide, and on the other, I can't turn round in 'em! And then these shoes! I don't know why it is, but the more I grease 'em the worse they are! Say, you ought to have seen Don Damian's! My eye, but they shine like the sun at midday!"

"But my dear boy, don't you know that Don Damian is a very rich man?"

"But you will be able, too, to wear fine clothes some day,... isn't it so, mamma?"

"Come, come, you are already rejoicing in the thought of the fine clothes I am to give you! If you wear no others!"...

"I don't need them, you may make sure of that! Poor I was born, and whoever loves me must take me as I am, in a woolen gown, and digging in the dirt!"

"Be still, you little goose! I just said it to tease you! You just wait and see if I don't dress you up like a real lady, one of these days! Won't I, ma?"

While her children were fighting it out on this line, tears came to the good woman's eyes, a phenomenon which Uncle Nardo had observed of late under like circumstances, with no little surprise. Having learned by experience that if she did not control her emotion in time, she would not be able to conceal it, she changed the drift of the conversation by asking the boy, "Did Don Damian give you a letter?"

The boy, who, moreover, seemed to have been expecting some such question, raised his right hand first to an inner coat-

pocket, and then to one in his vest. He hid a coin in his fingers, and smiling triumphantly, exclaimed, with a voice that rose higher as he went on: "Here is the letter — and here is something more! Can you see it? Do you really see it? And what do you think it is? My eye, you'll never guess, never in the world! It's a... it's an eight-dollar piece! that's what it is!"

"Eight dollars!"

"Eight dollars!"

"Eight dollars!" This last was from Uncle Nardo, who now showed his head at the door of the inner room. "Eight dollars," he exclaimed, and his whole length came into view. "Eight dollars!" he cried finally, joining at a bound the family group, who stood admiring the gold coin, which Andrew, — for it is quite time we should tell the boy's name, — was showing off as if it were some holy relic of a saint.

"Eight dollars it is!" he insisted, dancing round as if mad. "An eight-dollar piece, and brighter than the sun! See it! Don Damian gave it to me for my very own! Three cheers for Don Damian, say I!"

After the coin had passed from hand to hand through the whole group, and every one had looked at it again and again and rung it on the stones, Andrew took possession of it again, and insisting on every one's listening, he unfolded the letter, also from Don Damian, and read aloud, quite fluently, but without much regard for grammatical construction, as follows: —

Señor don Frutos Mascabado y Caracolillo, Havana.

My dear friend and former companion: The bearer of this letter will be, by God's grace, the youthful Andrés de la Peña, leaving Santander shortly by the good ship *Panchita,* bound for Havana, in which city he is planning to try his luck. I take the liberty of begging you to aid him in every possible way, endeavoring to get for him, to begin with, some position suited to his capabilities. Andrew is a bright boy, well-behaved, and writes a good hand; he knows his arithmetic as far as Partnerships inclusive.

Counting on your good friendship, I venture to thank you in advance for what you may be able to do for the boy; this will stand henceforth as one of the valued services among the many I am already indebted to you for.

Always your most affectionate friend and devoted servant,

(I kiss your hand.) Q. S. M. B.

Damián de la Fuente.

After the reading of this letter it seems to us only proper that we should explain to our readers the true significance of Andrew's suit, and the unusual excitement concerning his outfit.

II.

Boys, as a general rule, after they have dropped their playthings, are seized with a desire, stronger than all other ambitions, to outdo all others in manly strength and to be taller than any one else. But our mountain boys of Santander, by an especial dispensation of nature, have the one longing to be independent, with the title of Don, and a lot of money, and to their way of thinking the only way to acquire this is to go to "The Indies." The dangers of the sea, the ravages of a hot climate, the disappointments of an illusory fortune, the forlornness, the loneliness of life in a land so far from home, nothing frightens them; on the contrary, all these obstacles seem to excite in them more and more the desire of conquering them. For is it not a fact that in America the smallest coin in general use is of silver? Now for a mountain-bred boy this one fact is enough to start him off for this happy land; his life which he risks in the undertaking seems to him of little account, and he would as fearlessly venture a hundred more, were a hundred more at his disposal! Does any one doubt this? Offer a free passage from Santander to Cuba, or with a promise to pay at the end of a year, and you will see how many will apply for it. And they are not dismayed if the passage is not first-class; a true boy from the mountains would cross the ocean on the top of the mainmast if need were.

Just tell him, "We are off for the Indies," and he will embark in a lemon rind with the same perfect faith as in a three-decker. A West Indian of this stamp will pass the best years of his youth meeting with one disappointment after another, and still will not despair. No work is so difficult as to frighten him, no opposition can lessen his faith. Fortune is there, smiling behind his bad luck, as real to his vision and his touch as in his boyhood, when, dreaming of her rich gifts, he swung to and fro in the high branches of the walnut tree which shaded the hut where he was born. And from this we may safely infer that the honor, the constancy, the industry, of the mountaineers are as great as their ambition, and no one can in

justice deny this noble race a quality which does it so much honor.

So our little Andrew, a true mountain boy, as soon as he could speak told his mother that some day he would go to Cuba. As he grew older this thought was the subject of all his dreams, and he so insisted on this plan that finally his family began to consider it seriously.

So one day Uncle Nardo and his wife went to consult with Don Damian, a very wealthy West Indian of their neighborhood, whose name is already familiar to us. Don Damian had certainly made a large fortune, and this it was that all the people of that region had constantly before their eyes, and that excited in all the youths this desire to emigrate. But what very few of them realized was, that Don Damian had grown rich at the cost of twenty years of incessant labor ; that in all that time he had not ceased for a single day nor for a single hour to fulfill the trying duties of an honorable man, in spite of all the difficult circumstances of the life there. Moreover, Don Damian had gone to America very well recommended and with an education considerably superior to that which most of these poor mountaineers are able to obtain in these unkindly regions. All these circumstances, which really formed the foundation of Don Damian's fortune, he carefully explained to all who came to him to beg for letters of recommendation in Havana, and to consult him concerning the advisability of going forth to seek their fortunes. When such considerations as these were not sufficient to disenchant the deluded youths, he gave the desired letter, and sometimes his signature promising to pay the passage from Santander to Havana.

Andrew's parents listened attentively to all the most prudent considerations and the wisest counsel the kindly West Indian had to offer when they went to consult him. To tell the truth, Uncle Nardo's wife did not need so many nor such good reasons for opposing her son's schemes. She saw, with a mother's loving eyes, beyond the seas, the storms and clouds that obscured the smiling illusions which dazzled her little boy's youthful vision. But Uncle Nardo, less apprehensive than herself and with greater confidence in the land of their desire, blindly upheld Andrew; so father and son together, if they did not convince, still prevailed over the unhappy mother, who, indeed, had the greatest respect for such high-minded courage, and never dreamed of opposing what might

be the will of God. The village priest had told her more than once that God spoke at times through the lips of children, and if Andrew's plan were heaven-inspired, she made up her mind to forward it in so far as this should seem to be her duty.

So as Andrew's strong will and his father's good faith outweighed Don Damian's most prudent considerations, the latter promised his protection, and from that day the little household we have learned to know did nothing but prepare as quickly as possible for the voyage.

The preparations were, indeed, of the simplest; they had to procure a passport, and make ready the outfit. This consisted of three linen shirts, one complete suit of nankeen, for Sunday best, a second suit of the same for everyday wear, a mattress and a blanket, a pine-wood chest of bright ochre color to hold the clothes Andrew would not need during the voyage. Don Damian loaned the passage money until Andrew should be able to earn it.

The price of their only cow, sold hastily and foolishly, was just enough to pay for the outfit of our future West Indian, and the little reserve fund he was to take with him, a fund that was enlarged by a half-dollar the priest gave him when he came to confess, and thirty cents from the schoolmaster who had lately been giving him lessons in arithmetic and writing by himself, and the famous eight-dollar piece. Don Damian's kindly loan was really all that kept this poor family from ruining itself in order to send Andrew off. Otherwise they would gladly have sold their bed and the roof itself. Examples of this are, alas, only too frequent in La Montaña.

The day which we have chosen for the opening of our story was the last which Andrew was to spend under his paternal roof. He has spent it in making his farewells, and we have had the pleasure of seeing what came of his good-bye to Don Damian. The day, between ourselves be it said, had cost his poor mother many tears, though carefully enough she hid them from the family; she could not resign herself calmly to seeing this cherished son of her heart thrown so early on the mercy of fate, and so far from her protecting arms.

Still, the hours were flying by, and she must make up her mind. When Andrew had finished his letter, his one real help in a foreign land, under cover of some flattering remarks concerning it the poor woman, who was choking with tears, told her son to go into the house, so that his sister might wash the

things he had on, and lay them away, while she took the last stitches in his shirt. Andrew obeyed her, humming a familiar air, and leaping over the threshold of the door. His mother, watching his thoughtless gayety at such a supreme moment, fixed her sad gaze on him as he went through the narrow passage, laid by her work indifferently, and two streams of tears poured over her brown cheeks.

"Poor little son of my soul," she murmured, with a tremulous, hushed voice.

Uncle Nardo, more optimistic, not to say less loving, than his wife, failing to understand this anguish and heartache, did his best to win her over to his point of view.

"I don't know, Nisca," he said, when they were alone, "what fancy has seized you these days, that you do nothing but moan and groan. I'm sure I'm not sending the boy away from home, for we both of us are sure it's the best thing we can do. And I hope to goodness you do not really mean to oppose his going."

"Well, and what is left for me to do? I'm not opposing it to-day, though the hour is so near when we must say good-bye. My poor dear boy! They say he may grow rich, and we are so poor! There is little enough to make a living off, on this poor bit of land the Lord has given us! Aye, aye, if only He will take him into His keeping!"

"But why should you worry about that, foolish woman! Isn't Don Damian there?"

"Oh, you're always holding Don Damian up to me!"

"And quite right I am about it! What better example could you find? A gentleman who came back to the place loaded with money-bags, — who has made ladies and gentlemen of all his relations, — who no sooner learns his neighbor's need than he goes to help him, — who single-handed bears almost all the taxes of the village, and who puts an end to all lawsuits, that Justice may not absorb the rights of the one who wins nor the property of the other side, and in return for all this bounty asks only the blessing of honest men. What greater satisfaction could one ask than to see our son some day as highly esteemed as Don Damian?"

"Aye, Nardo, but in the first place Don Damian came of a most honorable family. . . ."

"Well, what if he did? Our Andrew needn't be ashamed of his people."

"And then God aided him to make his way."

"And why should He not aid our Andrew?"

"Don Damian was a gentleman from the beginning, and when he went from here he had a good education and was used to good society, and then he inherited his broadcloth, which is a great help in getting beyond the mud walls of our village!"

"Bah! Nisca, you shouldn't believe all you hear! Aren't we all of us sons of Adam, with five fingers on each hand?"

"It would be wiser, Nardo, if instead of thinking only of such examples as this good man, when it comes to sending our boys from home, we should look at cases that haven't turned out so well! What tears would be spared, if we only did! Without going farther, there's our neighbor who has been inconsolable for a month, weeping for her dear son who died in a hospital a short time after reaching Havana."

"Yes, Nisca, but that boy..."

"Was just as strong and healthy as Andrew, and like him he was young, and with good recommendations. So was Uncle Pedro's son, and he died poor and forsaken in those far-off lands. Then there was the mayor's nephew; he had a good start, but keeping bad company led to his dying in prison; and it seems as if God had a hand in that, for they say if he had got out of prison it would only have been to go to a worse fate. His cousin Antony struggled against his ill-luck for twenty years, and now he's a poor sailor, seeking his bread on God's wide ocean, to keep from starving to death. And right here at your door there's Pedro Gomez, waiting for the fading away of the little strength he brought with him from Cuba, after fifteen years of fortune-hunting there, that God may take him to his long rest by His side. For what is he now but a poor invalid, of no use to his family nor to the village, nor, worst of all, to himself; and now he curses the hour he left his home...."

"Go on, go on! tell every misadventure and every sorry tale you can think of! Why don't you mention Manco's boy, and the constable's son, who, they say, keep their carriage in Havana, and are so rich they don't know how much they're worth?"

"Bad luck befall them, Nardo! Aren't they letting their families here die of poverty, their own people who ruined themselves to fit them out? And do they ever so much as remember the land where they were born? Much as I love

our poor boy who is going to this new world, rather than see him some day without religion, forgetful of his family and his native soil, — and may God forgive me if I offend Him in saying this, — I would sooner hear of his death ! "

" Come, come, Nisca ! To-day you have surely a gift at funeral orations and prayers for the dead ! Still, you can't persuade me to look on the gloomy side of it all."

" Lucky for you, Nardo, that you don't see it yourself."

" Now, Nisca, don't be so foolish, just because I don't look at these things as you do. Just because our village has been so unfortunate in the men who have left here for Cuba. . . ."

" Yes, think how it must be elsewhere, when in just this little corner alone there has been so much grief ! Aye, Nardo, though I can't touch it with these hands, nor see it with these eyes, it doesn't take Don Damian's advice, with all the experience he has had, to make me weep at the thought of sending this poor little fellow alone out into the wide world."

Andrew's coming in cut short this conversation. He had on his traveling suit, new to be sure, but of a humbler make than the one his sister had packed away for him. At the sight of her boy, Aunt Nisca hastily dried her eyes, and carefully folded on her knees the shirt she had finished.

All that evening was spent in putting Andrew's outfit in order, and that night she told her beads more devoutly than ever, praying to the Virgin for all she desired, with the deep, consoling faith of a Christian heart, an aid to the traveler who was setting forth, and for those who remained resignation and life until they should see him again.

III.

And now, if the gentle reader consents, as no doubt he will consent, for it costs neither money nor anything else of value, we will change the scene of our story, and find ourselves on the magnificent Mole of Santander.

As usual a crowd of carts, bales of merchandise, scales for weighing, brokers, clerks, merchants, sailors, fishermen, strolling visitors full of curiosity, all in the most confused and wild disorder, made it impassable from the Ribera to the Café Suisse. Let us stop a moment at this last point, as being the most free of all. By the door are passing three people whom we know

well, and they continue to the end of the Mole, not stopping for a moment to look in at the windows of the café, to stare at the mirrors and divans. They are Andrew, with his father and mother. Andrew walks between them with his hands in the pockets of his full trousers, the lapels of his coat pulled up to his shoulders, and his wide, mushroom-like hat well jammed on to his head. Uncle Nardo is at his right, in his new suit of gray, and his wife on the other side, with her white muslin kerchief over her hair, her mulberry-colored Sunday gown, and, tucked under her arm, a big umbrella in its striped cotton cover. The three are walking along without saying a word, — Uncle Nardo with the greatest possible indifference, his wife, as usual, in the depths of sorrow, looking through her tears at the fateful ship which waits for her boy, rocking out there on the waves, a mile from the Mole. As for Andrew, to judge by his determined air and his disdainful smile, we may rest assured he is cherishing a plan for building up on his own hook, when he should come back from America, a suburb as elegant and solid as the one through which they are passing.

They had come from their village three days ago, and when they had looked after all the papers and other affairs that every passenger has to attend to, they devoted themselves to giving Andrew a good time and taking him to all the amusements within their means. He had at his disposal two days and about twenty dollars, so at the moment of our meeting him again his every desire was satisfied. That is to say, he had absorbed, glass after glass, about two gallons of lemonade, "cold as the mountain snows"; he had eaten, six at a time, more than a hundred meringues, had treated every one from his own village and all the acquaintances he had met by the way, had bought a concertina in a German shop, and had attended High Mass in the cathedral. Sum total of expenses, with board and lodging for three persons at their little inn, five napoleons. So, as he said, nothing was left for him to see, when they told him it was time to go on board, because the frigate was ready to sail.

This news, though quite expected, was the last drop in his mother's cup, and even startled Uncle Nardo for a moment out of his accustomed apathy.

Let us follow them now along the Mole. At the foot of the last slope they embark in a small boat which then heads for the frigate; until now Andrew has only looked at her from a

distance, though he had never lost sight of her for a day since his arrival at Santander, so he had not yet really formed an idea of what she might be like.

As the three neared the vessel, its gigantic size gradually dawned upon them. The black hull seemed to surge from out the waters, and Aunt Nisca, though never in the habit of being deceived by illusions, firmly believed that such was the case. And she went even further than this: for her, this immense hull had a face, a satanic, terrible face, which fixed its awful eyes upon her, with a frightful expression that froze the blood in her veins. The cries from within and the countless faces that lined her sides, watching the arrival of the boat, seemed to her the diabolical and Proteus-like soul of that huge body, within whose hollow depths was soon to disappear the son of her heart. Uncle Nardo's dark face had turned livid.

Andrew, on the contrary, grew more and more enthusiastic as he approached the vessel. The vast size of her hull, the towering masts, the labyrinths of rigging, all fascinated him and even inspired him with pride. What was the poor hut in his village compared with this floating palace he was to live in for six weeks?

As for Uncle Nardo, to do him justice, as soon as he could appreciate the actual size of the ship, until they reached her side his one thought was to calculate the possibility of her sinking, seeing how heavy and hard she was, while the element which bore her up was so very soft and yielding! This question he discussed more than once, on his return to the village.

Still greater wonders awaited our friends when they arrived on board. Piles of ropes, stores of provisions, an ox that had just been skinned, enormous pens filled with cows, pigs, and sheep, and smaller ones filled with fowl; groups of sailors, here hoisting a yard, there lowering heavy weights into the hold; and finally, skipping in and out among all these obstacles, over a hundred lads of about the stamp of our future West Indian. The confusion and racket was something terrific; Uncle Nardo was seasick and his wife sobbed aloud, while Andrew looked on it all, still undaunted.

In this crowd of children some were crying, some were thinking sad thoughts, leaning on the railing, others watched with wonder all that was going on around them. One and all, like Andrew, were going to America to seek their fortunes, and all were going practically at the mercy of chance, like himself.

And to tell the exact truth, many of them had not even a letter, such as Don Damian had written for Andrew. Of all those who are setting forth with our hero, perhaps not one will find what he goes in search of ; all perhaps are gazing for the last time on the land of their birth.

Now Aunt Nisca has found the berth her son is to occupy during the voyage. Above the freight, stowed away in the hold, broad benches of pine boards have been built in ; and between these and the deck, a space much less than a man's height, are laid in line as many mattresses as there are passengers. One of these belongs to Andrew, and this part of the ship is known as the cockpit. The poor mother shuddered to see what a wretched place her boy was to sleep in, so unhealthy and close. And what if he should be sick ?

She ran, nay, flew, in search of the captain. She would like to fee him and provide some extra comfort for her poor innocent boy. She searches her own pockets and her husband's too, but can only scrape together fifty cents. And the captain is such a fine gentleman ! How would she ever have the face to offer him fifty cents? But she notices, too, that he has a very noble face, and makes up her mind to speak to him. So between sobs and tears she says : "Oh, Captain, my son, who is going to Havana, is that handsome, smart-looking boy, who is watching us. Believe me, he is not going first-class, because not even by selling the shirt off our backs could we have got money enough together, with some left over for the poor boy, to provide for what may happen to him away from home. Surely, sir, I swear to you I am only telling you the truth ! But I did not know the place he was to sleep in was so narrow. I never dreamed of such a hole ! You see, sir, we are poor folks, but if they would look out for Andrew a bit on the voyage,— not that I haven't perfect confidence in you. . . . God knows you're an honest man, and one needs only to look at you to . . . I was going to say that . . . son of my soul, I don't even know what to do or to say to make matters better." Tears choked the poor woman, and she was half crazy with grief.

The captain, taking it all at its true value, promised the unhappy woman a first-class passage for her son when they should leave port, and tried to console her with kindly though brief words. He had always followed these tactics with all passengers sent out under his care, for we ought to say that all the fond mothers had begged for their sons just what Aunt Nisca

had for Andrew. And we must admit that this was an excellent way of quieting them all, as it was impossible to comply with all their demands.

Aunt Nisca returned with renewed courage to where her son was standing, telling him how kind the captain had been, and calling down many blessings upon his head. Then folding him close in her arms, she besought him once more to pray devoutly to the scapulary with the image of our Lady of Carmen which he wore on his breast; to be good and obedient, to shun evil company, to remember always his poor home and his native land, — in short, all that a loving mother must impress upon a beloved son, at the supreme moment of a long, perhaps an eternal farewell. Then the rattling vibration of the windlass is heard, they begin to weigh anchor, and the time to part has come.

The unhappy mother feels that even her voice fails her for the last "adiós!" Andrew realizes for the first time what it is to lose sight of his home and his native land, to go forth, little and alone, through the desert places of the earth, and weeps for the first time, perhaps regretting his undertaking. Uncle Nardo looks toward the Mole, and avoids speaking, that they may not see the tears that at last have come to his eyes, and lest his voice betray the pain in his heart. Wishing to cut short the scene, that he may sadden his son the less, he presses him silently to his heart, then turns brusquely to his wife and enters the boat with her, imposing upon himself the hard penance of never so much as looking at the frigate until they reach the Mole.

When they land there, Aunt Nisca seats herself in the first doorway they reach. With her elbows on her knees, her head in her hands, her eyes fixed on the ship, and her face wet with tears, she waits there motionless, like a statue of grief, till the black hulk shall disappear. Uncle Nardo respects her grief, stands by her side quietly, and then dares not take her away from the spot.

A half-hour passes thus.

The frigate spreads her white sails to the wind, the prow dips deep in the sea, as if to make a gallant farewell greeting to the port, and, cutting swiftly through the waves, soon disappears behind Saint Martin.

As the ship is lost to view the poor peasant woman did not fall fainting on the paving-stones of the Mole, for God has

given these poor souls a force and a faith as great as are their misfortunes.

That same afternoon, when the sun was setting, Uncle Nardo and his wife crossed the wide plain on the way to their village. Sadly they walked, and crestfallen, one behind the other. They were both thinking of Andrew, but Aunt Nisca, with the livelier imagination, thought over the whole extent of her sorrows, and found ample reason for the full bitterness of grief she was enduring. So she could not refrain from harshly apostrophizing the soil she trod on, hard and rugged, whose evident sterility drove away her sons, to seek in a distant land what the mother country could not give them. An unjust accusation, certainly, and one constantly in the mouth of so many ignorant people that it keeps up in this province a fever of emigration which is depopulating it.

But before certain reflections, which are more appropriate to a newspaper correspondent than to a painter of manners and customs, escape from my pen, let us return to our characters, if only to say good-bye to them.

But it is too late! They have crossed the plain, and have disappeared in a long narrow lane, formed by two leafy hedges, a green and picturesque shade, whose walls the feeble rays of the setting sun cannot penetrate. Nor is a soul to be seen in the level field. Nothing disturbs the silence of the solitude but the voice of a woman, who, from the depths of the lane, is singing in a shrill, thin voice: —

"Our men and our children
To the Indies still roam,
In search of the fortune
Lying hidden at home."

This woman must have met Aunt Nisca and her husband on her way to the fountain. Perhaps seeing them walking home thus silently and sadly, she had remembered this verse, which, moreover, forms a fitting close to this scene in provincial life, as it is precisely the whole story told in a score of words.

THE SEAMSTRESS

In a Garment of Her Own Make.

By JOSÉ M. DE PEREDA.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

"How pretty you are to-day, Theresa."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But it's true, though! that kerchief of pink crêpe against your white throat."

"Oh, you're joking!"

"And your hair is as black as your eyes, did you know it?"

"You flatterer!"

"And such a slender little figure, in such a gracefully draped gown! That's an awfully pretty muslin, you know!"

"You don't say so!"

"You see I am very fond of lilac. It always was a favorite color of mine. And then it falls so prettily over a dainty shoe, when it's as tiny as yours is. My, what a cunning foot it is, to be sure! If you would put it just a trifle further out... so!"

"Well, well, listen to this!"

"I would like to have your photograph, in just that position, but looking up at me,... so!"

"What taste you have!"

"To be sure I have! And why not?"

"I'd have you know I've been photographed already."

"Indeed?"

"And by Pica-Groom."

"In the position I like?"

"Mercy on us, no! I'm in my ball-dress I had on Sunday when you met us near the gas factory."

"And nothing would induce you to look at me, Theresa! You were having such fun!"

"There were eight or nine of us!"

"Oh, surely nine, Theresa. You seemed to me the nine Muses, all in one graceful band together!"

"Oh, get along with you! You are always laughing at people and calling them names!"

"But among those trees, and going up that hill... Mount Helicon, of course..."

"Where is that?"

"Mount Helicon? Oh, it's a little beyond Torrelavega. But what I did not like about it was that Apollo who went with you."

"His name was not Pollo. He's a clerk..."

"I thought as much... I mean he seemed somewhat commonplace, while you were all so airy, fairy, beautiful!"

"There, now you're at it again! Yes, we were going to the ball at Miranda, as we do every Sunday."

"Yes, I heard the organ."

"And the man who was with us was one of the set who gets up the balls. And as he had given me tickets for all the summer dances in the garden, and if it comes handy will invite us for the winter ones, too, in the hall..."

"Yes, I know these impresarios and their friends are very gallant fellows. They pay, that you may dance all the year round, for nothing."

"Just so! And we are just as good as the ladies who do the same thing!"

"Of course you are!"

"It seems to me that the 'Cream and Flower' and the 'Organ' have no reason to envy any other dancing-place."

"Above all, in pretty faces and lively dancers!"

"As you say, it is..."

"What I said, or was just going to say is, that because you were going to a dance was no reason for not bowing on the street."

"Goodness! What would people say?"

"How do you mean that, 'What would people say'?"

"Why, that's clear enough! What would people say to your knowing us?"

"You say that with a tone..."

"No, no, not at all; but it's true, for all that."

"Nonsense! I bow to everybody on the street, and enjoy it, and above all when I meet you!"

"Thank you, but..."

"But what?"

"Well, I don't believe you, there! You're a great joker... and well, to tell the plain truth, I don't feel any confidence in you."

"Ah, there we have it! But why should you not trust me? Surely, you don't take me for a gay deceiver, do you?"

"Oh no, but the men in your set and you yourself are great gossips."

"You are hard on me, Theresa!"

"I'm sorry for it, I'm sure, but I always tell the truth. When you passed us on Sunday one of the girls and I were talking of that very thing."

"The one who was walking on your right?"

"What made you guess her?"

"Because she pleased me so much, the witty red-head!"

"So you're taken with the Anvil?"

"And why Anvil, if I may ask!"

"Stupid! That's what they call the girl."

"And why do they call her so?"

"Because her father is a blacksmith."

"Heavens! What a name!"

"And the one who was walking on my left, don't you know her name either?"

"No, my dear."

"Well, where do you keep yourself, anyway?"

"At least this will prove how unjust you were before, when you doubted my sincerity!"

"For all that I thought every one knew Beanie."

"I do not know her by that name. And how did she come by it?"

"Why, her mother sells beans in the Square."

"How atrocious!"

"Oh, we all have nicknames of that sort. And now you're beginning to see daylight, eh?"

"I assure you I am. And who has amused himself with baptizing you all in this fashion?"

"Well, when we were being taught as little girls, and then later at the dances, there's always some one who, for the sake of joking with us a bit, gives us a nickname, and as ill weeds grow apace . . ."

"What a notion! And among yourselves you go by these names?"

"Not a bit of it! Still, we know them, and as they are no disgrace . . ."

"Of course . . . but to return to our red-head."

"You seem to think of no one else."

"As you said you were talking about me . . ."

"I said that?"

"At least, you said something very like it."

"What I said was that we were talking about the way some men had of boasting about things that had never happened to them."

"I'm sure that doesn't hit me."

"No, certainly not, but some of the men you know very well."

"It may be so. And do you know, Theresa, that for some time the red-head has been putting on all sorts of airs and graces."

"Didn't I tell you!"

"Oh, I say it with no thought of injuring the girl."

"That's the way all these things are said, and then the Evil One is in it! If a girl is a little dressed up some fine day, my, how they talk! It's plain enough that you are used to hearing that a lady must spend a small fortune to present a decent appearance on the street, and as we have no income, the moment you see us spruced up a bit you think at once we have presents given us . . . as they should not be given. Neither the red-head nor I have anything but the twenty cents we earn by sewing at the houses where we are employed, and the cup of chocolate they give us for breakfast and supper, as you know. But we know our trade, and with two yards of tulle and six yards of dimity we make a dress that those who do not understand such things think must be worth a lot of money. Take the one I have on now . . . it will wear for four summers, and who knows how much longer, if water and soap and irons are still left us! So there you have it!"

"I think so, too, my dear."

"Of course, this girl is naturally showy, and has some style, and then she has a wonderful knack at cutting and sewing. She can make a ball-dress just out of old skirts. . . ."

"I never said anything to the contrary, you know."

"And seeing her dressed for the street, as she has good looks and a pretty figure . . . uf! the least they think is that it was bought with bad money. And that you may know how things really are, the poor girl has to provide her father's smoking tobacco out of that same twenty cents! But of course, it's only a poor little seamstress . . . and so it goes on! And if I were to tell all I know . . . how many silk dresses rustle through these streets that have never been paid for, and how many, too, that have been paid for, without the husbands of the ladies that

wear them being a bit the poorer! But they are fine ladies, and are pardoned in advance for all their sins . . . and so it is with other things . . . how many of the graceful figures you admire so much have been made with these two hands! But I guess I'd better stop right there."

"You are unkind, Theresa! What I said about the red-head was just for the sake of saying something. For the last three or four days, when she went by at noontime in the Old Square, I noticed she was more dressed than usual, and . . ."

"That means you go there on purpose to watch her go by."

"I won't say that I go to see her, but perhaps to see her, you, and the others, yes."

"And what do you get out of it, anyway?"

"It does my eyes good! It really does! You are so pretty, one and all of you! But I must say I am deeply shocked to notice how you all manage to pass through the Square, no matter where you come from or where you are going to."

"Well, I suppose all roads lead to Rome, don't they? . . . and when we leave off sewing for an hour at noon, we take half of it to see people, and get a little fresh air."

"And what a pretty friend of yours that was that stopped you this morning at the corner of the street! But she is not so stylish as you are."

"Oh, you mean a very dark girl? She's not a friend of mine . . . she sews for a tailor."

"Oh, I see; but as you were talking with her . . ."

"She was just giving me a message. And it isn't that I don't care to be friendly with some of them, but you see that we who go out to do fine sewing keep ourselves to ourselves. And don't go and think we haven't good reason to set ourselves up above them . . . look at the way the dressmakers treat *us!* My, you'd think they were doing us an honor when they bow to us on the street."

"What a wise sly-boots it is, to be sure!"

"And now I think of it, what were you saying this morning to that gentleman with whiskers, when we went by, and you were staring so?"

"So you saw me?"

"Oh, I see all I want to, and more too!"

"You are a pretty little mischief-maker, Theresa! I shall take that as a warning. Well, then, I was saying to my friend that you were all so much prettier when you went out with

nothing on your head, with your hair so beautifully done up, and those fetching little kerchiefs round your necks, like the one you have on now, than when you wear a mantilla and shawl, which hide the graceful outlines."

"My eye, what a lot you see!"

"Of course we do!"

"But they don't all of them wear a mantilla."

"And you are one of the exceptions, and I warn you now, so that you may never make the mistake of putting one on."

"And where's the harm, anyway?"

"With the mantilla you would cease to be an exceedingly pretty type of the pure Santander race, and would simply be lost in the common crowd of young ladies all more or less far from chic."

"Some of my friends can wear a veil as well as anybody."

"But you see a veil is never becoming, because while it does not really cover an ugly face, it hides a pretty one, and then it requires a shawl, which conceals the figure."

"My goodness! What a lot you know about it all!"

"I am an artist, Theresa."

"And what are you driving at, after all?"

"Mere trifles. I study beauty wherever I find it."

"It seems to me that what you are studying is just pure mischief!"

"That is not true! Nor is it an argument in favor of wearing veils."

"Well, I don't like them, either, but they're the fashion. But what are you staring at so, through the window?"

"What makes you blush like that?"

"I, blush? Goodness! Perhaps you think it's because of that young fellow in the doorway over there!"

"You are defending yourself before you are accused, Theresa."

"You see, you might be fancying it was something else, and as the lad is more or less on my mind... and he's a real good fellow too."

"You are not telling me the truth, Theresa. I know him very well, and I know he would not be waiting every day at this hour, if he did not hope..."

"Has the good-for-nothing been telling you what is not true?"

"On my word of honor, we have not mentioned the subject."

"You see, that sort of thing happens so often. And now let me tell you, so you needn't go thinking something that is not true, that I do like the lad. But he is just losing his time."

"I do not understand."

"Well, a year ago he danced with me at the 'Cream and Flower.' And ever since then, I don't know how, he finds out where I am going to sew. But I am sure to meet him this way every evening when I leave off work, above all in winter, when we go out at night-fall . . . and that is what worries me."

"That he goes with you after dark?"

"No; that he seems to care less about going with me in the daytime."

"Then what is he about, over opposite?"

"Oh, he's waiting for me. But when we get to the corner of the street, he will make some excuse, and off he goes! And when I am at work on the Mole, or any central street, he waits for me in the same doorway, then we talk for a while, and then . . . each one goes off on his own hook. You see there is no real pleasure in this sort of thing, and for that reason I like my own kind better."

"And who are they?"

"Oh, the office clerks. We understand each other perfectly, and if some day, . . . well, you know what I mean, . . . it's all between poor folks. But with these fine fellows, it's a more serious affair, and woe be unto the unhappy girl who is tempted by one of them! What she has to go through with, first with him and then with the family, as if she it were who had been running after him! You know how it all comes about; it all begins in fun, and as it generally happens that the girl is foolish and believes what they tell her, she finds out too late to turn back . . . and that's why I tell you that young man is wasting his time."

"I believe just the contrary, as you yourself say that sometimes the girl has faith, in spite of everything."

"Well, you see I have profited by another's experience. For I have a friend . . . oh, the unhappy girl! When I think of the tears she has shed, and the way her father abused her! . . . and then the esteem she has lost through one of those rascals who deceived her! No, no, poor I was born and poor I'll remain. I don't care, for one, to be made a lady at that price!"

"And quite right you are about it. But with all this you don't dismiss your adorer, I notice."

"Oh, there's no danger so far, and there never will be; ... not if I know myself, and I think I do."

"Yes, I think you do!"

"You see, we've agreed not to take any notice of these swells,... but the time for the dances comes round, and as you know, they all go to the dances. For that's a queer thing about our balls... all the men who go to the ladies' balls come to ours too, and a good many more beside. Then you see they dance with us, say such pretty things, and then... what can a girl do? Of course..."

"And all this amounts to saying that the young man yonder will not quite waste his time."

"It seems to me you are in the same boat!"

"Oh, Theresa! Would that I could be! Though it would be hard to go shares..."

"Why so?"

"Because you are so very pretty!"

"Ah, now you're going to flirt with me?"

"Yes, if you will play back!"

"And what if I tell the red-head?"

"I don't care to know her, except by sight."

"Anyway, I don't care for you."

"Thank you for your fine frankness!"

"You have a bad opinion of women."

"If they all treated me as you do, I should have a fair excuse!"

"Now you've made me break a needle."

"Never mind, I'll give you a whole package."

"At this rate I shan't get this shirt done in a week."

"So much the better. I shall see you all the oftener."

"And the work will cost you a pretty penny."

"At this price you may keep on making me shirts forever!"

"If you don't haggle about the time, then, I'm going to rob you to-day of a quarter of an hour."

"To chat with me? even if you took half a day..."

"No, no, just to go to a shop near High Street, to buy... a penny's worth of dried fruits,[1] which I adore."

[1] To understand to the full the subtle repartee that follows, it should be explained at this point that the word *orejones* may mean either a box of dried fruits or a box on the ear.

"Come, come, none of your tricks, Theresa!"

"As she gets them from Castille by wholesale, the shop woman, a friend of mine, gives me many more for a penny than they do in other shops. Don't you like them yourself?"

"No!"

"My! how queer! Will you please hand me that bit of tape down there near you, to tie up my work with?... Thank you... but how bad your face does look, all of a sudden!"

"Well, you see I have... a swelling on my gum..."

"And didn't it hurt you before?"

"Not so much as it does now, no."

"Then you'd better try a dried fig... they're awfully good for swellings."

"Thanks, so much!"

"And now good-bye. I'm off to buy my dried fruit."

"Good-bye, and good luck to you!"

* * * * * * *

To write a volume about the habits and customs of these mountain people without dedicating some pages to the seamstress, would be depriving Santander of one of its chief features. So important and conspicuous is this part of the population that the weaker sex there, after making some necessary exceptions, might be divided in equal parts between women who are seamstresses and those who are not. But to write of the habits of the former would be a great exposure for a person like myself who does not know them well. To be mistaken in the slightest detail would cost him dear! In short, gentle reader, I have a certain healthy respect for this seamstress class, and would hardly like to run the risk of painting her portrait.

And granting that "the style is the man," and therefore the woman too, study well this dialogue, which is true to life. See what you can make out of it, and govern yourself accordingly afterward, if Theresa considers herself injured by your deductions; in this case I assure you she would be guilty of injustice. For my own part, I am protected from her wrath by being able to say, — if I am hard put to it, — "You yourself have said it." *Tu es auctor.*

A CORDOVAN HOUSEWIFE.

By JUAN VALERA.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[JUAN VALERA, though most famous abroad for one strong novel, "Pepita Jimenez" (1874), — a struggle between earthly and heavenly love, in which the former wins, and the reader approves its winning, — has a far more varied note at home as one of the most versatile men of letters, affairs, and the world, that this age has seen: like Echegaray, but on a wider scale, and like Hurtado de Mendoza and other great Spaniards of the earlier time, and the great Greeks and Romans so often, he is as much man of action as of expression. He was born in 1827, at Cabra in Andalusia, the son of an admiral and a marchioness; educated at Malaga and Granada. Launched upon the diplomatic career, he was secretary of legation at Naples, Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, Dresden, and St. Petersburg, then minister to the United States and other countries; has been member of the Cortes, in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and Director of Public Instruction; ending as life senator and one of the Council of State. He was one of the eight leading men deputed to offer the crown to Amadeus of Savoy in 1868, and one of the group of Liberals who overthrew the government of Marshal O'Donnell by means of the review *El Contemporaneo*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy, and has been a professor of foreign literatures. He has written some poems and translated many, including pieces from leading American poets; has written many critical papers, and delivered many lectures and discourses before the Academy, which have been collected, as "The Older Women Writers of Spain," "St. Teresa," and other mediæval subjects; "Studies of the Middle Ages," "Liberty in Art," "The New Art of Writing Novels," mainly on the French naturalistic school, "Cartas Americanas," an appraisement of the literary product of Spanish America, and others. His novels, except the one first mentioned, though not contemptible, are not remarkable; they include "Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino" (Dr. Faustus' Illusions), 1876, "El Comendador Mendoza," 1877, "Doña Luz," 1878, "Currita Albornoz," 1890, "La Buena Fama" (Good Repute), 1894, "El Hechicero" (The Sorcerer), 1895, and "Juanita la Larga" (Tall Juanita), 1896.]

"WITHIN bears sway
The modest housewife,
The mother of children, —
And governs wisely
The dear home circle; —
She teaches the girls,
Restrains the boys,
And finds no rest
For her busy fingers,
Increasing her store
With housewifely lore."

IT seems to me a century ago that the editor of a study of the women of Spain was so kind as to make me responsible for

one chapter of his book, and I naturally chose the women of the province of Cordova, where I was born and bred.

Thus far my extreme laziness has prevented me from keeping my promise of writing it. At times, with a vague desire of putting a decent face on my shortcomings, I thought out endless difficulties and objections by means of which I attempted to cast the blame on the editor's plan, in order to justify my delay in contributing to its realization with my work.

What essential difference, or even what especial accidental difference, can there be, for example, between the women of Cordova, of Jaen, and of Seville? In the past ages, perhaps, such a difference may have existed, as communications were then less direct, and it was easier to lead an isolated, sedentary life. But to-day, when not alone the men and women of neighboring provinces, but those of distant nations, far-lying lands, and widely separated kingdoms see each other easily, and make frequent visits, how can this variety and individuality of type exist, offering us the opportunity of describing women who, by their mode of life, their beliefs, their manner of thinking and feeling, their face, bearing, and dress, differ to such a degree that the pictures and descriptions made of them may be varied in fact, and not simply in the style of the one who paints them and the one who describes them? Besides, I said to myself, although the stamp of race and nationality is indelible, so that even constant living together and the most intimate spiritual intercourse could not efface it, in the epoch when we all read and write and travel so much, in this century of steam, electricity, railroads, and telegraph, I still am unable to persuade myself that there is also a stamp of provinciality, as there is of nation, tribe, or race. The exclusive quality in race characteristics comes indeed from divisions which nature herself has made, and not from such arbitrary divisions as provinces. A woman from Malaga or Seville may doubtless have more in common with certain women of Cordova, as far as racial traits and those of the soil go, than a number of Cordovans one with another.

I can readily conceive that between the Galician and a woman of Cataluña, and between one from La Mancha and the provinces on the Bay of Biscay, there must exist radical differences; but I can hardly believe that each province, whatever it may be, must possess a type of its own. All that could save such a book from monotony, in my opinion, and give it a real variety, would be the differing genius of each author, in his

manner of handling the subject, his peculiarities of style and way of thinking and feeling.

The editor had no thought of our writing a learned and exhaustive study, a series of lives of all the most famous women of each province. This would have been, perhaps, not only pleasing but most edifying and instructive; but there was no question of this, nor could I have undertaken to write my share had such been the case. What he planned was no biography nor history, but a sketch of manners and customs, a study from the life, a faithful portrait of what may be seen to-day in every province: the habits, the culture, the ideas, and other qualities, conditions, and occupations of the women. This being the case, I repeat, I could think of nothing, or almost nothing, to relieve the monotony of the work as to its design, though as to its subjects it would doubtless blossom into a garden of flowers, like the student's cloak, thanks to the variety of styles and the idiosyncrasies of each writer who should contribute to it.

And while I was somewhat perversely enlarging on these objections to the undertaking, it happened that certain family duties called me to the center of the province of Cordova; to a beautiful region, where provincial local color was lavishly diffused by nature, so prodigal and inexhaustible in her varied works. And beholding this stamp, this type, in everything about me, I asked myself how it could fail to exist in the women of the province too, for is not woman as soft as wax to receive impressions, and as hard as bronze to preserve them?

More than five months I spent in my native village, during which time I entirely changed my point of view concerning Señor Guijarro's book. There was now no shadow of an excuse left for not writing the essay. I was persuaded that if the woman of Cordova whom I should depict was not a type *sui generis*, it would be because I did not know how to reproduce clearly what I saw around me every day. So I decided on the spot to attempt the sketch, confessing frankly that if it did not prove to be original and novel the fault would be my own, and not that of the model.

But one thing troubled me, and made my scheme a difficult one to carry out. Looking upon and studying the Cordovan woman of to-day, there came back to my imagination the almost forgotten types which from my childhood, so long past, alas, had been sleeping in my mind, of the Cordovan of the first third of this century. The disparity between the memory and the

present impression confuses me a little. The feminine Cordovan type has not disappeared, but it has changed, if indeed the change has not been from native to foreign. The change has come about through the inner development of the true essence of the Cordovan woman, which, like all immortal essences, remains the same in its fundamental principles, although it may assume new forms and new qualities.

The woman of Cordova of the present moment is not the woman of an earlier period, but she is still true to her type, and continues to act in accordance with her real nature, as does each of her neighbors, giving outer proof of the typical idea which is her very own, and in each of these varied evolutions she shows herself in a new aspect.

But I see I am climbing quite too high, and propose now to come to earth again, leaving all philosophical flights for a more fitting occasion.

To-day I see the Cordovan as she lives and breathes, while memory recalls the woman of thirty or forty years ago. Hence a certain confusion and conflicting of ideas. But if we study this attentively, a slight effort resolves it into a final synthesis, which synthesis, could I succeed in developing it into an essay. would make an ideal one! More than this, the synthesis is essential to the essay, as I am not going to paint the Cordovan who is dead, at the end of her activity, stationary, inert, fossil, but the Cordovan alive and stirring, unfolding, progressing, developing not with impulse from without, but in accordance with the laws of her true greatness and of her rich and generous organism.

In order to form a perfect concept of our Cordovan, we must study her in her different classes and conditions of life, from the great lady down to the wife of the rough laborer, from the little girl to the aged woman, from the daughter of the family to the mother and grandmother. We must see her and visit her, now in the ancient and splendid capital of Califato, now in the Sierra, to the north of the Guadalquivir, abounding in mines, in wild and sterile levels ; now in the fruitful plains, where are populous villages and even beautiful cities, wherein wealth, comfort, and culture prevail. Still, if we were to analyze and examine all this in detail, our essay would lengthen out beyond all limits, and so we will touch on the more important points, and condense into two or three types the most salient features of our Cordovan woman.

To be sure, the province of Cordova counts many wealthy ladies who have been or are still in Madrid, who perhaps go to Baden or Biarritz every summer; who speak French and drive in the Bois de Boulogne; they are, perchance, familiar with several foreign courts, read the novels of George Sand and Lamartine's verse in the language in which they were written, and are patrons of Worth, Laferrière, la Honorine, or la Isoline. And in all these great ladies exists the essence of our Cordovan, but one would have to delve too deep to discover this essence beneath so many foreign additions and so many artificial externalities. So we will seek the genuine article where there is no necessity for penetrating so deep nor of eliminating so much in order to find her; let us look for her in the native woman, be she rich or poor, lady or servant.

The native of Cordova is extremely industrious. However poor she may be, her house is shining with cleanliness. The floors, whether of marble blocks, bricks, or concrete, are scoured with a mop till they shine. If the lady of the house enjoys a certain degree of wealth, the glass and china are resplendent in the closets, and the kitchen walls are adorned with symmetrical rows of kettles, saucepans, and other vessels of brass and copper, in which one can see one's face as in a mirror.

Our Cordovan is all diligence, cleanliness, attentive and careful economy. She never gives up the keys of the storeroom, of the pantries, the chests, and the cupboards. On the storeroom shelves she keeps in rich profusion a provision of various eatables which bear witness, some to the prosperity of the household, some to the fertility of the master's estates, if they are indigenous, and, as the saying goes, of home growth and labor; some prove the skill and ability of the mistress, whose labor has made the rough material valuable through her art of preserving and spicing. Here are walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, potatoes, imperial prunes wrapped in paper for drying, brandied cherries, dried apples, and a thousand more of such goodies. Bird peppers, cherry peppers, and garlic hang in long strings, side by side with the dried fish, in the least showy part of the storeroom. On the shelves decked out for show are sugar, coffee, sage, limes, camomile, and sometimes even tea, which was formerly only to be found at the apothecary's. From the ceiling hang huge savory hams, sweet winter melons, grapes, pomegranates and other fruits. In deep jars of glazed earthenware the housewife keeps her salt pork, covered

deep with lard, and the harslets of the same useful quadruped; there too are artichokes, fungi, and mushrooms, and wild asparagus, all of which may be heated up at a moment's notice, to afford a sumptuous feast for any guest who may arrive unexpectedly.

In all households of moderate circumstances the "killing" takes place once a year, and in this hard work the mistress is wont to display all her skill and activity. She rises before the sun, and surrounded by her servants, she directs if she does not herself bear a hand in the series of important operations. She it is who must season the great mass of sausage meat, sprinkling in, each in its proper proportion, salt, pepper, sweet marjoram, sage, cumin, and other flavorings; then comes the making of every kind of sausage, long and short, round and flat. The greater part of these are hung in the chimney flue, from long iron bars, and this gives the kitchen a delicious air of succulent plenty. Almost always in winter time visitors are entertained by the fireside, where is burning a pile of ilex, the evergreen oak, and olive wood, with blocks of pressed grape skins, under the broad, overhanging mantel. Then the man who comes in from the street, or from the field, soaked with rain or frozen with cold, lifting his eyes to heaven to give thanks for finding himself so well off, cannot but repeat his fervent thanks, he finds himself so much better off when he discovers that close constellation of sausages and blood-puddings, whose aroma puffs down into his nostrils, steals into the stomach, and there arouses a mighty appetite! And how often I have satisfied mine, spending the evening with a circle of friends, round one of those hospitable fireplaces! Sometimes the mistress of the house herself, sometimes a smiling, graceful serving-maid, would take down one or two of the big sausages and toast them over the embers on a gridiron. Eaten with white bread, and washed down with a draught of native wine, — the best wine in the world, — the while a gay and witty conversation is going on around one, the sausages seem a foretaste of heavenly joys!

That report is false which asserts that there is no good food here in Cordova. In my province there prevails a rustic sybaritism which is full of charm. My countrywoman knows well how to choose and serve at table the most delicious fruits, beginning with what is grown in her own orchard, a thousand times more pleasing to the palate and flattering to her pride

than the product of some one else's garden she has heard so highly praised. There is no lack, at the right season, of big sweet cherries from Carcabuey, pears from Priego, melons from Montalvan, peaches from Alcaudete, figs from Montilla, oranges from Palma del Rio, and even those unique plums, only to be found on the slopes around the castle of Cabra, — plums sweeter than honey, that smell better than roses! As to the grapes, it is impossible to say that they are better or worse in any one part, for they are prime everywhere; early and late varieties, purple, black, of golden amber and of pearly white perfection.

The olives offer no less a variety. There one finds the apple olive, the slender pointed ones, the great queen olive, and who knows how many others. And our countrywomen have a thousand ingenious methods of preparing them, with a thousand different flavors; but be the olives whole or in halves, stuffed or dried, the bay leaf is always a part of the recipe, the green bay which crowns the poet's brow.

But what praises, what endearing terms, will serve to celebrate our Cordovan when she blossoms out as an expert! What sauces she makes, or superintends in the making, what preserves, what a rare abundance of frosted cakes, what pasties of tenderest puff paste! Now with every sort of spice, with walnuts, almonds, the Oriental sesamum, with all that is pungent and aromatic, she flavors the Moorish honey paste. Again she turns her skillful hand to the making of the fragile, flaky puff paste, light and ephemeral! — or the tiny cakes made of pine nuts and sugar, that melt in your mouth. The pancakes are made with a generous wine, and over them is poured what is so abundant in those regions, a wild, pale honey, perfumed with thyme and rosemary, growing on the heroic and mountainous "Fuente Ovejuna," which in old times was called the great honey pot. Sometimes the sweets are extracted, thanks to the adventurous bees, from the almost ever blooming orange blossoms, found on the same tree with the ripened fruit in all the green orange groves in the fecund regions of the Jenil and the Betis rivers.

But it would be a never-ending tale, were I to relate in full what a Cordovan knows about the art of making sweets and pastries. The *gajorro*, for instance, is a hollow cylinder, formed by twisting a ribbon of dough in a spiral. To make these so that they gently melt in your mouth the instant your teeth

have crunched them requires the highest art of a *cordon bleu* in preparing the dough as well as in frying it. A confection made of the sweet yam, and conserves of apple and quince, which every housewife prepares with skill, are worthy of being served and appreciated at the tables of kings and princes. With the new wine are made fritters, pastries, and endless preserves and syrups; gourds are used, fruits are cut up so fine as to earn their name of "angel's hairs," and every sort of grape is put up for winter use.

I must pass over in silence, for it might weary the reader and brand me perhaps as a bore and a lover of dainties, the enticing subject of cakes! Oh, those round pancakes, made of the finest flour and lard, the endless variety of biscuit, — the best are those filled with sweetmeats, — the paste cakes, the comfit cakes, the honey fritters, the fruit cakes, and the dog biscuit, exquisite in spite of their unattractive name. But how can I resist lingering to sing the praises of certain meat pies, delicious to my thinking, and so peculiar to this province that no one but a born Cordovan could ever possess the *quid divinum* required in kneading them, nor the art of cooking them to a turn. These works of art are in a certain sense incommunicable! Though in a higher degree, they are like the Jijona nougat, in that the imitation is instantly detected. Although the most learned cook may know the authentic recipe, most minute and exact, I will wager she cannot make them if she is not a Cordovan of blue blood, and not a mere *cordon bleu!* To one who has never eaten these meat pies it may seem abominable that, though the filling is of anchovies and sardines, with chopped tomatoes and onions, they are served with chocolate; but this is the truth, and oh! they are good, however improbable this may seem.

This art of concocting sweetmeats and pastries is no new thing, nor is its perfect flower in Cordova a novelty. According to an ancient document, lately reprinted and published, — "The truthful story of the sprightly Andalusian," — the said art flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century. This distinguished woman, who was a native of Cordova, made to perfection every delicacy we have recorded here, though the author makes but hasty mention of it, without going into detail, as we have. So it is proved beyond a doubt that even then this "gay saber"[1] formed part of the education of my

[1] *I.e.* the "cheerful art;" a graceful and witty allusion to the "Art of Poesy," the gay science or art of the troubadours, the musicians of that time.

countrywomen, and that it has been handed down from mother to daughter, to this day. Thus it is that any Cordovan who has both her hands and an average intelligence can boast to-day, as did Lozana the sprightly in her time, if so be her modesty does not prevent, that she excels Platina's *De Voluptatibus* and Apicius Roman's *De re coquinaria.*

On the whole, as regards this last, that is, cooking in the widest sense of the term, to speak frankly there is not so much to boast of as in the sweetmeat department. This art, including as it does, though this appears at first sight an inconsistency, all that appertains to a gentle skill in killing, is more of a liberal art, and less given over to hired hands. There is scarcely a mistress of a household, however haughty her ways, or however negligent, who does not give herself up to this work with heart and hand. She seasons the pickle, and with her fair right hand she prepares the sausages for stuffing and fills them with her tin funnel. She pricks the black puddings, that the air may escape, using a knitting needle or a hairpin from her shining locks.

It is customary to be sure to employ on these days devoted to killing, or just before Christmas Eve, when a thousand dainties are being prepared, some skilful woman, one of the three or four that every village boasts of, who superintends it all. Again, she may come in during the vintage, to make the sirups and fritters, or a little before Holy Week, to prepare the pancakes, paste cakes, gajorros and pine-nut cakes, with which to celebrate that season. Still the mistress rarely abdicates entirely in her favor, giving up all responsibility, and this woman hardly goes beyond being her aid, her *alter ego.* The lady of the house really directs it all; she only gives up this supervision, or rather, shares the responsibility, when it happily chances that an inspired genius is at hand, with an especial vocation for that sort of thing. Such a genius was a woman known in our village by the name of "Generous Johanna." It is true that on dying she left a daughter who inherited her magic arts, still genius is not hereditary, and the daughter fell far short of the mother's attainments. As all competent judges who knew them both declare, she was much less "generous" in every way than her mother.

The daily routine in the kitchen is quite another thing. A careful housewife knows just what is prepared, visits the storeroom and gives orders, but the actual seasoning and cooking is

left entirely with the cook. Hence the decadence of the art. The Cordovan cuisine was once no doubt original and grand. To-day it is like the palaces of Medina-Azahara, and the enchanted gardens of Almunia. There are only ruins left, sure signs, sad relics, of a past greatness; remains which some skilled archæologist of cooking might restore, as Canina has restored the ancient monuments of Rome.

It would require a technical skill, which, alas! I am lacking in, to characterize the Cordovan cuisine, excellent, though now fallen into disuse, to define it and assign it a place among the other cuisines of the different peoples, tongues, and tribes of the earth. The reader will pardon me if I speak as one almost outside the temple of this lofty matter. I believe that, without undervaluing the French cuisine, which to-day alone prevails in the world, there are remains and roots, if I may call them so, of the Cordovan cookery which are not to be despised. Who knows but that they might yet put forth excellent fruits, without foreign grafts, but retaining their native qualities?

With our peasantry the principal food is beans, in spite of the anathema of Pythagoras, who once condemned them as being aphrodisiacal. The way in which they prepare them, called par excellence *cocina*, is exceedingly rich. I doubt if the most skillful French chef, with nothing to work with but beans, thick oil, muddy vinegar, pepper, salt, and water, could produce so rich a food as the said dish of beans, as any Cordovan woman prepares it. I will say the same of the sauce they prepare for stewed rabbit, of a dish made of crushed garlic, bread, oil, and water, and others of the same order. They may be very bad, and the fine, disdainful ladies of Madrid may make a thousand wry faces when they taste them, but just let them take these ingredients, combine them, and see if they can do better!

As for the rest, the rabbit stew, eaten with the country brown bread, and

"Peppers red, with stinging garlic white,"

of which the sharp sauce is chiefly made, it should have a place as a refined creation in the art of pleasing, especially if it has been well pounded for a long time, and by strong hands, in a big wooden bowl. As for *gazpacho*, it is healthful in warm weather, and after the fatigues of harvest time. It is withal poetical and classic, for it is nothing more or less than *gaz-*

pacho that, according to Virgil, Testilis prepared as a cool, refreshing treat for the weary reapers : —

"Savory herbs, wild thyme, with garlic she pounded together."

I will not stop to speak of the boiled meat with vegetables, the stews, fricassees, chicken with garlic, and the like, as they are alike throughout the Andalusian provinces. But I will say a word in defence of *alboronia*, a dish made with love apples, pumpkins, and pimento, because a friend of mine, a witty writer, made fun of it, and because modern science has furnished us with a means of justifying it, even proving that the ancient Cordovan cuisine was an aristocratic, or almost royal one, which has degenerated in our day. The learned Orientalist, Dozy, proves that the inventor of alboronia, or, at least, the one to give it a name, was no less a person than the Sultana Boran, — beautiful, accomplished, and *comme il faut* among all the princesses of the Orient. Perhaps the creator of alboronia dedicated his invention to the Sultana Boran, as do the most famous cooks now, dedicating their dishes and naming them in honor of some illustrious person. Thus we have a steak à la Chateaubriand, a salmon à la Chambord, and sauces à la Soubise, à la Bismarck, à la Thiers, à l'Impératrice, à la Reine, and à la Pio Nono. For the sake of conciseness, the name of the dish is suppressed, and only that of the famous personage remains, so we may be eating a Pio Nono or a Chateaubriand without being liable to punishment as anthropophagi.

Doubtless then, as following the indisputable assertion of Dozy, the alboronia is derived from the Sultana Boran, the Maimon cakes, soaked in wine, must have been named for Maimon the Caliph, husband of the said Boran, and not for the great Jewish philosopher Maimonides, who was a Cordovan, and so a compatriot of Maimones, be they wine cakes, round cakes or cakes filled with sweetmeats.

It must be confessed that, after all, these things have degenerated. They are like the refrains which were once the wise sayings of ancient sages, and have come to a lower use, or like certain families of good stock, who have fallen into obscure poverty. It is surely a great shame that this has come to pass, for the first constituents of cookery are exquisite in all Cordova.

Among the rock roses, the tamarinds, the lentils and laurestinas, in the thickets of the craggy sierra, in the shade of the

high pines and the thickly branching cork-oaks, run the valiant boars and the light-footed deer and stags. In all the fertile plains abound rabbits, hares, partridges, and even the fat moorhens, and every variety of dove, from the wild gray pigeon with white neck to the stock-dove. The olive crop has no sooner begun to ripen than the thrushes flock over from Africa, filling the air as if with living clouds. Linnets, loriots and yellowhammers make the spring merry with their amorous song. The great Guadalquivir furnishes fat shad and enormous pike, while in all the small rivers and streams are found frogs and sweet eels. I should write on indefinitely, were I to tell here of all the products of the vegetable kingdom, the flora of this country, favored above all others by a kindly heaven, in whose zenith, according to popular conviction and rooted belief, is placed the throne of the Holy Trinity. It is enough to know that the thousand and one orchards of Cabra are an earthly Paradise. There, if mythology were still in fashion, we might say Pomona had placed her throne, and continuing in the same vein, we might add without the least hyperbole that Pales, the god of flocks and shepherds, reigns in the lonely regions of the desert, Ceres in the fields that extend between Baena and Valenzuela, while Bacchus holds sway over the Moriles, whose wine excels that of Jerez (sherry) in every way.

Our Cordovan housewife looks upon all this with disdain, either because it is an everyday matter, and so of no value, or perhaps because of its delicate spirituality. Nevertheless, some of the wealthier women are zealous growers of fruits, and are interested in acclimatizing those hitherto unknown in these parts, such as the strawberry and the raspberry. And she keeps her yard well stocked with hens, geese, and turkeys, which she herself feeds and fattens. Sometimes, but this is rare, one finds the discordant speckled guinea hen in such a yard, while the pheasant is still as rare to my country-women as the fabulous phœnix, the griffin, or the two-headed eagle.

But the Cordovan wife and mother chiefly shines in the management of her inner household. The lines which Schiller wrote in praise of his countrywomen could with greater justice be applied to mine. The great poet has described, not the German mother, but the mother of a family in my province.

"Within bears sway
The modest housewife,

The mother of children, —
And governs wisely
The dear home circle; —
She teaches the girls,
Restrains the boys,
And finds no rest
For her busy fingers,
Increasing her store
With housewifely lore."

How hard she works! Watch her, as from early dawn she is busy now in the granary, now in the cellar, now in the storeroom! She spies out the finest spiders' webs, and has them swept away, unless, indeed, she attacks them herself. She dusts all the furniture till it shines, and piles up in the clothespress or lays away in chest or closet the fresh house linen, sweet with lavender. She embroiders exquisitely, and never forgets the thousand fancy stitches, the hemstitch and plain "over-and-over" she learned to work as a child on her rich "sampler," which is always preserved as a precious souvenir. Not a shirt is there of cambric or of cotton but she has marked it, no stocking is left unmended, no rent unrepaired. If she is well-to-do, the family is always clean and well dressed; if she is poor, on Sundays and on gala days the carefully kept best clothes come from out the depths of the chest; a cloak or a long square shawl from Manila, a handsome gown and mantilla for herself, and for her husband a shirt as white as snow, embroidered with birds and flowers, a velvet vest, a neckcloth of scarlet or yellow silk, a short jacket well mended, full breeches with handsome buttons of silver and passementerie, and elaborately embroidered gaiters of well-tanned calfskin. Over all this, when going to mass or to any other function or ceremony, my countryman is wont to throw his cloak. It would show a lack of decorum, almost even of courtesy, to present oneself without it, though the thermometer mark thirty degrees Centigrade! And, indeed, the cloak, like all long and sweeping garments, gives to its wearer a certain amplitude, an air of proud display. Nor can I deny that in my home we abuse somewhat this cloak-wearing habit. I remember a doctor in our village, who used to visit us when I was a boy, who never left his off. He was constantly muffled up in it, and never took it off, even to feel one's pulse! And as a matter of course, one who never removes his cloak is still more prone

to keep on his hat, except on very solemn occasions indeed. He may even keep it on in his sleep, pulling it down over his face to protect it from the sun or the light, if he take his siesta in the open, and so he shoves it to the back of his head, holding on to it with his hand to salute whoever may be most deserving of respect and courtesy. But let us return to our heroine.

Poor or rich, as I have said, she is a zealous housekeeper. In some houses the rooms are papered, but usually they are whitewashed, which is rough and rustic if you will, but the white is cheerful, and gives the whole place an air of cleanliness. The mistress herself, if she be poor, and if not, the maid, whitewashes the whole house, including the façade. And this mania for whitewashing reaches such an extreme that a lady in my village, some years ago, whitewashed her piano. It was the first piano ever seen there, but now there are many and good ones, some even of lignum vitæ, and the ladies who play and sing are counted by the dozen.

The patio, or courtyard, in Cordova and in other cities in the province, is, like those in Seville, surrounded by marble columns, paved with flagstones, with fountains and flowers to make it gay. In the smaller villages they are not so fine and well appointed, nor is the architecture so good; still the flowers are cared for with a more devoted love, which often becomes a real passion. In the springtime and on summer evenings the lady of the house often sews, and entertains her guests, in the patio, whose walls are covered with a thick matting of vines. The ivy, the passion flower, jasmine, honeysuckle, climbing roses, and other creepers weave this mat with their interlaced leaves, and embroider it with their flowers and fruit. Sometimes a good part of the patio is covered with a leafy arbor, and in its center, so that it may be easily seen through the glass inclosure, if there is one, rises a mass of flowers, formed of potted plants, grouped closely on wooden shelves. There are carnations, roses, sweet basil, southernwood, knee holly, Hottentot cherry, laurel, and quantities of sweet four-o'-clocks. All around are borders, filled with flowers too, and as a background to the flowers are hedges of beautiful reeds and canes; these are made to form triangles and other mathematical figures, while their graceful outlines frame a thousand charming vistas. The tops of the canes, which are interwoven in supporting rods, are often adorned with eggshells and pretty, many-colored

gourds. Bees and wasps buzz about, and make the patio lively during the day, and the nightingale furnishes music through the long summer night.

In the winter the housewife takes great care to adorn her home with evergreen plants; canaries and linnets recall the springtime with their song, and if the master of the house is a hunter, there is no lack of partridges and whistling quails in his inclosure, while guns and trophies of the hunt adorn the walls; and round the hearth, almost a part of the family circle, lie stretched the greyhounds and hunting dogs.

In almost every aristocratic home in the villages there is generally a sort of clown or funny fellow, who recalls, though only by his clownish side, the lackey of our old comedies. This merry-Andrew has a thousand talents, catches thrushes with whistle and snares, and linnets with birdlime and nets; he fishes for eels, wading in the pools and streams, catching them with his hands. Sometimes one has a leaning to poetry, wishes his mistress good-day in verse, composes couplets in her praise, and satires against rivals or enemies. He also looks after and entertains the children, and knows a number of stories which he tells with great animation and amusing mimicry.

The village servant, too, knows many stories, and tells them gracefully. Hers are tales of terror, of charms, of love, and all are very serious. For fun and laughter she has a store of piquant anecdotes.

When I was a little fellow, I never wearied of listening to tales that the house-servants told me. The prettiest one, and my chief delight, was the one about Lady Guiomar, whose plot is essentially that of the Indian drama of Kalidasa, entitled "Sakuntala." The Arabs brought this story, with a thousand more, from the farthest Orient, in the Middle Ages.

The maid who excels in cleverness, in pleasant, entertaining ways, wins the good will of her mistress and becomes the companion or favorite of the lady of the house, or of the young or unmarried daughter. She is very like the "confidante" in classic tragedies, and may even play the rôle of Œnone. At all events she accompanies her mistress when making visits, going to mass, to take walks, takes messages back and forth, and keeps her supplied with the latest news of the village.

And this curiosity about other people's lives, and the habit of backbiting, are, it must be confessed, deplorably strong in the ladies and the wealthy middle class in these parts.

The personal charms of the Cordovan woman are those that come of robust health and active out-of-door life. The lass who from her childhood up walks a great deal, works hard, and goes constantly to the fountain in the public square to fill the big earthen water jar, which she carries resting it against her hip, or with the linen she has washed in the river, is strong but not too stout. The fountain or water basin was the end of my daily walk, and there I used to sit on a stone seat built in the wall, under a tall black poplar. Watching the young girls at their washing, or filling their jars and carrying them so gayly, light and graceful in their walk up the steep hill, I returned in spirit to the old patriarchal times, and now fancied myself a witness of some Biblical scene, like that of Rebecca at the well; or again, fancying myself in the place of the prudent king of Ithaca, I imagined I was watching the Princess Nausicaa and her fair companions. There is nothing of ornament nor attempt at display about these girls. The shabby, short dress, especially in summer, clings to the body and falls in graceful folds, veiling and revealing their youthful charms like the statue of the huntress Diana.

Unfortunately the fine ladies of the village have adopted as far as possible all the French fashions, and are gradually giving up their native modes of dressing, and the old way of wearing their hair. One and all are devoted to dress, and no doubt some day they will suddenly give up wearing the mantilla and take to common hats. They all dress their hair elaborately, copying the wax models in shop windows, and call this coiffure à la Pompadour, or à l'Imperatrice, that even the name may have a foreign flavor. And their dresses, instead of being short, are worn with long trains, so that they sweep up the dust of the sidewalk as they go along. In short, this giving up of the native and suitable mode of dress is a thousand pities.

In spite of all these disguises, beauty, or at least grace, jauntiness, and liveliness are common gifts among my countrywomen. They walk delightfully, and dance even better. Country dances, the waltz, and polka, are becoming general, but the fandango is not yet banished. Even young ladies dance through a figure, if they are coaxed to in some country fête, and they frisk about gayly and easily, shaking their castanets right merrily. There are women of the people, who in the art of dancing and playing the castanets are superior even to la Teletusa, celebrated by Martial in the epigram beginning: —

"Playing with nimble finger the Andalusian Cithers."

As the married woman is a model of conjugal endurance, so the young girl is almost always an exemplary fiancée. Punctually she appears at the window every evening to talk with her lover, and then the regular business of flirting begins. In every street of every village in Andalusia may be seen, from ten until midnight, muffled forms that seem actually glued on to almost every grated window. He perhaps sighs, and exclaims, "How hard-hearted you are!" And she answers, "No, no, not I, but yourself!"

And then another sigh.

And thus hours after hours are passed!

This practice has such a charm for them, especially for the men, that not a few engagements are prolonged more than that of Jacob and Rachel, which lasted fourteen years, simply that they may not miss these sweet delights. The poor girls endure it patiently, but they languish under it, and dark circles show under their eyes.

It is true that when they are married the woman is not obliged to go on at service, or working too hard, as is often the case in other places. Though the lover may be a poor day laborer, he provides that the girl he is engaged to, as soon as she becomes his wife, shall no longer toil, shall no longer weed in the cornfields, nor pick olives, and shall be queen and mistress in her own household. If she is out at service she gives up her place, and henceforth sews and washes, irons, scours, and cooks, only for her husband and her children. The man, save in rare cases, is the one who works, and scrapes together in one way and another what is needful to support the whole family.

The Cordovan, of whatever class, is all heart and tenderness, yet free from that fals. sentimentalism that has come from abroad. No one, to our shame be it said, has as yet painted the Cordovan woman of the people, passionate and enamored, true to real life, as has Mérimée. His Carmen is the ideal type of a woman of humble and lowly condition in life, but of lofty soul.

From an early date the Cordovan woman has been the mirror, the inspiration, the guiding star of lovers. Her eyes, like Laura's, inspire platonic, mystic passion, and induce a Moor like Ibn Zeidun to write odes more beautiful than those

of Petrarch, thanks to the Princess Walada, who was a poet herself.

The loves of Cordovan women have had an immense influence for good in this world. They have aided in and have, indeed, been the origin of Spain's most precious glories, and of events so providential that the European civilization of to-day is explained only by a knowledge of them. Were it not for Zahira, in love with Gustios, Mudarra would never have been born, the seven children of Larra would have had no avenger, the flower of Castilian chivalry would have perished ere it came into flower; we should perhaps have had no Cid, since, had he not been inspired by Mudarra's sword, gaining new courage from it, he would not have killed Count Lozano, nor have laid the foundation of such imperishable glory. If Doña Beatriz Enriquez had not fallen in love with Columbus, in Cordova, consoling him and encouraging him, Columbus might have left Spain, might have died in an insane asylum; thus he might never have discovered the new worlds, whose existence an inspired Cordovan had divined and foretold, more than fourteen hundred years before. And this passionate and immortal Cordovan gave him new courage and resolution, which led him on to victory. So one sees how much my countrywomen have done and are still doing. May God bless them one and all!

It seems impossible that good and pleasing as they undoubtedly are, the rascally men should neglect and desert them. But besides the long journeys they take, on the pretext of important affairs, they leave their homes for the casino, where they pass their idle hours. The great Donoso was more than justified in thundering against the casino, as he does in his eloquent book "Concerning Catholicism." It is true there have always been casinos, only in earlier times for the rich they were called the casilla, and were in the apothecary's shop, while for the poor they were in the tavern. But to-day this no longer suffices, and every village, however small, is swarming with clubs. Every clique, every shade of difference in political opinion, has its own. There is the conservative club, the radical, the Carlist, the socialist, and the republican, so the unhappy women are left alone. I do not see how a woman can be a liberal! All should be absolutists, and indeed, many are so at heart.

The only compensation that modern liberalism brings with it for woman is that it weakens considerably that conjugal and paternal authority which before was so terrible, even to the

point of tyranny. They were governed by the rod ; still, to a mettlesome woman like our Cordovan, it hurts more to be disdained than to be whipped. A rebuff would cut deeper than a cowhiding.

At all events, the Cordovan, like all other Spanish women, has always one pure source of comfort in all her troubles and sorrows, and that is the Christian religion. Without exception my countrywomen are deeply religious.

Among the men impiety is widespread. The soldier off duty takes home with him some odd number of the "Quoter"; newspapers are read, and not all of them are pious in tone ; and, finally, many a student comes back from college infected with Krause and even Hegel, ready to pour forth his learning into the rustic ear, to see if he cannot make converts of them to pantheism and egotheism.

The wife does not understand, nor does she desire to understand, such perplexing new terms, and continues faithful to her old beliefs. They are balm for all her heart's wounds, they fill her with unfading hopes, and open up in her ardent imagination infinite horizons, gilded with the divine light of a sun of love and glory.

Even for less sublime exigencies and more vulgar satisfactions her religion is an inexhaustible source of comfort. Almost every honest pastime possible for a woman is founded on her religion. If it were not for that, what of the joyous pilgrimages to the Virgin of Araceli, and to the Virgin of la Sierra de Cabra? Would there be a Child Jesus to clothe, the processions to watch ; the images borne through the streets during Holy Week,—the Descent from the Cross, Abraham, the trumpeters, the Romans, the Apostles and Prophets, and the Brothers of the Holy Cross ? There would be none of these sacred joys, dear to the heart of all true Catholics. There would be for her no concessions of indulgence, no nine days of prayer, nor would she listen to sermons, trim the altars with flowers, deck out the cross of May, and rejoice in the holy month of Mary. The swallows which now are respected, because they pulled the thorns out from Christ's crown with their beaks, would be persecuted and killed ; they would no longer return every year to the same house, to build their nests under the eaves of the roof, nor salute the master with their merry cries and chirpings. Everything would be dead and without meaning to her, were there no religion. The passion flower would lose its symbolic power,

and even the love of her fiancé, her husband, or her lover, which she combines always with the presentiment of immortal joys, and which she idealizes always with a thousand vague rose tints of mysticism, would be changed into something a good deal less poetic.

Such is, in general outlines, the woman of the province of Cordova. Were we to go into detail, this essay would be simply endless. In this province as in every other, there are a thousand grades of culture and wealth, which make the types vary, and then again the individual differences of character and intellectual gifts.

I have omitted one very important point which I shall touch upon very slightly, before bringing this article to a close, and that is a question of philology ; namely, their peculiar language and style of expression.

Ordinarily the letter *h* is aspirated, and it will be understood that I am speaking now of the servants or the working-women, and not of the well-educated classes. They also have a marked tendency to fortify words by prefixing an intensive syllable ; when calling some one a rascal has left her soul unsatisfied, she relieves her feelings still further by calling him a re-rascal ; when Dios ! fails to express her sentiments, she exclaims re-Dios ! In various villages of my province, and in the province of Jaen, also, one often hears a certain inarticulate interjection, very like a snore or a snort. And finally the Cordovan is prone to adorn her speech with many a flower and fancy, flavors it with witty sayings and sparkling jests, making it lively with varied gestures and play of the hands.

In pronunciation we must acknowledge there might be slight changes for the better. The letters *z* and *s* are all one to her, as are *l* and *r* and *p*. It may well have been some Cordovan schoolmistress who said to her pupils, "Children, precer*t* is written with a *p*, and sor*d*ier with an *l* !" Still, though anarchy prevails in pronunciation, as far as construction and vocabulary go the women as well as the men are fluent and most elegant on occasion, and always pure in style, easy and graceful. Not a few Castilians would do well to go there, to learn to speak Castilian, though not to pronounce it.

Without too great flattery I may affirm that the Cordovan is as a rule discreet, witty, and acute. Her natural vivacity makes up for a lack of study and knowledge. Her conversation is very entertaining, for she is naturally eloquent and spon-

taneous in what she says and thinks. Fond of laughing and teasing, she plays merry tricks with her menfolk ; and swift at repartee she bombards them with many a stinging shot, though never really angry.

And now what is left for me to add? One Cordovan is miserly, another prodigal, but all are generous at heart, and charitable. Here and there may be found one who reads the ancient books, most of them devotional, which once belonged to her great-grandmother, and are as if fastened by chains to the house. For instance, "The Perfect Household," by one Master Leon, "The Contempt of Court Life and Praise of the Country," and the "Mount of Calvary," by Brother Antonio de Guevara, and even the "Complete Works," some twenty folio volumes, by the venerable Palafox. And I am not inventing here. I have really known a native Cordovan who owned and had actually read these books, and more of the same style. Others there are who read only modern novels, and those of the worst sort, while others again read nothing.

Some there are who have been to Seville or Madrid, who have been to Malaga, and have seen the sea; while others there are who have never left their own little town, and whose ideas concerning Madrid are as vague and confused as mine might be of some city that possibly exists in another planet. Almost without exception they are satisfied with their lot. Good nature, excessive meekness, is very common. Their pride, moreover, incites them to despise what is not within their reach, and love of country, confined within the narrow limits of the town in which they were born and bred, grows more intense, energetic, and even irascible, leading them to love to madness that town and that society, preferring them to all others, and to turn almost furiously against whoever may venture to blame them.

If I were to go on relating and describing things circumstantially, I might end by writing a volume of some five or six hundred pages ! So we will bring it to a close just here, praying that this sketch may not sin by its too great length, and that the reader may have sufficient indulgence, leisure, and calm of mind, to be able to read it all without being bored, weary, or inclined to yawn !

SIX ETCHINGS.

By ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[Armando Palacio Valdés, generally regarded as on the whole the best Spanish novelist of this generation in tone and touch and truth, was born in 1853 near Oviedo, the capital of the Asturias, in northwest Spain. Educated at Avilés and Oviedo, he took a law degree at the University of Madrid; he studied also especially political and moral science, looked to a professorship of them, and was made secretary for these departments at the city Athenæum. In 1875 he became editor of a leading scientific magazine, *La Revista Europea*, wrote many scientific articles, and much good literary criticism later collected. In 1881 he published his first novel, "Señorito Octavio." Among the others are the one best known in translation, "Marta y Maria" (Martha and Mary, the English version called "The Marquisé of Peñalta"), 1883, — the story of two sisters, the younger a born housewife and mother, the elder a petted beauty who yet is a born devotee and fanatic, scourges herself or forces her maid to do it, breaks her engagement, and has herself arrested as a Carlist partisan, to enable her to enter a religious life; "El Idyl de un Enfermo" (An Invalid's Idyl), 1884; "José," 1885; "Riverita," of a young man about town, 1886; its sequel, "Maximina" 1890; "El Cuarto Poder" (The Fourth Estate — the press), 1888, — the nominal plot, which however is subordinate to a love story, being the establishment of a newspaper in a small old town; "La Hermana (Sister) San Sulpicio," 1889, the reverse of "Marta y Maria," a novice finding herself drawn to her old life and her lover rather than to a convent; "La Fé" (Faith), 1892, a sort of "Robert Elsmere," where a priest tries to convert a freethinker and has his own faith crushed; "El Maestrante" (The Grandee), 1893, a painful story of child martyrdom; "El Origen de Pensamiente" (The Origin of Thought), 1894, where a crazy old amateur scientist undertakes to discover the secret of mental action by removing part of the skull to see the making of the brain; "Los Majos de Cadiz" (The Dandies of Cadiz), 1896. He has also written sketches of Madrid life entitled "Aguas Fuertes" (Etchings), 1885, the following among them; and "Espuma" (Foam), 1890.]

I. The "Retiro" at Madrid.[1] A Morning in June.

Among the many delights that a citizen of Madrid may indulge in, during the lovely month of June, there are few that can rival the joy of rising with the dawn, and taking a walk in the "Retiro." No reasonable person can doubt that the habit of getting up early in the morning is one that develops character and gives one an immense superiority over one's fellowmen. The reader who has had the energy to attempt this elevating experiment will have noted within himself a certain complacency not entirely free from pride, a delightful sensation akin to that which Achilles felt after having dragged the body

[1] Literally "The Retreat," a fine park just outside Madrid.

of Hector round the walls of Troy. Heroism appears in varied guise, differing with the age and with the country in which we find it, but at heart it is all one.

When we arise at break of day, to go and sip indifferent chocolate in the restaurant of El Retiro, an inner voice, communing with our soul, cajoles us with congratulations and pleasing compliments. We instinctively assume a greater vigor and feel ourselves to be strong souls, noble, serene, worthy in every way of admiration. The street sweepers give their brooms a rest, in order to gaze on us, and in their eyes we read these thoughts, or words to this effect: "That's the kind for me! down with lazy do-nothings; you're a true man, sir, you are!" And as a proof of their great admiration they send the dust flying by the bushelful, directly in our triumphant way!

On the day set apart for this early rising we acknowledge no social distinctions excepting such as are made by the act of getting up early or late. All other differences are swept away in favor of this dividing-line drawn by Nature herself. Every one we meet walking in El Retiro has a claim to our sympathy and respect; for are they not worthy colleagues, forming with ourselves an aristocratic and privileged family apart? And on our return, when we meet some friend who is just leaving his house, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, we can hardly refrain from assuming an impertinent tone of voice on greeting him, an irrecusable proof of our unquestioned superiority.

But the drinking of poor chocolate in the Retiro of a June morning is but a small part of our delight. The first thing we have to look at is the sun, rising in full majesty above the tree-tops, diffusing at first a sad, white light, that coldly kisses the statue of Charles III. at the Alcalá gateway; then a rosier light and far more joyous tints the walls of the first houses it meets with, and finally come the vivid, smiling, resplendent blushes that belong only to sunrise. The floating escort of little clouds that follow its upward flight is the most graceful and elegant imaginable: these cunning clouds are all arranged in such capricious and picturesque ways, taking most difficult and effective steps round about their central corypheus. Still, the good people of Madrid are not devoted to this kind of spectacle. They prefer watching the moon rise in the painted skies of the Royal Theatre; the variety of moon that masquerades as a round cheese, appearing obediently in answer to the solemn trills of the mezzo-soprano. And there is a plausible

reason for this. The sun is obliged, as a matter of duty, to rise every morning in all sorts of weather, while the aforesaid moon shines only when Señor Rovira thinks best. If the sun were not so prodigal of its light and heat, and demanded a somewhat higher price for a front seat, I for one believe it would have a much greater reputation. For instance, if it only appeared three or four times each year, and if the newspapers announced in advance that "the most distinguished of our stars will make his debut on Tuesday, at one o'clock precisely; all seats will be sold in advance," it strikes me that the renters of chairs in the Retiro would drive a brisk trade.

Next to the sun, the most remarkable thing I find in the Retiro are the dressmakers. This most respectable sisterhood, and even more beautiful than respectable, come into close and loving contact with Mother Nature as soon as the month of June is come. As their numerous affairs prevent them from going to pass a season at San Sebastian or at Biarritz, and feeling the necessity of giving expression to the poetic sentiments which fill their souls, our pretty seamstresses have chosen the Retiro as the field of their matutinal excursions. For trees, birds, and flowers, when they are not artificial, offer, no doubt, greater attractions. There is nothing a dressmaker so longs for as a primitive condition of things, where all is in accordance with Nature's laws. During the winter her mind lies dormant, while her hands work diligently under the light of the prosaic kerosene lamp. But when the enchanting month of May is with us, when its warmth steals through our veins, then the soul feels it too, eclogues and idyls stir in the reawakened brain, and our hard-working sewsters dream of green meadows enameled with gay flowers, of swift-flowing crystal-clear brooks, of cool dark grottos, where amorous swains await the sweet recompense due their pressing importunities. Then it is that our dressmaker, as the first sign of the influence of such pure ideas and enchanting visions on her plastic mind, frees herself from certain artificial restraints; if she be of a truly inspired temperament, and treasures in her heart that host of tender and ineffable sentiments which we have every reason to expect of her, the outward proof will be observed in the extreme lightness of her apparel. She rises very, very early, and without waiting for the landau, betakes herself on foot to the Retiro in company with a few chosen friends and some distinguished artisans. How fresh and smiling she is! How her beautiful

great black eyes glow, and how her delicate bosom heaves with joy! The party moves along, inclined to forget for the moment all ridiculous social ceremonies, the fastidious refinements of life in Madrid, and to return to all that seems to belong to a state of Nature. And indeed, they start out well provided with the trappings and works of art belonging to a primitive civilization, such as our earliest ancestors are most commonly supposed to have used in some form or other, — hoops, jumping-ropes, tops, shuttlecock, etc., etc. Our dressmaker, as she approaches the Municipal Arcadia, becomes possessed of a greater sprightliness, and in her movements and poses one sees the active influence of rural ideas. She chatters and runs, laughs, jumps, cries out in her excitement, and allows herself with her girl friends the innocent liberties believed to be usual among shepherds and shepherdesses in bosky dells; she blinds their eyes with her hands, pinches them, takes off their hats, and pulls their noses in a deliciously simple manner, conforming in every respect to the laws of Nature.

As soon as they enter the park and choose a fitting place, silent, shaded, perfumed with the odor of the acacias, the games begin. Your sewing-girl is a rare wonder of grace and skill in skipping rope, tossing the shuttlecock, and twittering all the while like a swallow! How pretty she is, as she frisks and flirts, and how cunning are her endearing, entrancing little ways with the gentlemen who turn up there as if in answer to those shrill cries! The games take her back to the days of her childhood, and so she sits on her companion's knees, and bids him fasten up the loosened braids of hair, without a thought of what desires these scenes may awaken in the mind of the casual spectator. No one could imagine for a moment, while watching these modest and innocent graces, that our heroine had ever been through less pastoral experiences.

At times, overcome, panting, her eyes shining, her hair disheveled, her cheeks flaming, I have seen her give up all the fascinating sports to take the arm of some youthful swain with yellow gloves. At such a time I have observed her follow slowly a lonely pathway between lines of shade-trees, until the pair were lost to sight in the leafy woods. Were they in search of some cool, fresh arbor, where the cares of this world might be shaken from their weary shoulders? I know not. This rural life is full of ineffable mysteries it were wiser not to penetrate!

II. The Great Lake.

No sooner have we left behind us the famous Alcalá gateway, and taken a few steps in the tree-shaded way that leads to the heart of the Retiro, than a light, moist breeze begins to refresh our face with proud suggestions of a wind from off the sea. Our heart and lungs alike expand, our eyes close involuntarily to receive the grateful kiss of this zephyr, and there throng vaguely to our memory visions of white sandy beaches where the waves break, rocks, boats, sea-gulls, and better than all, the vast horizon of the ocean, inviting one to dreams. But continue, keep on with your eyes shut! Have no fear of running into anything, for carriages do not roll in that part of the park. For some precious moments you may safely cherish this illusion of the sea, for which you have, as a matter of fact, paid your share.

Not that I promise that when you open your eyes you shall find yourself by the sea, for such an exaggeration would serve merely to cast discredit upon the noble projects of our government; as I understand it, they never thought of establishing a real ocean at Madrid, but simply an epitome, a compendium of the real thing. Yet, if not actually on the seashore, you will still find yourself gazing on an expanse of water which will appeal to and foster your love for the sea, though it may not satisfy it entirely. The bold pranks of this mighty mass of water are held in restraint by simple walls of brick, on which is an iron railing, by no means a high one.

When you lean over the railing to examine more closely the ocean so kindly provided by a paternal government, perhaps you will agree with the majority of the citizens of Madrid in thinking that its waves are scarcely clear enough or clean enough, and that the city fathers would do well to renew them frequently, if they propose — and this is quite certainly their plan — to kindle and develop by this means the love of Nature and the poetic sentiment inherent in her worthy inhabitants. Nevertheless, these green and somewhat stagnant waters ripple with the breath of a caressing breeze as do the most beautiful of lakes; sometimes, too, at the witching hour of noon, and under a clear sky, they shine forth with dazzling and pleasing lights. It is with the lake as with plain women: they all have their moments of beauty, graceful poses, or pleasing motions.

As I have already shown, it is certain that the origin of the aforesaid lake is due to the expediency of instilling in the minds of the citizens of Madrid certain poetic and naturalistic tendencies. And indeed, a paternal government having clearly perceived — as it could hardly fail to do — that in great cities like Madrid the love of Nature is sadly neglected, and that in consequence the quickness of perception in the lower classes does not obtain the development necessary to preserve it from the grossest positivism, has made and is still making the most praiseworthy efforts to keep alive in all the social classes an urban and municipal romanticism in harmony with every requirement of the human heart.

No department of Nature has escaped their benevolent efforts. The umbrageous and impenetrable forests, full of color and harmony, which are the marvel of the solitudes of America, are represented by the thickets of the Retiro, the groves on the squares of the Orient, of Santo Domingo, and others less well known. The great desire common to every human heart to refresh the soul by gazing upon mighty mountains on whose lofty summit the mind of man, like unto the clouds that fly through space, may repose from its fatigue, finds sweet satisfaction in the Montagnes Russes. And finally, the powerful aspiration that fills the soul while meditating sadly in the presence of the vast ocean, which reveals to us the dark secrets of the Infinite, finds an adequate response, if not a perfect one, on the shores of the Great Lake. And just here a slight difficulty presents itself. While it is true that a soulful contemplation of the sea greatly exalts and purifies the mind of man, it is none the less a well-certified fact that its more savage moods may awaken nervous fears and fill this same mind with gloomy forebodings. In order to meet this psychological danger the government had recourse to an expedient in which they had perfect confidence ; they called to their aid a host of geese and swans. And in truth these aquatic creatures, by their gentleness and affability, are well adapted to inspire the heart of man with smiling thoughts and a love of peace, thus to counteract the mighty and overwhelming impression that must necessarily remain in one's mind after contemplating a lake of the magnitude of the one in El Retiro.

So in the lake aforesaid were introduced a dozen or more of these creatures, intrusted with the important duty of seconding the plans of the generous municipality, receiving from them

in exchange the necessary food. And it is only just that we should bear witness that these innocent birds play the part assigned them in the most exemplary fashion, earning their daily bread most honorably. See how gracefully they cross the lake in every direction, as if gliding over the waters driven by the wind, and not by virtue of the motion of their feet. Observe their capricious and fantastic poses! How picturesquely they spread their wings over the water, stirring up little clouds of foam; now they dip their head under water, to catch an insect, now they hide it under their wing, now they rise suddenly in the air, to fall again after a short flight, lazily and gently, on their elastic couch, like a satrap on his softly cushioned divan. No one can doubt but that all this affords a scene so pastoral and so bucolic that it cannot fail to produce the desired effect. However greatly exalted the soul may be, it must in the end yield to the mild influence of the combined forces of this dozen of geese.

Sailing over the lake is a goodly number of boats, barges, canoes, and other vessels of divers shapes and sizes. On holidays we may watch against the horizon line a steamer that never wearies of whistling and hissing, as if it were a spectator at some drama of Catalina. On inquiring about the price of the trip, I found that to visit all the shores of the lake, stopping at the principal points of interest, a first-class fare was two cents. But you can see at once that these voyages, where the route is all made out for one in advance, are only suitable for persons of little imagination, for the vulgar and narrow-minded. Souls full of fancy and love of adventure prefer to travel with no itinerary. And many others there are who prefer to equip the boats and canoes, navigating without a prearranged plan, and stopping just where they please, for the length of time they judge best. The love of nature and the desire of learning to know the rude fatigues of a sailor's life impels them to take off their coats, and to seize the oars with their ring-covered hands. And now our explorer's face is fixed in hard lines, and assumes the terrible and gloomy expression common to pirates; his movements are slow and heavy, like those of a sea-wolf. As they come near the coast, and see some young girl, more or less pretty, watching them in absorbed admiration, it is their habit to wink with a certain rude slyness, crying out with a hoarse voice, "Keep your eye peeled, mates! a frigate off the weather bow!"

Others still it inclines to sentimentalism, and the sight of the sleeping waters of the lake recalls to their memory Venetian tales and Swiss ballads. Resting motionless on their oars, letting their boat rock with the waves, they fix their eyes on space with the bitter expression that belies the broken heart, and from time to time they burst forth with the melodies of the tender boating songs they have learned at the Royal Theater.

The marvelous adventures as well as the boating songs cease abruptly as soon as a voice is heard, mighty as that of Neptune himself, which reaches on the wings of the wind every portion of the lake: "Boat number seven..." (a solemn pause) "time is up!" Immediately the ship, after executing the necessary manœuvres, steers its course back to the friendly haven. If it arrives happily, as is usually the case, the ship's crew, weary and out of breath, lose no time in jumping on to the pier, dusting their trousers with their pocket-handkerchiefs, previous to restoring themselves joyfully to the bosom of their respective families.

III. The Zoo.

It is impossible for me to give the date of the institution whose story I am about to tell; perhaps it began under the paternal government of Señor Moyana, though I will not state that as a fact. And before beginning to write about it, perhaps I ought to examine documents concerning its erection and later development, so that future generations, when they read this study, may know to whom the wild beasts owe the charitable shelter which they enjoy to-day. However, I prefer to improvise a few pages which will fall well outside the domain of historical science, for which I feel but slight inclination before having breakfasted.

Some three hundred feet from the Great Lake rises the famous hospice in which a government, attentive to the moral needs of its loyal supporters, has placed some half-dozen wild beasts and twenty or thirty monkeys, with the intention of diverting and at the same time invigorating the garrison of Madrid. As the swans on the lake receive their salary in return for inspiring the natives with bucolic ideas and pastoral sentiments, the animals in the Zoo have come straight from the deserts of Africa in order to infuse into the hearts of our troops

that ferocity they are wont to lose in their intimate intercourse with serving-maids and seamstresses. One can but admire the skill which governed the choice of these terrible animals, and the accuracy with which they have managed to utilize their various attributes. No one can doubt, for instance, that the lion was imported in order to arouse the hearts of the lookers-on to worship nobility and bravery, as the leopard symbolizes ferocity, the wolf swiftness, the hyena cruelty, the monkey slyness, while the bear stands for the dignity of calm. When at eventide the Spanish infantry, in the pleasing companionship of those whom they worship, visit the cages of this establishment, they feel themselves regenerated, and disposed to have it out with the entire race of Republicans, be they fierce and harmful or tame and domesticated.

The wild beasts, as is only logical, know all the recruits of the garrison by sight, and not only the recruits but their relatives and friends. The best entertainment one can offer a friend, after treating him to glasses of rum and maraschino, is to take him to the Zoo, and walk for a time round about the cage of monkeys. "Come, come, Auntie Rosa," those who have been there tell the anxious aunt at home; "you need have no fear but that Gabriel is having a famous good time at Madrid. He can spend the whole evening looking at the monkeys in a place they call the Zoo, and as I live, there's nothing else to compare with it in all Madrid."

The Spanish soldier is, besides being high-minded, long-suffering, frugal, and endowed with a nice sense of honor, et cetera, et cetera, brilliant in thought and quite Attic in the phrasing of his poignant satire. This indeed is an unquestioned fact. Well then, you must know that this facetiousness, this concise style of wit with which Nature has endowed our army, and, above all others, the infantry troops, increases at least fifty per cent while they are promenading in the gardens of the Zoo.

In that region of delight, standing before the cage of the African lion, the Bengal tiger, or that tiniest of monkeys, the Indian titi, the exhilarating genius of our "Number Five"[1] pours forth its treasures of cleverness. Here are heard the witty phrases, the brilliant repartee; here it is that the epigram that flashes like steel, the argument full of convincing cunning, stand revealed. Stopping before the cage of the leopard, who is sleeping quietly in a corner, our Number Five remarks to him

[1] The fifth man, on whom the lot falls to serve in the army.

in a jesting tone : " Up with you, lazy-bones ! aren't you tired of sleeping, you rascal ? You've got what you like, you thief of the world ! " He passes on immediately to the lion's cage, and there pours forth another storm of jests : " Only look at him ! Only look at him ! What a mouth the greedy fellow is opening on us ! You would like us to join you at breakfast, wouldn't you now ? Well, friend, have patience and call on Cachano, for are we not all sons of one father ? Look, Manuél, there's a mane for you ! It looks just like Uncle Ferruco's hair ! "

On such occasions the recruit is puffed up with pride, for he has an appreciative audience. In his suite are always some half-dozen robust servant-girls from the Alcarria, who listen to him enraptured, and follow him eagerly. How they laugh till they ache and fairly scream at the jests of our witty soldier ! No one else is so deeply penetrated as are they with the innermost import of his sayings, nor can any one appreciate so well the vigorous subtlety of his humor. Between the recruit and the servant-girls there is established at once a mysterious current of sympathy, by means of which the poetic depths of their hearts and all the sweet thoughts and vague aspirations of his mind are merged into one. Our recruit feels the eyes of the girls from the Alcarria in the back of his head, and they excite him constantly to sharper wit and repartee, while the girls notice with innocent joy that this brilliant display of fireworks is in reality a fervent homage of adoration, which the charming recruit is dedicating to them.

And there in the twilight hour, when the clouds lie low adown the depths of the valleys, and the zephyr folds its wings over the flowers, Manolo may be observed to inflict a tremendous blow on his friend Gabriel, which sends him flying among the maids. The latter accept this knock-me-down as a proof of respect and a delicate attention. From the moment the blow is struck there is established between recruits and maid-servants an everlasting friendship. So the fierceness our military acquires on the one hand he immediately loses on the other, thus bringing to naught the thoughtful plans of the paternal administration.

And before completing this article it is my duty to inform the municipal corporation of an abuse which tends to the deterioration of the country and to the discredit of the important institution with which I am at present occupied. However painful it may be to me to mention the fact, it is only too cer-

tain that the wild beasts belonging to the municipality do not fulfill as they should their sacred trust. Why were these animals brought from the deserts of Africa and Asia at the cost of a thousand pecuniary sacrifices? We have already said that the purpose was to inspire with energy and give new life to the people and the army. Well then, I cannot say how well they fulfilled this duty in the beginning, but I can say that at present they are far from performing it with the exactitude and zeal required of them. Instead of assuming attitudes which surprise the soul and fill it with awful terror, instead of roaring, flashing fire from their fierce eyes, and shaking the grating of their cages, showing a disposition to jump out and devour all the spectators before they could so much as murmur a credo, they pass the greater part of the day in a shameful lethargy, shrunk back into a corner like inanimate objects, so that the liveliest efforts of a well-meaning public are powerless to make them so much as wag their tails. When by chance you do find them afoot, they are merely taking a quiet walk in their cell, with no display of ferocity whatever, but pacing back and forth as might some lyric poet who is thinking out a difficult sonnet for the next number of the "Spanish-American Sketch-Book." When they open their mouths and stretch their claws it is never apparently as a menace, but to shake off their ennui in the most unmannerly fashion; and if by chance they are seized by a desire to roar, they roar so mildly that they seem rather to be making anxious inquiries about the spectator's health.

Evidently this abuse must be put a stop to, but how? By seeking the origin of the evil we may strike a blow at its very root, and the origin of such apathy and carelessness on the part of these animals can be no other than this; they are insufficiently fed. The animals at the Zoo belong to the educational classes, and like most professors, are ill-paid. Their bones stick out, their hides lie in wrinkles, their whole aspect is miserable and dejected. A friend of mine, a professor, who also has projecting bones and wrinkled skin, told me a short time ago that he only taught just so much science as should be the equivalent of the seven hundred dollars salary he received. The wild beasts probably follow the same system. Increase their salaries, then, give them sufficient third-class meat, and our government will see the duties belonging to the professorships of Energy and Ferocity faithfully discharged.

IV. The Carriage Driveway in the Retiro.

A titanic struggle has just taken place in the Senate and in the columns of the newspapers. We pedestrians defended ourselves gallantly, we made incredible efforts to rescue our Retiro from the savage invasion, but we were defeated. The beautiful shaded walks now profaned by the vulgar rich echo to the hoof-beats of swift horses, and the modern conquerors, the barbarians of wealth, make their proud entrance, trampling us beneath the feet of their chargers.

We have always been wont to live here happy and at peace with mankind, and at times we said to ourselves: "You rule the theaters, the salons, the Country Club, the Castellana; you are the masters of Madrid: but we, we own the Retiro. To enjoy the perfume of its flowers, the cool shade of the trees, the fair perfection of the long hedgerows, you must leave your carriage at the gateway and soil the soles of your shoes a bit. For the Retiro was made by God — with the aid of government, for us, solely for us, the great Middle Class."

But behold! the day comes when the outer barbarians take a fancy to invade with their chariots, their women, and their children, our delicious camping-ground. The venerable trees, some of them the growth of a century, were felled to the ground, and their leaves served as a carpet to the victor. Our bowed heads, too, served them as a carpet.

And the worst of all is that, vying in cruelty with the soldiers of Alaric and Attila, they have borne and still bear us bound to their chariot-wheels. Did I not know a certain youth who fought valiantly against the invasion in the columns of *The Correspondence?* I recall an article by his pen which stated, "It is not true that the municipality is thinking of opening a driveway for carriages in the Retiro." This article fell like a bomb in the enemy's camp, creating serious ravages, and almost put an end to their hopes. And now, — have I not seen with my own eyes this very youth ignominiously bound to the dog-cart of the barbarian, which was bearing him onward much more swiftly than his plebeian feet could have done. And it even seemed to me that the barbarian's daughter was laughing at him.

Some people tell the story of the origin of the driveway as follows: they say a certain English horse, bored to death with going and coming so often to and from the Castellana, suffering

from the spleen, and in imminent danger of committing suicide, took it into his head one day that life would be worth living if he could but tramp up and down through those exclusive gardens. He gently intimated this extravagant desire to his master, gave his reasons in support of the same, and finally persuaded him that he should use his influence in having the privilege now only enjoyed by bipeds extended from that time forth to well-groomed and well-educated horses. The master, a magistrate himself, proposed it at the next meeting, making a fine speech in its favor, wherein he placed before the consideration of the assembly the principal arguments his nag had suggested to him. The resulting insurrection was most warlike in tone. The bipeds refused to abandon their rights in the Retiro, and called upon the press to aid them; they drew attention to the fact that the felling of trees to the ground was characteristic of primitive peoples; also that it is very easy to build a house, but Nature alone can make a tree. They referred to the devastating ax, and made bold to entertain doubts concerning the poetic sentiments of the members of the council.

To all this the English filly answered through his master's mouth, saying these were mere "hollow invectives," and that when the driveway was opened up and completed, then we should see what we should see. And, in fact, time has proved that the filly was right about it. The driveway for carriages, far from lessening the beauty of the Retiro, has actually added a certain showy splendor which it lacked before. Let us give the Devil his due!

And the driveway does not follow a straight line, as does the road leading to la Castellana, as its object is not to awaken general ideas in the minds of the citizens, but it forms a graceful curve, and quite a long one, stretching from the Zoo to the statue of the fallen angel, around which the carriages pass in turn. This is a statue of Lucifer, with curved spine and dislocated neck, and the muscles so tense as to give the impression of an equestrian artiste from Price's circus. And his mates here below, other fallen angels who are known by the name of la Tomasa, la Adela, la Camilla, la Berta, etc., etc., as they drive close by, are wont to gaze on the statue with sovereign contempt. No one of them has fallen in that way, down a fearsome precipice. Without exception they have fallen upon some English milord, — who keeps a carriage.

In this new driveway the Upper Ten convene and meet each other by appointment of a winter's afternoon, to enjoy the ineffable delight of gazing on each other for two hours or so. Then they hasten away to dine, and drive as fast as their horses can bear them, to gaze on each other again in the Royal Theater for another three or four hours. One would think it a company of dervishes, whose supreme joy consists in contemplation. One man has grown bald, and defrauded the state, and ruined several families, simply in order that his span may take him from one part of the city to another, to gaze on other men who, like himself, have grown bald, and have cheated the government and private individuals with the same object. The people of Madrid, more than any other people of ancient or modern times, have elevated to the realms of high art this exquisite enjoyment. In church, at the theaters, on the promenade, and in their salons, every means is exhausted that may further this, their chief pleasure in life. When the hot season comes and one is forced to leave Madrid, when separation seems inevitable, then society flies to the beaches of San Sebastian, that they may not lose sight of each other for an instant.

From five o'clock until half after five the avenue is in full glory. A thousand carriages crowd together in the rather narrow way, so that there is no possibility of moving along. Sometimes a single turn lasts an hour and a half, which condition of things, it is easy to see, constitutes the chief charm of the whole affair for those who perpetually fill the said carriages, for in this way the art of contemplation is made easier and more intense. The ladies gently lift their parasols, and gaze from under them at the other ladies, who in like fashion gently lower theirs and return glance for glance. For many years they have been at it, and have made a study of the clothes, the carriages, the horses, the pets, the bracelets, the rouge, the very moles on their faces. So, ordinarily, there is but little conversation. Only from time to time a lady communicates with her companion in a low voice, and in telegraphic style certain observations of no great importance are exchanged : —

" Have you seen Bermejillo ? "

" Yes."

" Is he riding behind Harriet's carriage ? "

" Yes."

And again they keep silence.

" Have you seen Madame de Quintanar ? "

"No, not yet."

"And Madame Beleño?"

"No, I've not seen her either."

Then the lady is silent again, but she feels slightly annoyed. In order to return home quite satisfied, and to dine with a good appetite, they should all be there: Madame de Casagonzalo, Madame de Trujillo, Madame de Torrealta, de Villavicencio, de Córdova, de Perales, de Velez Málaga, and de Cerezangos, at whom they have been staring for the last twenty years, in every possible place, and at all hours. If not, they depart in a bad humor, saying the drive was far from *chic*. The coachmen and footmen, from the height of their box, cast Olympic glances at the carriages, and murmur from time to time insolent remarks concerning the ladies who pass, or perhaps they stare hard at their companions' liveries, planning to demand the like from their masters.

The horses, bored to extinction, gaze on each other constantly, and keep silence as do their masters. Nevertheless, they let fall at times, between a snort and a toss of the head, some pointed remark concerning their fellow-horses: —

"My, what shining ornaments they've hung on the Villamediana nags! They make me smile!"

"Why, what would you have them wear, my dear fellow? They're just a span of donkeys without ears!"

"And what do you say to the Rebelledo turnout?"

"That those horses are no more English than the horn of my hoof!"

So the horses talk small talk, and the masters as well.

In one of the old side paths walk the bipeds of the bourgeois class, gazing with fixed eyes on the showy procession of aristocratic quadrupeds. When weary of walking they sit down on the iron chairs, placed there purposely that they may gaze on each other without fatigue. Large and respectable families, whose chiefs are worthy pillars of the public administration, allow themselves daily the savory pleasure of watching pass by the long procession of ladies and gentlemen who keep a carriage.

On either side of the highway, with faces turned toward the carriages, certain lordlings are wont to stride, distinguished chiefly by the canes they sport. Their soft hats are inclined slightly to one side, their coats buttoned up to the chin. They seem to wear within them a secret spring, which at intervals

obliges them to stop, lift their hand to their hat, wave it in the air, and then continue their walk.

And the sun, not to be outdone by all the others, gazes with dying eyes upon this interesting scene, darting his slanting rays among the trees, and calling into play a thousand graceful reflections in the varnish of the carriages, the clear glass of their lamps, and in the brass and silver buttons of the liveried minions. Before dying, the orb of day wraps with soft caress the motley pomp of the crowd which has eyes only for itself; it makes the horses' trappings flash, the ladies' jewels glow, tints with vivid colors their silken apparel, and spreads a brilliant cloth of gold over the passive and silent procession. The trees receive the last kiss of the day-star with greater pleasure than does man, and through their leafy bowers are dancing graceful and fugitive splendors. At the left the pure azure of the sky is disclosed, pale and colorless now, and its luminous depths are interrupted at intervals by the stiff outlines of some conifer, or by the cocked hats of the guards, who sit as if glued to their horses, and the horses in their turn seemed glued to the earth, like statues. In the middle of the curve which the avenue forms they have made an opening in trees where one can look out on the landscape beyond. It is like a wide balcony, whence one descries league upon league of country, arid as is the whole region surrounding Madrid. This landscape is beautiful only at nightfall. Then the twilight mists, pierced for a moment by the rays of the setting sun, beautify with their delicately varied coloring the vast plain, the distant hills seem to float in a cloud of blue, and higher up, shining out like white dots, are scattered homesteads.

The play of light on the vast level tracts creates counterfeit woods, fields, rivers and villages that do not exist, an unreal, theatrical country that bears a certain resemblance to the background of Velasquez' picture of the "Lancemen." And still the view fascinates one with its splendor and thrills the heart with its immensity.

The luminous mist that just here envelops the driveway, softening the glare of the gay sunshades, effacing the graceful outlines of the horses, toning down the features of the ladies till they seem a mere sketch, and endowing the whole scene with the perspective of a picture, slowly loses its brilliancy and is transformed into an ashen dust which seems to fall from out the sky like a herald of the night. And at length night comes:

the sun hides its flames beyond the boundaries of the desert waste; a few flitting clouds like lines, fine and slight, traced on the firmament, after growing blacker and blacker, finally disappear altogether.

The avenue is robbed of its splendor, and is now a mere mass of carriages, without luster or poetry. The throng of people feel almost at the same instant a slight chill from the night air; the ladies muffle themselves in their wraps, and pull the fur robes closer over their knees; the riders bestir themselves, pull on their coats, and beat the air with their arms like the wings of a windmill. The horses paw the ground impatiently, dreaming of the near delights of the manger, and the charioteers crack their whips, heading them all toward the city. In a few moments the avenue is deserted. Those afoot, who naturally are left in the rear, hear from time to time the sound of the retreating carriages, like the murmur of surf breaking against some far-off strand.

V. The National Library.

Madrid possesses a national library, fronting on a street of the same name, which street leads on the one side to the Square of the Incarnation, and on the other to the Square of Isabella II. The building is readily recognized. Besides this, Madrid possesses in the suburb of Salamanca the foundations of a new library, built with the greatest solidity, perfectly guarded from all unseasonable weather, and surrounded by a very pretty iron railing. With such rudiments of learning one must admit that the capital of Spain is not lacking in aids to education, and that all who desire to study may follow their bent. Nevtheless, one thing always surprises me, and that is that the national library is not so much patronized as one would expect it to be, considering the number of inhabitants and their recognized love of crowding together in all places where there is nothing to pay. It may possibly be connected with the fact that the library is closed for the greater part of the day, and of the night also. As for the foundations, in spite of their being so fine and substantial, they are always deserted, which gives them a certain resemblance to a pagan necropolis, certainly not in harmony with the purpose for which they were instituted,— as Pavía said on the third of January, in speaking of the civil guard.

Still, setting aside the foundation stones, whose importance I delight in recognizing, and concerning which this is by no means my final word, and returning to the ancient library where his Majesty's government dispenses learning according to the dosimetric system, that is, in small and repeated doses, I will say first that it has an entrance very like that of a wine-shop, where the wise men of the morrow wait shivering with cold, giving futile kicks against the paving-stones to warm their feet, until the door is opened. Cold is by nature an enemy of learning, and from the earliest ages has always been on a war footing with scholars. Hence the chilblains, always so characteristic of men of learning.

Straight up from the doorway leads a staircase, moderately spacious, carefully carpeted with dust, as is only fitting in this sort of institution, and ending in a sort of porters' lodge, where are generally seated six or eight gentlemen occupied with the difficult task of watching those who go out and in, chatting and carrying on discussions in a loud voice, so that those who are studying within may accustom themselves to concentrating their attention, as did Archimedes of old.

"Will you kindly give me an order slip?" humbly begs the scholar who has made his way thus far, trailing clouds of dust.

The assistant, whose duty it is to give them out, turns his head and gazes at him with a cold and hostile look; he then quietly continues his conversation.

"How much did you pay for your ticket to the bull-fight?"

"What they cost at the box office. My master asked a member for three, and let me have one."

"Well, well! a rogue is always in luck, to be sure!"

Thereupon follows much laughter and shouting. The conversation next turns on the chances that Frascuelo has of getting the better of Lagartijo; the bulls are from Veraguas, there will be a fair fight, and the matador will assume his airs of great importance, without...

"Would you kindly favor me with an order slip?" The scholar repeats his question, this time a little louder.

The assistant glances at him again, if possible still more coldly, rises slowly, moistens his fingers to take the slip from the pile, and says, "But, I assure you, I pay for no first choice; at the last hour the price must fall."

"Will you give me an order slip?" says the scholar impatiently.

"Ah, you're in a hurry, aren't you, sir?" answers the subordinate with a certain disrespectful smile. The scholar writes in silence on his card the title of a work, well known, though recent in date, and enters the main room of the library. At either end there is a group of gentlemen, standing apart from those who are reading at the tables. The sage of to-morrow hesitates between the group at the right and the group at the left, and at length decides to direct his steps toward the first, proceeding according to logic. One of the gentlemen of the extremes takes the card, but before reading it, examines our scholar carefully from head to foot, as if he were trying to pump out of him, by studying his looks, what perverse desire had led him to come thus far in search of a book. As soon as he finds out what he wants, his suspicions evidently grow stronger, for he pierces his very soul with his scrutinizing gaze in such a way as to make our would-be sage look to the ground shamefacedly, feeling himself guilty of standing there under false pretenses of scholarship. The employee, without taking his eyes off of him, passes the paper on to another, and so it passes successively through the hands of all the group until it reaches again the one who was first to receive it. He returns it to the original holder, saying, "Go over there to the other side." And so our scholar crosses the room and approaches the opposite group, where he undergoes the same examination at the hands of the government-inspecting party, and the previous scene is reënacted with no change whatever. Restoring the paper to him, they also remark, "Go over there to the other side." "I have already been there." "Then go to the catalogue department, first door to the right."

In the catalogue department a haughty employee reads the order with perfect calm, and, without saying a word, disappears into the hall. Our scholar waits a good half-hour, drumming with his finger tips on the desk railing. From time to time he lifts his eyes to the bookshelves, where in correct lines are rows upon rows of books, grim and wrinkled, of forbidding aspect, which fill him with awe. Not one of these books can remember having been taken down for the purpose of being read. Hence their respectability. In this world the things of little service are always the most awe-inspiring; senators, for instance, field-marshals, academicians, and canons. Almost

all of them have written on their rigid backs in large letters the word "Opera." Nothing but "Works" are to be seen: works above and works below, works before us and works behind us. Then comes the haughty employee of the catalogue department, still silent as a fish, and instead of the desired volume he returns the order slip. Our savant, still in the chrysalis state, not knowing what this may mean, turns the paper over and over until he discovers two short words in plain lettering under his request: "Not in." The scholar, happily possessed of a ready wit, understands that these words are intended to convey the information that they do not possess the book. And the same thing has happened to every scholar in existence who has gone to the nation's library with the intention of reading. No recent book is there. And why should it be? Would not this library lose much of its prestige if it admitted, without question, any book of recent publication? A national library may not follow the rules of a private one. In order that a book may have the honor of entering its sacred precincts it must be approved by time, for up to now no better means of testing knowledge has been found than the warrant of years, and the more the better. A new book, well printed, fresh and clean, would find no fitting place among these worthy, grave, and reverend Opera, full to bursting with Latin and wisdom.

And our scholar, revolving all these things in his mind, returns to the assistants' desk, where he writes on another order slip the title of a volume of philosophy of the thirteenth century. The paper passes through the hands of the two gentlemen of the extremes, but this time, to the utter bewilderment of our student, these gentlemen look at one another in great consternation. At length one of them says humbly: "Sir, the book you ask for is on one of the highest shelves, and it is rather dangerous, climbing up to get it. If you could ask for another just as well?..." Why, certainly! Even if it did not answer the same purpose! Learned men have ever been humane and keen in their sympathies! On no account, in no way, shall the assistant be incommoded! On no account would our student consent to risk the life of so valuable a servant of the government. So slowly, slowly he returns once more to the desk, racking his imagination to think of some book they could readily supply him with, whatever it might be.

At length he can think of nothing better than "Don Quixote."

"What edition will you have?"

"Whatever one you choose."

"Ah, no, excuse me, sir; but we can only give out the edition we are asked for."

"Well, then, bring me the edition of the Academy."

"Kindly indicate that in your order."

And this necessitated another trip to the assistants' desk.

Finally, after so long and so fruitless a struggle he has the great pleasure of receiving a volume of "Don Quixote" from the hands of the employee. The student utters a sigh of relief; he has been in a cold sweat with all this anxiety. He next plans to seat himself at one of the tables that are scattered through the room, on which, to make sure that nothing may distract the attention of the reader, there is nothing to write on, no paper, pens, nor ink; nothing but the polished and shining wood, inviting one to study or to skate! On taking one of the chairs he remarks to his sorrow that it is covered with dust and dirt. And why not? Learning and dirt are not declared enemies; on the contrary, it seems that in old times they lived happily hand and glove together, as a number of examples will testify. Sacred Theology most especially has always had a marked predilection for dirt, and the wisdom of a theologian was formerly measured by the amount of soilure adhering to his cassock. Literature has always shown marked tendencies in this direction, and it is proverbial, especially in the provinces, that our men of letters never bathe except when it rains. There are shop-boys whose eyes are wont to fill with tears of enthusiasm when they expatiate on some extraordinary uncleanliness of Carlos Rubio, or the manner of life of Marcos Zapata; and in regard to the latter, as a friend of his I can swear that the report is exaggerated. Reasoning no doubt from these premises, his Majesty's government has contrived to keep up in the national library a fitting and adequate condition of dirt, in the preservation of which are employed various ill-paid youths.

Our immature sage, who has not yet reached these lofty realms of wisdom, and thus does not understand the powerful aid which these piles of dust might lend him in his search for Truth, takes out his pocket handkerchief and spreads it neatly over the chair; then he sits down on it, full of confidence.

Yes, at last our student is fairly seated! Already he blows the dust from the table and places his hat upon it; already he half slips off a boot which presses most painfully upon his chilblains; already he clears his throat; and now he draws toward him the precious volume and studies curiously the seal of the Academy engraved upon the title-page; now he begins to read: "In a village of La Mancha whose name I purposely fail to recall, there lived not long ago a gentleman of the kind who keep a lance in the rack, a thin old nag . . ."

Ting-a-ling . . . ting-a-ling.

"What is that?" he asks in surprise of the fellow-student at his side.

"Oh, nothing. It's just the bell for closing," he answers, rising from his chair.

So our scholar rises also, follows him, returns the "Quixote" to the employee who gave it to him, and then — he goes home.

VI. The Bee. A Scientific and Literary Periodical.

Not long after I had come to Madrid with the purpose of making law my profession, I was invited by a friend to join a certain Students' Academy or Athenæum, in which a number of industrious youths were exercising themselves in the art of eloquence. I accepted the offer with joy, was present at the meetings for several Thursdays, and after I had conquered the timidity natural to a young fellow from the provinces I at length took part in a debate, if not with flattering success, at least with the kindly tolerance of my fellow-workers. When this noble and learned society had been established for three or four months we all felt the urgent need of some printed organ, and resolved on starting one immediately. It was to appear weekly, and to be called *The Bee*. Forthwith we emptied our purses into the hands of the President, a man it seemed to us born to have charge of our paper, and placed ourselves entirely at his disposal. The publishers' office was to be established in the same room with the Athenæum, that is the quarters devoted to study by one of our comrades. This was a sort of storage room in an attic, and as it was used for washing the house linen on Saturdays, we could not hold our meetings on that day.

The rules and regulations were thoroughly discussed, the manager and editor-in-chief were nominated. I was chosen

assistant editor, with the additional duty of having an eye to the printer, and correcting the second proofs.

After a month of feverish activity and of no slight labor, the *Bee* was issued, containing among other things an article of mine on Philip II. This article, in which the policy of the Spanish monarch was justified, and his fame vindicated, aroused the attention of several of the editors' families, and brought me not a few congratulations.

What intense pleasure was felt by that group of youths assembled in the attic room, when the boy from the printing-office threw down on the floor a big bundle of *Bees*. I was sent out in search of salesboys. In less than an hour I had collected twenty or thirty little fellows at the door of the house, but they resolutely refused to give a farthing for the new periodical. After much hesitation, as we were all burning with the desire to hear our *Bee* cried through the streets, we decided to let them have it for nothing, — "but only for this first time." The little boys, taking the handfuls of copies that I, almost trembling with emotion, divided among them, started off at full speed, shouting. "The first number of the *Bee*, a scientific and literary periodical, price two farthings!"

I followed, eager to see what effect its first appearance would have "on the race-course of the Press," as the leading article called it. I ran like a deer, but keeping out of sight as much as possible, that they might not know I was watching. How my heart did beat! The boys' cries seemed to fill my ears with ineffable sweetness! the streets were more animated than usual, the faces of the passers-by seemed happier, the sky was bluer, the sun shone with greater power. I expected that people would have to fight for a copy, that they would sell like hot cakes, the name was such a taking one! But no, not a person stopped to cry, "St, st, boy, bring me a *Bee!*"

The boys ran on and on, always shouting vociferously, and I followed them, panting. The first flames of my enthusiasm had now quieted down to a steady white heat. This swarm of *Bee*, scientific and literary, that buzzed about the center of the city, awoke no sympathy in the general public. On the contrary, they fled from them as if afraid they might sting. In the Carretas Street a stout man with a flame-colored beard bought a copy. I was touched to the heart, and longed to embrace him. Never shall I forget the face of our first patron! A little later in the day I was seized by the desire of distinguishing

myself above my fellow-writers. I called to me two or three of the boys, who recognized me as the man who had given out the papers, and ordered them to cry : " The first number of the Bee, with the defense of Philip the Second's policy in the Netherlands." Contrary to my expectations, the new cry produced no great effect. I only noticed that a number of young men came by, laughing and making poor jokes about the Netherlands, so that I considered it more prudent to revoke the order.

Grieved by the cold attitude of the public, which I was at a loss to account for, I entirely forgot such minor matters as lunch. At times I ascribed this indifference to the slight or less than slight love of literature that exists in Spain, while at times I accounted for it by the lack of advertising. Again I thought that the spring was a poor time of the year for starting a periodical, and then even yielded to superstition, trying to persuade myself we had made a mistake in printing ours on Tuesday. I noticed that many persons were buying on account of the latest bull-fights and lotteries, and that fact brought to my mind an endless train of bitter reflections. At length I went back home, utterly fagged out and sad at heart, after wandering through the streets for four or five hours. Passing by the Puerta del Sol I heard them shouting : " The *Bee*, price one farthing." " Oh, you lazy rascal," I cried, blind with rage, shaking one little fellow by his coat-collar, " it's plain to see they cost you nothing ! " That reduction in price seemed to me a terrible disgrace.

Although the illustrious editors of the *Bee* experienced a bitter disappointment, they were not discouraged for all that. The noble desire of fame had greater influence with its worthy members than the love of filthy lucre. They had lost some money, it is true, but on the other hand they had come forth into the glare of publicity, and had seen their thoughts in print, with their signatures affixed ! In order to have the second number printed, it was found necessary to levy a new tax upon the associates, who willingly imposed upon themselves this pecuniary sacrifice.

From a financial point of view the second number of the *Bee* was no more fortunate than the first. The little newsboys clung to their fatal idea of not venturing a penny for this literary and scientific output. " If you want to let us try it for nothing, all right ! If not, may God help you ! " The love of glory triumphed once more over sordid self-interest, and we

graciously confided our precious papers again to the shameless little blackguards who were chuckling over our inexperience.

Such sacrifices as these were compensated for by certain delights which can only be understood by those who have felt them. The first great joy, that of considering oneself a writer for the public, carries with it an idea of mastery and influence over public opinion, and, consequently, the respect of mankind.

When we went into cafés, and leaning against the book-stalls where papers and magazines are sold, we looked lovingly at the pile of *Bees*, with its vignette, a woodcut full of symbolical allusions; an inexpressible rapture flooded us, our physical and moral being swelled visibly, and we smiled disdainfully on the crowd that surrounded us; it seemed to us impossible that they should be talking about anything but the *Bee*, and should not suspect that they had the honor of rubbing elbows with its editors. And again, what an intense pleasure we took in saying to our respective landladies as we left the house, "If any one asks for me, you will tell them I am at the publishing-office, — you understand, the publishing-office." And as we pronounced this magic word our lips seemed filled with sweetness, as did those of a certain saint, the story goes, when he uttered the holy name of Mary.

We passed the greater part of our time, almost our whole existence in fact, in the attic publishing-office. Not that we spent all our time, or anything like it, in writing; there were side issues of a publisher's work which, though material in nature, were none the less exalted for all that. For instance, the dainty art of cutting, addressing, and pasting the wrappers, in which almost every one of us excelled, and the no less exquisite practice of putting on stamps with our own saliva, which delightful task often left us exhausted, with dry, parched throats.

For a weekly publication, and that of no great size, the fact is that the nineteen editors who had the glory of starting it were quite sufficient. Why then was the position of honorary editor offered to a large number of our companions? Doubtless in order that each editor might satisfy the desire of a friend, or because of personal obligations that could not be set aside. There is no doubt that this tolerance finally brought about the most disastrous results. The space occupied by the office and publishing-room was not large enough to admit of

the constant presence of so many people. At an early hour in the morning the editors began to pour in, and as not a single one went out, the consequence was that in a short time the place was crammed full, and the editors were humming like real, live bees in a hive. They elbowed each other, pressed against each other, and prevented at every point the entrance of any late comer. In fact, there was one unhappy editor who for eight days was unable to set his foot in the office.

How could we have foretold so early a death to a paper destined to be "a vigorous leader in the field of learning, and an indefatigable champion of home culture"? — such were the exact words of our paper's program, signed by the editors. It was fated, however, that a few days before sending out the fourth number of the *Bee*, a mighty storm should arise in the ranks of the aforesaid "indefatigable champions of home culture." The loftiest enterprises, the most exalted and momentous works, may fall to the ground through most insignificant motives. Troy was burned because of the frenzy of a jealous lover, and the *Bee* came to an untimely end because of a historical disquisition.

I had written a short article vindicating the memory of Don Pedro of Castile, going to show that the surname of *cruel*, with which most historians have qualified his title, was not so appropriate as that of *just*. In matters of history I am very fond of defending those characters that have been ill treated of all times, and had indeed already done as much for Philip II. But this defense displeased one of the editors, whose arduous, not to say dangerous, duty it was to issue to our subscribers at proper intervals certain reminders designed to aid in collecting our receipts. This useful personage took it upon himself to maintain without reserve the contrary opinion.

Instantly I flashed forth, crammed full with learning, overflowing with conclusive data, and the discussion that ensued was, to say the least, animated in character. The non-conforming editor, for lack of facts at his command, contended that this standing out in the face of public opinion was the height of foolishness. I remarked serenely that many widely spread opinions were erroneous, and that this was one of them. Then, in support of my thesis, I proceeded to pour forth the stream of facts I had acquired three days previously. My opponent answered that so long as eminent historians failed to authorize such an idea, he considered it pure folly to attempt

its defense. With perfect coolness and a most impertinent smile I stated my reasons for my opinion in the matter. The partisan of Don Pedro's cruelty, feeling himself silenced in argument, and finding no better way out of the affair, had recourse to blows, and planted his fist vigorously in the insolent face of the champion of justice. Thereupon immense excitement prevailed in the beehive. I answered my adversary with the identical arguments he had employed against me; the editors divided into two camps, and there ensued a battle in which blows and bruises were mere details. Chairs went flying through the air, tables fell to the floor, glass was smashed to smithereens, while one brave spirit, having gained possession of the long paper shears, drew circles round about him in the air, spreading terror in the hearts of the combatants.

But behold! framed in the doorway appears the severe and imposing figure of the housekeeper! The waves are calm once more, and a silence as of the tomb prevails, as all eyes are turned toward this new Medusa head.

"It looks to me as if you thought there was no one in the house besides just your own selves! Don't you know our young lady is delicate? And what is all this racket about? As if you didn't know that our master has forbidden your making any noise!"

No one of us had the courage to answer these stern questionings. The housekeeper then condescended so far as to cast a withering glance over the assembled editors, but when it fell upon the son of the owner of the house, she stopped, full of horror and anger.

"What! my poor young master bleeding? Oh, you rascals, you good-for-nothings! Out of this, the whole lot of you! I won't have such a pack of thieves in the house! Out with you! Off with you!"

And in truth, the illustrious editorial corps of the *Bee*, wounded, ridiculed, driven ignominiously from its sanctum by a miserable serving-woman, rushed down the stairs at full speed, dissolved partnership on reaching the sidewalk, scattered themselves at random through the streets of Madrid, and never again were they united.

"MIAU."

(From the novel of that name.)

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

BY BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS.

[BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS, probably the most powerful of modern Spanish novelists, was born in Las Palmas, the capital of the Canary Islands, in 1845. He was educated in the state college there, and at eighteen came to Madrid to study law; but he never practiced, turned at once to novel-writing, and finished his first book at twenty-three. Strangely, this enormously productive and rapid writer finds speech so difficult, that even in private he scarcely talks at all; and though he has been a deputy in the Cortes, made no speeches. This first work, issued in 1871, was "La Fontana de Oro" (The Fountain of Gold); the name of a famous café where the revolutionists of 1820 met, it being a historical novel of the clerico-absolutist reaction after the expulsion of the French, and the rebellion this brought on. "El Audaz" (The Fearless), 1872, is a novel of the same period, an inversion of a familiar theme: the daughter of a haughty nobleman falls in love with a young radical driven to revolt by her father's wrongs, and only his death in a street fight cuts the knot. He now began a connected series of historical novels in two sections, entitled "Episodios Nacionales": the first dealing with the struggle against the French domination, and the second with that against the reaction after it, each an independent story, though all linked by their characters and matter. The first series are all told by a certain Gabriel, who is their hero; it begins with "Trafalgar" (1873), and ends with "The Battle of the Arapiles" (Salamanca), 1875. The second series is headed by "El Equipaje del Rey José" (King Joseph's Baggage), 1875, and its main character is Salvator Monsalud, a youth who sides with the French because he believes their rule has the seeds of real progress against the dead mediævalism of the Spanish native system, — of course he is disowned by his mother and sister; the final one is "Un Faccioso Mas" (One Rebel the More), 1879. The tone of the books is that of exalting the virtues of the nation at the expense of its past government. After this series, he began writing more purely literary novels, though still often dealing with the deepest national and social questions. Among them — a full list is out of the question — are his two most famous ones in translation, "Doña Perfecta" (1876), where a fanatical confessor induces a mother entirely under his thumb to murder the young man her daughter is in love with, and "Gloria" (same year), in which the hero is a Jew, whom the conservative Spaniard holds in abhorrence; four "Torquemada" stories, "En la Hoguera" (At the Stake), 1876, "En la Cruz" (On the Cross) and "En el Purgatorio" (In Purgatory), 1894, and "Torquemada y San Pedro" (Torquemada and St. Peter), 1895; "Marianela," 1878; "La Familia de Leon Roch, 1878; "La Desheredada" (The Disowned), 1881, a purpose novel against training children in false ideals of social station, a girl becoming a street-walker and a boy a thief and ruffian, because she has been brought up to believe she was of noble blood and he spoiled, and another boy is pampered into uselessness; "El Amigo Manso" (Friend Mildman), 1882; "El Doctor Centeno," 1883; "Tormente," 1884; "La de Bringas" (That De Bringas Woman), 1884; "Fortunata y Jacinta," 1886; "Miau," 1888; "La Incognita" (The Unknown), 1889; "Realidad" (Reality), 1890; "Angel Guerra," 1891; "Nazarin," 1895; "Halma," 1896.]

I.

INTRODUCES THE "MIAUS."

AT FOUR o'clock in the afternoon the little folk of the public school on Limón Square, in Madrid, came rushing out helter-skelter, with huzzas and cries that would have done credit to a thousand demons. No hymn to Liberty, among the many that have been written by the great nations of the earth is so beautiful as that chanted by the slaves of elementary instruction, when they escape from the fetters of school discipline, and let themselves loose in the street with shrill cries and leaps of joy. The blind fury with which they enter upon the most daring feats of tight-rope dancing, endangering life and limb of the peaceful passer-by, the wild love of individual autonomy, which at times results in blows, tears, and bruises, seems a preliminary sketch of the revolutionary triumphs which men are destined to win at a less happy age.

As I said, they were leaving the classroom with a rush. The last strove to be first, and the little ones cried even more shrilly than the big ones. Among them was one of diminutive stature, who left the noisy band to make his way home in silence and alone. Hardly had his comrades noticed this attempt on his part, which most closely resembled a timid flight, than they were after him, some of the most daring crying "Miau." Then the whole crowd repeated with fiendish glee, "Miau, Miau, scat, scat!"

The poor little victim of this rude jest was Luis Cadalso, eight years old about, and so timid that he avoided his comrades' friendly advances, fearing their jokes and feeling that he lacked the courage to retaliate. As he turned the corner of a church near his home, one of his fellow-pupils and his best friend in the whole school, little Murillo by name, joined him and admonished him as follows: "Look here, Cadalso, if they tried their games on me, I'd just make 'em cry out of the other side of their mouth! But you have no fight in you! I tell you, they have no right to call you names! And do you know who's at the bottom of it all? Well, it's Paul, the one whose people keep a pawnbroker's shop. Yesterday he was telling me how they call your grandma and your aunts the 'Miaus,' because they have faces just like 'em, I mean like cats, see? He said they gave 'em that nickname in the Royal Theater, up

in the 'paradise,' where they always sit in the same places. And when they come in, everybody in the audience says, 'Oh, here come the Miaus!' And it's not that each one separately looks like a cat, but when the three of 'em come in together, as they always do, it's the three little round faces that look as if they'd been licked smooth, that's what it is, and their noses joined to their mouths somehow. And then their eyes are round and shine like a cat's, and their hair flies back as if they'd been on the floor, rushing after a roll of paper, or a bit of string! Anyhow, that's what Paul says."

Little Luis flushed crimson, and was too indignant for speech.

"Paul is a common fellow, anyway," added Murillo, "and nobody but a cad would call names. His father's a cad, and his mother's another, and his aunts, too, all of 'em cads. They live by squeezing the life out of poor folks, and what do you think, — if a poor man can't get his cloak out of pawn they fleece him — I mean they sell it, and leave him to die of cold. My mama calls 'em the harpies. Haven't you seen 'em out on the balcony airing all the cloaks? They're uglier than a tombstone, and my papa, he says with the noses they've got you could make four feet for a table and still have some wood left over! Well, Paul won't call me nicknames, you bet! 'Cause why, he's afraid of my fists. But I'll never call you 'Miau'! You can bet your life on that!" And off he ran, leaving our Luis standing sadly in the doorway of his home.

When the little fellow had reached the second story, where he lived with his grandparents, the door was opened for him by a woman whose face might give rise to controversies among those learned in numismatics, as does the age of certain coins whose dates have been effaced. At times seen in profile and in certain lights, one might say "sixty, if a day," while again a connoisseur might restrict himself to a well-preserved forty-eight or fifty. Her features were delicate and graceful, of a childish type, her complexion still rosy, while her red hair, inclining to an ashen gray, and suggesting the aid of chemistry, waved in a certain extravagant profusion back from her forehead. Some twenty years ago a reporter who "did" the fluctuations of the grain market and the society news, announced as follows the first appearance of this lady at the receptions of the governor in some third-class province: "And

what is this figure from out the frame of Beato Angelico, that enters veiled in clouds of mist and crowned with the golden halo of a fourteenth century saint?" The clouds of mist were the folds of the muslin gown that Señora de Villaamil had ordered from Madrid for the occasion, and as for the golden halo, why hang it, it must have been the profusion of wavy tresses, pure red at that time, and so quotable as literally at par with the gold of Arabia.

But some twenty years after these successes in the elegant society of a provincial town, Doña Pura, for such was our lady's name, when she opened the door for her grandson, wore a dressing-sack, none too clean, felt slippers, none too new, and a loose negligée of linsey-woolsey.

"Ah, it's you, Luis! I thought it was Ponce, with the theater tickets. And he promised to come at two. A great idea of punctuality young men have now-a-days!"

At this moment appeared another lady, very like the first in her short stature, her childlike face, her mysterious age and careless dress. This was Milagros, the sister of Doña Pura. In the shabby drawing-room where Luis went to lay down his books, a young girl was sewing, sitting close to the window in order to make use of the last rays of light of this brief day in February. She resembled the other women except as to her youth, this daughter of Doña Pura, and doting aunt of little Luis. His mother, the unhappy Luisa Villaamil, had died two years after her marriage with Victor Cadalso, of which modern Mephisto à la Heine we shall learn more later on.

Luis, gazing on his three loving adorers and comparing them with the kitten asleep at Aunt Abelarda's feet, saw perfectly the resemblance, while his lively imagination at once pictured them as "cats on two feet and dressed like folks," just like those in the book of "Animals painted by themselves." And straightway he began to wonder if he, too, were an "upright" cat, and would mew when he spoke.

Suddenly from a room near the entrance a hollow and sepulchral voice called out: "Pu-u-u-ra! Pu-u-u-ra!"

In answer to this call Doña Pura entered the gloomy little office, whose one window opened on a dismal courtyard. Against this square of light stood out a long shadow, which seemed to arise from the armchair as if unfolding itself, and as it stretched out to its full length a timorous, muffled voice said, "Why,

wife, you never think to bring me a lamp, though you know that it grows dark so early, and that I am bound here to my desk, ruining my eyesight over these confounded letters."

Doña Pura quickly brought the light, whereupon the small room and its occupant emerged from the gloom like some new creation arising from nothingness.

"I am half frozen to death," said Don Ramón Villaamil, the husband of Doña Pura, a tall, lean figure, with large, fear-inspiring eyes and a yellow skin, all furrowed with deep lines in which the shadows had the effect of stains. His short beard was thin and bristly, the gray hairs scattered capriciously forming white clouds next the black, while his bald cranium shone like ivory. The strong jaw, the large mouth, the combination of lines in black, white, and tawny orange-color, the fierce black eyes, — all this led one to compare his face with that of some aged, consumptive tiger, which after having shone in wandering wild-beast shows in his youth, had now kept naught of his former beauty save the painted skin.

"Tell me, to whom have you written?"

"Why, woman, to everybody I know who may help me to my reappointment. Thirty-five years of faithful service to our government, just lacking the two months necessary to entitle me to four fifths of my salary and an honorable retirement! And not a ghost of a chance of being included in the next official list of appointments! This hope deferred is enough to drive one mad! And finally, my dear, I have written another begging letter to our friend Cucúrbitas. Do you believe that his goodness will still hold out? If not, may God have mercy on us, for if this friend forsakes us with the rest, we may as well all throw ourselves into the river."

Villaamil gave a deep sigh, fixing his eyes on the ceiling. The weakly tiger stood transfigured. His face assumed the sublime expression of an apostle in the act of being tortured for his faith, like Ribera's Saint Bartholomew when those rascally Gentiles hung him to a tree and flayed him like any kid. We should state here that Villaamil, in certain social circles, went by the name of Ramses II.

"Well, give me the letter for Cucúrbitas," said Doña Pura, who was accustomed to these daily jeremiads; "Luis will take it to him in half a jiffy. And do have faith in Providence, man, as I do. Don't be so despondent. My heart tells me,

and you know I am rarely mistaken, that before the end of the month you will receive your appointment!"

II.

A CHILD'S VISION.

So the brave-hearted Doña Pura turned her mind again to planning ways and means for procuring daily food for the family until the longed-for position should be obtained. Almost she made up her mind to pawn the heavy silk curtains of their sitting-room, the one pride of her heart in the midst of the general squalor that pervaded their apartment, as she sent forth little Luis, as she had so often done before, with a begging letter to their one faithful friend.

This evening, alas, Luis felt that for the first time the letter given him in reply contained no money. Tired with the long walk, and discouraged at the thought of his grandfather's disappointment, the child sat down to rest on the stone steps of the convent of Don Juan de Alarcón. No sooner had he seated himself on the cold stone than he felt overcome with a great drowsiness, or rather a sort of faintness, the symptoms of which were not unfamiliar to him. "My eye!" he thought, "it's coming again, sure enough! It's coming . . . com —" and then, it came, — that strange stupor in which his dazed senses were conscious of a wonderful presence at his side. Its eyes shown like stars, above a flowing, snow-white beard, and it was wrapped in a mantle of an indescribable, beautiful color, — whether blue or white Luis could never say; the broad folds were full of soft shadows, between which shone luminous lights like those which pierce through rifts in the clouds, and Luis thought he had never seen any cloth so beautiful. Forth from the folds came a wondrous hand, strong as a man's and yet white and soft as any woman's, — "the hand that made the world in seven days," thought the boy.

The apparition, gazing on him with fatherly kindness, said: "Do you not recognize me? Do you not know who I am?" Little Luis looked hard at him, too taken aback to answer. Then the mysterious gentleman, smiling like a bishop when giving a blessing, spoke again: "I am God. Did you not know me?"

With a great effort Luis gasped out, "You — you are God?"

"Yes, child, I am God, and I know where you have been, and that Cucúrbitas could give you no money. You and yours must have patience, friend Luis, great patience!"

Luis, breathing more freely now, managed to ask, "And when will they find a place for grandpa?"

The exalted personage with whom Luis was communing gave a deep sigh, — for he too had learned the art of sighing, and spoke these weighty words: "For every vacancy there are two hundred applicants. The ministers are going wild with it all, and know not whom to pacify. But patience, my boy, patience! I will do what I can for your grandfather. You're a good little fellow, but you really ought to study more. To-day you did not know your grammar lesson, you know. You made so many blunders that the whole class laughed right out, and quite right they were, too. What possessed you, anyway, to say that the participle expresses the idea of the verb in the abstract, confusing it with the gerund. And then you got into a pretty muddle with the moods and tenses! You don't apply yourself, and when you study your mind is full of hobgoblins."

Poor Luis turned crimson, and squeezed his hands hard between his knees. "Is this really God, or isn't it?" he thought to himself. "It seems as if it must be, because he knows everything, and yet, — if it is God, where does he keep his angels?"

The vision continued: "It is not enough that you are well-behaved in school, — you should study, and fix your mind on what you are reading, and remember it. If not, I shall get angry with you, and don't come then asking me why they don't find a place for your grandfather. And as I tell you this, I will tell you too that you are right in being angry with Paul. He's a common fellow, with bad manners, and deserves to have a red pepper rubbed on his tongue when he calls you 'Miau.' But you must be a man, and when they cry out 'Miau,' you must bear it in silence. They might say worse things!"

This made Luis feel better, and he forgot himself so far as to cry out, "My eye, if I catch him!"

"No, my son, you should leave fighting to the bigger boys,

Rapt in Vision

By Andrea del Sarto

and give all your time to your lessons. Now in geography, to-day, how did you ever happen to answer that France was bounded on the north by the Danube, and that the Po flowed through the town of Pau? How absurd! Do you imagine I made the world for you and other rascals like you to pull it to pieces every day in the week?"

"But I really do know my lessons sometimes. Now I knew that you did not give the Commandments to Señor Moses on a table, as I said, but on a tablet, — well then, on two tablets. And if you are God why didn't your angels come with you? Where *are* your angels?" For although Luis used the familiar "thou" when saying his prayers, he thought the formal "you" — in Spanish "Usted" — more proper when speaking to the Deity face to face.

"Little boys should not ask too many questions. And now you must go home with the letter. Your poor, dear grandpapa! How disappointed he will be when he opens it and finds no money in it. But he must bear up. The times are hard, very hard, very hard!" The heavenly visitor repeated two or three times, "very hard, very hard," stroking his long beard, shaking his head sadly, and then he suddenly vanished.

Luis rubbed his eyes, and recognized the familiar sights in the street. "Ah," he thought, "*it* came over me again! My eye! I've had that cold, faint feeling before, but I never saw anything so — so mysteriously grand! Was it the Father Eternal in real life, or can it have been the old, blind beggar with the white beard, playing tricks on me? He's always begging on this corner. My eye!"

III.

ENTER MEPHISTOPHELES.

Late one afternoon, when Luis was returning home, he heard steps behind him, but did not turn his head. Then as he ran up the last few steps that led to the second story, he felt strange hands seize his head, holding it so firmly that he could not look around. He was greatly frightened, fearing himself in the power of some ugly, bearded thief who had come to rob the house. But before he could scream the intruder had lifted him off his feet and kissed him. Then Luis

recognized his father's face, which did not lessen his fears. He had seen it before, in the dim past, on a night filled with scandal and family strife, when the whole household was up in arms. Aunt Abelarda had fallen in a swoon, and grandma had called to the neighbors for help. This domestic drama had made an indelible impression on Luis, though he never knew what had made them all so furious with some one who had then left the house, not to return until the present moment. And this man was his father. Luis dared not call him by that dear name, and said crossly, "Let me go!"

When Doña Pura opened the hall door and saw the father standing by the boy, she could hardly believe her eyes. Surprise and terror were depicted on her face, and then vexation. At length she muttered, "Victor! you here?" And Villaamil, recognizing his voice, cried: "Victor back again? This man surely brings us some misfortune!"

When his son-in-law entered to greet him, Don Ramón's tiger-like face became something terrible to look on, and his sanguinary jaw trembled as if ready to exercise itself on the first victim that stood in his way. At the sight of Victor's face the tragic hours of that day of terror returned, when the unhappy Luisa, suffering from an attack of mental excitement worse than any she had before experienced, rushed from her bed and attempted to kill her son Luis, swearing the boy was not hers, that Victor had brought him to the house in a basket, hidden under his cloak. That same night she died, weeping with gratitude because her husband had kissed her ardently, whispering loving words of forgiveness.

"What are you here for? Have you leave of absence?" was all that Don Ramón said.

Victor Cadalso seated himself face to face with Villaamil. The light from the lamp brought out the vivid contrast between the two faces. Victor's was a finished type of manly beauty; he was one of those men who seem made to preserve and transmit the perfection of beauty in the human race. In the chiaro-oscuro of the lamplight the handsome fellow's features shone out as if modeled. His nose was classic in its purity of outline, his eyes black, with narrow pupils, whose expression changed at will from tender to severe. His pure white forehead had the finish which in sculpture expresses nobility, the result of perfect harmony of lines; his strong neck, his coal-

black hair, somewhat disordered, his short, dark beard completed the etching of this figure, a type which is Italian rather than Spanish. He was of medium height, his form graceful and well proportioned, his age some thirty-five years.

On learning that he planned to stay with them, Doña Pura began to tremble, and ran to tell the fated news to Milagros and Abelarda. The former hated him with all her heart, and answered his bow with cold disdain. Abelarda turned white as death and her voice trembled, but she strove to assume a like indifference when Victor pressed her hand. "So you have returned, you heartless wretch!" she stammered, and not knowing what to do, returned to her room.

Don Ramón gave way to his despair, saying to his wife that Victor would surely bring misfortune upon them, as he always had done. "Cursed be the hour when this man entered our home for the first time! Cursed the hour when our dear daughter fell in love with him, and cursed be the day when we married them, though there seemed to be no help for it. Would to God my daughter were alive, though dishonored. Alas, this blind desire to marry our daughters, without knowing to whom! Ah, Pura, be on your guard against this fickle wretch. He has the art of concealing his perversity with words which swiftly divert and seduce one."

As if in proof of these words, scarcely three days had passed before Abelarda, won over by his fatherly devotion to Luis and his demands on her sympathy as the one soul who really understood him, was wholly under the spell of his fascinations, while Doña Pura accepts with a light heart the frequent twenty dollar bills given her in private as payment of "a sacred debt." Now she can recover from the pawnshop her most sacred household gods, dress her husband as befits his position, and live in so-called "Asiatic luxury"! Milagros, whose career as a successful opera singer had been blighted by the straitened means of the family, and whose success in the rôle of Shakespeare's most sympathetic heroine had won her the title of "the chaste Ophelia," had little by little developed an enthusiasm for the art of Vatel, so different, oh ye saints! from that of Rossini! She spent all her free hours in the kitchen, and found a genuine spiritual delight in perfecting herself as a chef, devoting her whole time to inventing some new dish. Now there were always provisions at hand, or if you will, artists'

supplies, and she felt the fire of genius burning within her, singing with perfect correctness, as she wrought, some bit of opera, such as the duo from Norma, "In my hands thou art at last," while Abelarda answered from her room, where she was fitting on a dressmaker's model some made-over finery, to be worn at the evening theater party. For Abelarda is engaged to the "illustrious" Ponce,[1] as Victor calls him with superb irony, — a worthy though commonplace youth, heir to a wealthy invalid uncle, the announcement of whose death has made their marriage a thing of the near future.

IV.

"WHAT WILL BE, WILL BE."

One evening all the "Miaus" had gone to the theater, as was their habit, excepting Abelarda, who had stayed at home to keep a lonely watch by the bedside of her little nephew, who seemed dangerously feverish. Quite unexpectedly Victor returned early, in great good humor and humming a gay tune. After inquiring for his son's health, he sat for a while busily writing. "It must be a love letter," Abelarda thought, jealously watching the swift pen.

The letter finished, Victor began talking to the young girl, who had brought her sewing into the dining-room. "Listen to this," he began, with his elbows on the table: "I saw your Ponce to-day. Do you know, I have changed my mind? He will just suit you, — a good fellow and will soon be rich. But, Abelarda, if I let myself be carried away by my feelings I should say that Ponce was not your kind, and that another man — myself, for instance — "

Abelarda grew pale, and her attempt to force a laugh was a complete failure. "What nonsense you're talking! You must always make light of everything!"

"You know very well I am not joking. One night, two years ago, I said, 'Dear little Abelarda, I love you! My whole soul melts with joy when I see you!' And don't you remember, dear, you answered — I don't quite recall your words, but it all meant that if I loved you, why you, too — "

"Oh, you hypocrite! Stop there! I never said such a thing!"

[1] Pronounce pon-thay.

"Did I dream it then, little Abelarda? However that may be, afterwards you fell madly in love with this excellent Ponce! This fried bird of a Ponce!"

"I, in love! You wicked wretch, you know — but suppose I did fall in love, what concern of yours is it?"

"When I learned I had a hated rival, Abelarda, I turned my heart elsewhere. See how fate holds us in his hands! Two years ago we almost came together, and now — our paths lie wide asunder. We parted, and on meeting again my heart says, 'woo her, make her love you' — and at the same time another voice bids me gaze, but touch not!"

"And what does all this matter to me?" said Abelarda, almost suffocating with suppressed emotion. "What does it all matter, if I love you not in the least, nor can love you?"

"I know, I know, you need not assure me of it! You hate me, as is only logical and natural. But see now how things work. When a woman hates me, it makes me wild to woo her, and I love you because I must, — and you know it."

"What foolish fancies these are!" And Abelarda, striving to be serious, laughs hysterically.

"No, no, I am not deceiving you; believe me, dear, I am speaking the truth. I love you, and I ought not to, because you are too angelic for me. I could only make you mine by marriage, — and marriage, that absurd machine that works well only for vulgar souls, cannot serve us in our straits. Good or bad, whatever you choose to think me, I have a mission to accomplish. This may sound like presumption on my part, but it is so difficult, so dangerous, that it requires I should be absolutely free. I must go forward, forward, driven by a fatality stronger than my desires. It is better to be wrecked than to retreat. And I love you well enough to leave you in freedom and in safety. If ever I should be weak enough to ask your love, despise me, repulse me, for it were better for you to die than to be mine."

Abelarda, trembling, strove to hide her excitement in fruitless attempts to thread her needle. "What wild words are these! And if it is my duty not to — care for you, what matters it if I kill myself, or die, or expire by slow torture?"

"I beg only that you will grant me your pity, for I know you can never love me! Our roads lie wide apart, and we may never meet again. But before saying farewell, let me give you a word of advice. If Ponce is not repugnant to you, marry

him. It is enough if he is not repugnant. But if he is, then give up the world and retire to a convent, devoting yourself to an ideal life of contemplation. For my part, I do not possess this virtue of resignation, and if I do not attain my goal, if my dream turns to smoke, one shot — and all is over."

This was said with such energy, with such an accent of truth, that Abelarda believed it, and a sudden suspicion crossed her mind. "Ah, this means some unhappy love affair! Some woman is torturing you, and I'm glad of it! It serves you right!"

"Well, look you, girl, you spoke in jest, but perhaps — you've guessed aright!"

"You are engaged?" this with feigned indifference.

"Well, no, not exactly what you can call engaged."

"Come, tell me about it — some love affair?"

"Call it rather fatality, martyrdom."

"Happy fatality! Have you really fallen in love, and what is her name?"

"I hardly know how to answer. If I say 'yes,' I lie, and if I say 'no,' I lie too. And loving you as I do, how could I care for another? But there is love and love. There is a holy, pure, tranquil affection, born of the soul, that becomes one with the soul itself. Let us not confuse this feeling with the morbid excitement of the imagination, the pagan cult of beauty, eager, sensuous desires, in which vanity plays a large part. What has this unrest, a mere accident, a pastime in our life, in common with that ineffable tenderness which awakens in one soul the desire to fuse itself with another, and in our will, a longing for sacrifice of self?"

For poor Abelarda these ardent words, murmured low by this handsome youth, whose black eyes were filled as he spoke with such sweet and pathetic meaning, were the most eloquent she had ever listened to, and her soul went out to him as she silently absorbed them.

"But it cannot be," he continued. "I am fated to rush onward to my ruin, bearing with me this celestial ray of light. Like Prometheus of old, I have stolen the heavenly fire, and in punishment a vulture is gnawing at my heart."

Abelarda, who had never heard of Prometheus, turned white at the thought of the vulture, and Victor, satisfied with his triumph, continued: "No, mine is a lost soul! If I come to

you again with my love, do not believe me. It is an infamous snare that I lay for you. No, I am unworthy of your love, or even of your pity."

Poor Abelarda sighed deeply as she gazed on him, aching to throw her arms round his neck, exclaiming: "Ah, I love you more than you can imagine, but I am not worthy of you. I will delight in the bitterness of loving you without hope!"

V.

THE POISON WORKS.

Finally, driven to distraction by the feigned jealousies, the assumed outbursts of passion of this fiendishly skillful wretch, Abelarda reached the point of promising to abandon everything and to flee with her persecutor. Then, on the evening of their final rendezvous in a neighboring church, whose deserted, silent spaces had often offered them a friendly retreat, Victor excuses himself on the plea of being unworthy of her, begs her to pray for him, and makes his theatrical adieux. He then betakes himself, in correct evening dress, to the salon of a wealthy protectress, in high favor with the government, on whom his advance in office depends. That night Abelarda, beside herself with grief at Victor's desertion, and wakeful in her fevered delirium, is further exasperated by the childish insistence of the unhappy little Luis, who is wrestling with another vision, dares not close his eyes, and begs: "Auntie dear, tell me stories, do, please! Auntie dear, do you ever see God? To-night I can only see his feet, with great drops of blood. Oh, Auntie, I am too scared to shut my eyes, and *do* tell me a story, please!"

The child's voice got on her nerves, driving her frantic with the shrill, querulous questions. She clenched her fists, and bit the sheet in her terror; a red wave, as of blood, seemed to cloud her vision, and yet the habit of tenderness restrained her fury. She dared not touch him lest she strangle him, such a thirst for destruction seemed to burn within her. Unable to control herself longer, she arose, and then stood as if transfixed, not with pity, but by a memory which flashed into her brain. What she felt now her unhappy sister had felt on that tragic night which had changed her from a loving mother into a wild beast. "Am I, too, mad, like my sister? Great God, is this madness?"

Utter darkness filled the room. Abelarda, throwing her cloak over her shoulders, felt her way forward for a moment, and then lit a wax taper, thinking to look for a sharp knife in the kitchen. She stopped to watch the boy, who at last slept soundly. "What a good chance," she thought to herself. "Now he will never make faces nor ask questions again, nor talk of his visions! Oh, you little actor, you little good-for-nothing, I'll be even with you at last! As if there were a God, or anything of the sort? Now, the sooner the better!"

In the kitchen she found the hatchet for splitting wood, and this seemed to her a fitting instrument, sure, practical, and sharp. She practiced swinging it, and satisfied with her attempt, returned to the chamber, the light held aloft in one hand, the other grasping the hatchet, her cloak flung over her head. So strange and fearful an apparition that quiet home had never beheld! Just as she opened the glass door into the child's room, she heard a sound that stopped her short. It was Victor's key turning in the lock. Like a guilty thief she blew out the light, cowered behind the door, for her fury had suddenly changed to a womanly shame, and hastily hid the hatchet. In a few moments all was silent and dark again, and she slipped into bed, thinking: "This is not the right time. The other — ah, I would like to give the other his life-blow! But one would not suffice, nor two, nor a hundred, nor a thousand. I could spend the night giving blow after blow, and yet only scotch the snake!"

VI.

THE BRAVE OLD TIGER-CAT FINDS REST.

Honest old Villaamil, el Señor Miau, as the witty young office clerks called him behind his back, tireless in his vain quest of office, discovered one day that caricatures had been circulated by his enemies; bored to extinction by his endless talk about his four great hobbies, *M*orality, *I*ncome Tax, *A*ttention to Custom-house duties, and *U*nification of debts, they had amused their leisure hours by drawing pictures with verses, wherein the initial letters of his pet reforms were shown to spell his nickname MIAU. One caricature bore the inscription: —

> "This crazy model of official assiduity
> Invents a scheme of Income Tax in perpetuity."

And another,

"He knows his work from A to Ampersand,
And yet is forced to live on office sand."

For this was in the days before blotting-paper, and thrifty officials saved the sand from every letter received.

The following verse seems to hold in it a note of prophecy: —

"Now like all cats whose nine lives end at last,
He cries 'Miau! Have pity on my past!'"

This cruel fun wounded him deeply, but the last blow which unhinged this weakened intellect was dealt him in his own home. He returned one night to find Abelarda fallen in a swoon, little Luis weeping bitterly, his sweet face all disfigured and bleeding, and Doña Pura distracted, not knowing whom to help first. Seized with the same blind fury that had so nearly proved fatal before, Abelarda had again attacked Luis, but fortunately had been held back at the critical moment. On learning what had occurred, the head of the family turned squarely to confront Victor, and trembling with wrath, cried out: "You! you are the cause of all this, you villainous deceiver! Out of my house this instant, and would to God you had never set foot in it!"

"So I am the guilty one?" Victor spoke with cool, impertinent defiance. "It strikes me you're just a little off your balance!"

"It is the truth," said Doña Pura. "Before you came none of these terrible things that no one can account for ever happened in our household."

"Ah, you too! And I, who thought I was helping you all through a time of famine! If I go, where will you turn to find a more helpful guest? And understand me, the separation will be final. I take my son with me." Thus with one sharp thrust he wounded four loving hearts.

* * * * * * *

A few days later a pistol shot awoke the echoes of a solitary, deserted ravine just outside Madrid. Villaamil had found for himself a sudden end to all his troubles, barely remaining conscious long enough to wonder, "and then? what then?"

OS MAIAS: EPISODES OF A ROMANTIC LIFE.

By EÇA DE QUEIROZ.

(Translated from the Portuguese for this work, by Mariana Monteiro.)

[José Maria Eça de Queiroz was born at Povoa de Varzim in 1845. He studied law at the University of Coimbra, engaged in journalism, and held consulates in England, France, and Cuba. He belongs to the school of pessimistic "realism." Among his works are "The Crime of Father Amaro," "Os Maias," "The Mandarin," and "The Dragon's Teeth."]

The Doctor's Visit.

The next morning Carlos rose early and walked down to the foot of Ramalhete, as far as the Rua S. Francisco, to the house of Madame Gomez.

At the entrance hall, which was dimly illumined by a distant lamp, sat an old woman on a bench; her head was enveloped in a cotton handkerchief, as is the manner of the Portuguese lower class women, and her shoulders by a black shawl. Her aspect was sad and despondent. The open door of the house revealed a long, dingy passage, the walls of which were papered in yellow. From the far distance came the hoarse sounds of an old timepiece striking the hour of ten. "Have you rung the bell?" demanded Carlos of the old person, as he lifted his hat.

The old woman, from the depth of her old kerchief, which fell over her eyes, replied in a weary tone of voice: "Yes, Senhor, and it has been answered already. The servant Domingos will be here presently."

Carlos waited, leisurely walking up and down the entrance. . . . Some few minutes elapsed. . . . At length, weary of waiting, Carlos became impatient, and rung the bell.

A red-whiskered man servant hurriedly made his appearance, dressed in the regulation flannel jacket. In his hand he held a dish covered with a napkin. On seeing Carlos, he started back as he swung the door, and a few drops of gravy fell from the dish on the floor.

"Oh, Senhor Don Carlos Eduardo!" he cried; "be good enough to enter. I will run to open the drawing-room, if you will wait a moment."

And turning to the old woman, he said as he handed her the dish, "Take this, Senhora Augusta; my lady says she will send some port wine later on."

"Excuse me, Senhor Don Carlos; this way, sir." He drew back the heavy rep curtain and ushered Carlos into a lofty, spacious apartment, hung with a flowered blue paper, and having two windows with balconies looking towards S. Francisco Street; and quickly drawing up the blinds, asked Carlos if he no longer remembered him — Domingos. Turning round smilingly, he hurriedly drew down his sleeves. Carlos, however, knew him at once by his red whiskers. It was really Domingos, an excellent servitor, who had departed from Ramalhete at the beginning of the winter, on account of certain disputes of patriotic jealousy with the French cook.

"I had not looked at you well, Domingos," said Carlos. "The entrance hall is somewhat dark. I remember you perfectly. And so you are here. And are you happy?"

"Fairly happy, sir, I think. Sra. Cruges also lives here over us."

"Oh, I knew it," rejoined Carlos.

"Will you be good enough to wait a moment while I go and announce you to Senhora Donna Maria Eduarda?"

Maria Eduarda! It was the first time that Carlos had heard her name, and he judged the name perfectly agreed with her severe beauty. Maria Eduarda! Carlos Eduardo! what a coincidence! there was a similarity in their two names! What if it were a presage of the harmony of their destinies!

Meanwhile, Domingos, his hand on the door, stopped again, and in a confidential tone said, "It is the English governess who is ill."

"Oh, indeed, the governess?"

"Yes, sir; she is in a slow fever since yesterday; a weight on her chest."

Domingos made another movement to quit the room, but lingered on, gazing with admiring eyes on Carlos.

"And your grandfather, sir, is he well?"

"Thank you, Domingos, he is well."

"Ah! he is indeed a great man. There is no one like him in Lisbon."

"Thanks, Domingos, thanks."

When at length Domingos quitted the apartment, Carlos

drew off his gloves and proceeded to take a leisurely view around. The floor had been newly covered with fine matting ; near the door stood a long piano ; upon a stand at its side was a Japanese vase, in which three beautiful white irises were withering, and all round about it lay sheets of music, illustrated journals, and books. All the chairs in the room were lined with crimson rep, and at the foot of the sofa lay a huge tiger-skin mat. A small Arabian bookcase and desk, which Carlos remembered to have seen some days ago at "Tio Abraham's," had come to fill up a bare space at one end. As in the case of the Hotel Central, the bareness of a regulation house *let furnished* had been supplemented with various touches of taste and comfort. The deep, heavy velvet cover of the oval table which stood in the center of the room was nearly concealed by splendidly bound books and albums, some bronze Japanese vases, a porcelain basket, and various delicate objects of art in Dresden china, which to a certainty had never belonged to Mother Cruges. And with these things there came forth, as by mistake, following the order of things and investing the whole with a peculiar charm, that undefinable perfume in which the odor of jasmine prevailed, which Carlos had so clearly perceived in the apartments of the Hotel Central.

But what more greatly attracted Carlos was a pretty folding screen of silk, embroidered with flowers, which had been placed to one side of a window and corner, forming a cozy spot, very shaded and secluded. In this recess was seen a low chair covered with scarlet satin, a large cushion at its foot, and a lady's work-table by the side, on which were some pieces of fancy work and all the little requirements for needlework. These had evidently been hastily laid aside, along with a half rolled up piece of embroidery. A number of fashion journals were strewed about, and a hand basket full of balls of wool were partly concealed by them.

Comfortably curled round on the seat of the chair lay the famous Scotch terrier, which had so frequently appeared in dreams to Carlos, lightly following a radiant figure along the walks, or cuddled up on somebody's sweet lap.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," he said to her in a soft, low voice, wishing to win her sympathies.

The dog quickly rose up, her ears sharp out, looking suspiciously at the stranger across her shaggy hair with two beauti-

ful eyes black as jet, and darting keen looks at him, almost human in their alertness. But suddenly the dog seemed to have become captivated with Carlos, and proceeded to stretch herself out as though inviting him to caress her. Carlos was just about to respond and pet her, when he heard a light footfall on the mat. He turned round and saw — Maria Eduarda standing before him.

It was like an unexpected apparition. He bowed profoundly, less as a salute than to hide the tumultuous wave of hot blood which he felt suffusing his face. The lady, dressed in a simple black serge dress, with white linen collar, and tiny boutonnière of a rosebud and green leaves pinned to her breast, and tall and fair as a lily, proceeded to seat herself at the oval table and unfold a tiny lace handkerchief. Obeying her smiling glance, Carlos in an embarrassed manner sat down on the edge of the sofa. After an instant of silence, which seemed to him deep and almost solemn, the voice of Maria Eduarda rose up, a voice rich and measured, with a ring as of golden bells, which was very charming. In the midst of his ecstasy, Carlos vaguely perceived that she was thanking him for the care he had taken of Rosa; and each time that his eyes fell or lingered on her for an instant, he seemed to discover some fresh charm or point of perfection. Her hair was not golden, as he had judged when seen in the distance and under the sun's rays, but of two shades of chestnut brown, light and dark, very luxuriant and wavy. In the dark glance of her grand eyes there was something very grave and very sweet. At times in conversation she would clasp her hands across her knees, and through the white cuff of her tight sleeve he seemed to perceive the whiteness, indeed almost to feel the softness, the warmth of her arms.

Maria Eduarda lapsed into silence. Carlos, on essaying to raise his voice to reply, felt again the blood mounting to his temples. And notwithstanding he had learned from Domingos that the patient who desired to see him was the governess, he could find nothing to say in his perturbation but this timid question: —

"It is not your daughter who is ill?"

"Oh no! thank God."

And Maria Eduarda recounted to Carlos exactly what Domingos had told him, that the English governess had been

unwell for some days and experienced a difficulty in breathing, had a bad cough, and just a touch of fever. "We thought it was but a passing cold, but last evening she seemed to grow worse, and I am impatient for you to see her," she added.

She rose up and pulled a thick bell rope suspended at the side of the piano. Amid the rep-covered furniture, beneath that common sordid ceiling, her whole person seemed to Carlos more radiant by contrast, and of a beauty far nobler and almost unapproachable; and he thought that never would he dare to gaze openly upon her, with such manifest admiration as when meeting her casually in his walks.

"What a lovely dog you have, minha senhora," he said when Maria Eduarda returned and sat down, and into these words he infused an inflection of deep tenderness.

Maria Eduarda smiled, and as she did so, a beautiful dimple showed itself, imparting a strange sweetness to her grave features. She merrily clapped her hands, crying out, "Niniche! Niniche! come here; you are being praised. Come and return thanks!"

Niniche lazily came in answer to her mistress's call, gaping. Carlos deemed this name *Niniche* most charming; and it was singular that he also had had an Italian greyhound which he had named Niniche.

At that moment a maid servant appeared in answer to the bell. It was the same petulant girl, thin and freckled, whom he had seen at the Hotel Central.

"Melanie will show you into Miss Sarah's room," said Maria Eduarda. "I will not accompany you, because she is so timid, so afraid of giving trouble, that my presence alone would most likely make her declare she was not ill."

"I understand," Carlos murmured, smiling. And it appeared to him that in the bright gleam of her look some ray had shone out of her eyes, and had shot into him something bright and sweet.

Hat in hand he lightly sped along that corridor within, and he gazed on all the details of domestic life, feeling as though he already experienced the joys of possession. Melanie drew back some curtains, and he found himself in a light, airy, spacious apartment. Here he found poor Miss Sarah sitting up in bed, a blue bow of ribbon around the collar of her dress, and the bands of her hair smoothly brushed tight around her head,

as though she were about to attend the services of a Presbyterian chapel on Sunday. By the bedside was a table with very neatly folded newspapers and English journals, and a vase with two lovely roses. All else in that room shone with rigorous neatness, from the portraits of the royal family of England, which stood on a chest of drawers covered with a lace toilet cover, down to her well-polished boots, classified, and evenly ranged on a boot rack.

As soon as Carlos had taken a seat by the bed, Miss Sarah at once began, amid a fit of coughing, and with two tell-tale hectic spots on her cheeks, to declare that there was nothing the matter with her. It was her dear, kind mistress, who was so good, so careful, who had forced her to keep her bed. It was such a trial to her, she said, to be idle and of no use, more particularly now that Madame was so lonely in a house without a garden, for where could the child play? And who was to take her out for a walk? Ah! it was indeed a prison-house for Madame! Carlos comforted her and felt her pulse. Then, when he rose to test her lungs, the poor English miss flushed up in dire trouble, holding her clothes to her chest, demanding whether it was *absolutely* necessary that she should have her lungs tested.

"Yes, it is undoubtedly necessary."

Carlos found the right lung somewhat affected, and he questioned her respecting her family. She informed him that she came from York, that she was the daughter of a clergyman, and one of fourteen brothers and sisters, who were all robust and athletic, she herself being the only weakly one; so much so, that her father, finding that at seventeen she weighed so little, had had her taught Latin, to qualify her for a governess.

"Then as a matter of fact," rejoined Carlos, "there have not been any chest complaints in your family?"

"Oh, never!" she said with a smile, "Mamma is still living. Papa, at an advanced age, died from the kick of a horse."

Carlos, hat in hand, stood gazing upon her and observing her. Then suddenly she became affected, and her little eyes filled with tears. When she heard that so many things would be needed for her cure, and that she would have to keep her room yet a fortnight, she became agitated, and two tears coursed down her cheeks.

Carlos took her hand, comforting her in a sympathetic manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said.

In the reception room Carlos rejoined Maria Eduarda, who was seated at the table arranging vases with flowers from a large basketful at her side, while her lap was full of carnations. A sunbeam shone along the room, ending at her feet, and Niniche, stretched asleep along that line of light, shone like a fur made of silver threads. In the street outside and under the window an organ was playing, in the radiant joy of a lovely summer's morn, the lively strains of "Madame Angot," and above head could be heard the children's little feet dancing.

"Well," Maria Eduarda said, as she turned round with a bunch of clover in her hand.

Carlos reassured her: "Miss Sarah had a slight attack of bronchitis, accompanied by a little fever. It would be necessary to exercise precaution and care."

"Really! then she will no doubt have to take some medicine?"

She placed in the basket the flowers she held in her lap, and proceeded to open the writing desk between the windows; she herself arranged the paper for him to write the prescription, and put in a fresh nib to the pen. These attentions perturbed Carlos like a caress. "Oh, minha senhora, a pencil would do just as well," he said.

When he sat down at the desk, his eyes lingered with tender curiosity on those familiar objects upon which she had placed the sweetness of her hands: an agate seal set on an old account book; an ivory paper knife with a monogram in silver lay by the side of a Saxony cup full of stamps; all was in orderly fashion, so in harmony with her quiet good taste. And while he wrote out the prescription, Carlos felt that she was softly treading on the carpets, and moving her vases with greater care.

"What lovely flowers your ladyship has!" he said, turning his head round, as he mechanically dried the prescription in the blotting book.

Standing close to the Arab bookcase whereon rested a yellow Indian vase, Maria Eduarda was placing some leaves around a clump of roses.

"It imparts freshness," she replied. "But I certainly

thought that in Lisbon I would have found better flowers. There is nothing comparable to the flowers in France. Is it not true?"

He did not reply to this, forgetting everything as he gazed upon her, thinking how sweet it would be to remain in that apartment of red rep, full of light and so silent and restful, watching those dear hands placing green leaves round the stems of roses. At length he murmured, "In Cintra there are lovely flowers."

"Oh, Cintra is an enchanted place," she said, without drawing her eyes away from the flowers. "It is worth while coming to Lisbon only to see Cintra."

At that moment the rep curtains were drawn aside, and Rosa, dressed in white, and with black silk stockings, ran into the room; a coil of dark hair hung down her back, and in her arms she carried her large doll. On seeing Carlos, she abruptly stopped, her beautiful large eyes wide open, looking at him in surprise, meantime clutching firmly in her arms "Cri-cri," which was only partly dressed.

"Do you not know him?" demanded her mother of Rosa, as she went to sit again opposite her basket of flowers.

Rosa was beginning to smile, her little face suffused by a sweet blush. As she stood there dressed all in white and black, she looked like a swallow; a sweet, singular charm about her soft little form, her light grace of limb, her large eyes of deep blue, and a blush as of a woman on her cheeks. When Carlos advanced with outstretched hand to renew his acquaintance, she stood on tiptoe and put up her little mouth, fresh as a rosebud, to be kissed. Carlos dared touch her forehead but lightly.

Then he tried to shake hands with her old friend, the doll "Cri-cri"; but Rosa suddenly remembered what had brought her to her mother in such a hurry.

"I want her nightgown, Mamma. I can't find it. I have not been able to dress her. Tell me, do you know where it is?"

"Well, I never! what untidiness!" replied the mother, gazing upon her with a tender smile. "If Cri-cri has her own especial wardrobe, and her chest of drawers, her things should not be lost; is it not true, Senhor Don Carlos da Maia?"

Carlos, still holding the prescription in his hand, smiled also, yet without saying anything, all absorbed in that view of

tender home life, and experiencing a thrill which was penetrating into his very being.

The little child then came to lean against her mother, rubbing herself along her arm, as in a voice all low and sweet, she coaxingly said, "Come now, tell me, do, where is her dress?"

Lightly, with the tips of her fingers, Maria Eduarda arranged the tiny bow of white ribbon which fastened her hair on the top of the child's head; then assuming a grave tone, she said: "Be quiet, it is all right. You know very well it is not I who have the charge of Cri-cri's wardrobe; you should be more orderly. Go and ask Melanie."

Rosa at once obeyed, serious also, saying, as she passed Carlos with a graceful curtsy, "Bon jour, Monsieur."

"She is charming," he murmured.

The mother smiled. She had finished arranging her nosegay of carnations, and at once attended to Carlos, who placed the prescription on the table, and leisurely sat down on an armchair and began to speak to her respecting the diet to be followed with Miss Sarah, and the number of spoonfuls of sirup of codein which should be given her every three hours.

"Poor Sarah!" she said. "It was a singular thing that she should come here with the presentiment, nay, almost a certainty, that she would fall ill in Portugal."

"Then she detests Portugal?"

"Oh, she has a perfect horror of it. She finds the heat very great, bad smells on all sides, and the people perfectly frightful. She is afraid of being insulted in the streets. In fact, she is most unhappy, she longs to get away."

Carlos laughed at those Saxon antipathies. As a matter of fact, Miss Sarah was not far wrong.

"And you, my lady, have you fared well in Portugal?"

Maria Eduarda shrugged her shoulders. "Yes," she replied, "I ought to be well here: it is my native land."

"Your native land! Why, I thought you were Brazilian."

"No, indeed: I am Portuguese."

For a few moments they relapsed into silence. From off the table Maria Eduarda took a large black fan painted with red flowers. And Carlos felt, he knew not why, that a new sweetness was filling his heart. Then she spoke of her voyage being very grateful to her, for she adored the sea; it had been

a great charm to her the morning she arrived at Lisbon to see its dark-blue sky, its sea also so blue, and to feel the gentle heat of a temperate climate ; but after landing, all things went contrary. They were uncomfortably housed in the Hotel Central. Niniche one night was taken violently ill.

"And how do you find Lisbon?" demanded Carlos.

"Oh, I like it well enough. I find the blue sky and the whiteness of a southern city very charming, but there are so few comforts. Life here has an air, as to which I cannot find out whether it is from simplicity or poverty —"

"Simplicity, my lady — we have the simplicity of the savages."

Maria Eduarda burst out laughing.

"I will not go so far," she rejoined, "but I suppose the Portuguese are like the Greeks : they are satisfied with eating an olive and gazing up at the sky which is so lovely." And she proceeded to complain above all things of the houses so deficient in comforts, so destitute of good taste, so untidy. The one she now lived in was wretched ; the kitchen was horrible, the dining-room walls were ornamented with pictures of ships and hillocks that quite took away her appetite. Moreover, there was no garden, no ground where her child could run and play.

The hoarse timepiece began slowly to strike the hour of eleven. Carlos rose up to take his departure ; his delightful, his never-to-be-forgotten visit was ended.

On bidding his hostess farewell, she said, "You will come to-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"Then good-bye until to-morrow."

Domingos was waiting for him in the hall. "Is it anything serious, Doctor?"

"Oh dear, no! nothing serious. I am pleased to see you, Domingos."

"And I, sir, to see you here."

Niniche also appeared in the hall. Carlos stooped down and stroked her gently, as in a low voice he said, "Good-bye, Niniche, until to-morrow."

THE RAVEN.

By ANNA DE CASTRO OSSORIO.

(Translated from the Portuguese for this work, by Mariana Monteiro.)

Long ago a Genie had been condemned by the King of the Genii to assume the form of a Raven, on account of his insufferable arrogance, and to live far from the society of the Genii and Fairies, in a solitary castle perched on the peak of an inaccessible rock overhanging the sea.

He lived lonely and wearily in that solitude, and one day he made up his mind that he would marry. But what woman in the world, be she peasant or *grande dame*, a beggar or a Princess, would he find willing to take a Genie to husband, and moreover one that had been transformed into a Raven for all time? And, furthermore, he could not be satisfied with any one; no indeed! He was vain and haughty, as he judged himself to be a powerful Genie, and he decided, in his own mind, that he would wed none less than the daughter of an Emperor or King. Hence he proceeded to visit all the palaces of the monarchs of his time, but in none did he meet with a beauty to satisfy his ideal. At length, in a far distant empire of the East, there was born a Princess who was lovely as the stars. Great indeed was the joy at the palace, for the babe would be the sole heiress to the crown.

The Emperor, her father, was seated on his throne of gold and precious stones, full of joy, waiting to be presented with his baby daughter, laid on a cushion of rich brocade, as the laws direct. The Raven, who only awaited a favorable opportunity in order to accomplish his design, came in through a window of the palace which had been incautiously left open, and when the grand lady of the bedchamber of the Empress came in with the royal infant to present her to her father, she made a low courtesy to the Emperor and raised aloft the cushion. Just at that moment down flew the Raven over her, and ere any one could realize what was happening, he had snatched the babe off the cushion in his claws and was gone through the open window. Taking advantage of the confusion which reigned, owing to this unexpected theft, he flew to his enchanted palace.

There was great uproar at the Emperor's Palace, shrieks and lamentations, and such wordy discussions, that some of the Ministers of State actually died from suffocation.

When the Empress was apprised of the disappearance of her child, she fell to weeping bitterly, and implored her royal husband to go immediately in search of her, otherwise she herself would die of grief.

The Emperor clutched his head in despair, crying out: "Where can the Princess be? Who could this wicked Raven be that had thus stolen her?"

Night after night did he spend pacing up and down his apartment, cogitating this question, and could find no solution. Great was his wish to find the child, and still greater that of consoling the Empress, who did nothing but weep and lament.

At length, after much thought, he resolved on summoning a council of his Ministers to discuss the question. In council it was unanimously voted that the good fairy Urgelia, the protectress of the family, should be invited, and asked what should be done to recover the babe.

And so it was done.

As soon as the Emperor had formulated his wish, there appeared before him the Fairy seated in a lovely chariot woven of gold threads, and drawn by a multitude of pure white doves.

The Emperor and Empress at once hastened toward her with open arms, and the beautiful Fairy, radiant with smiles, gracefully returned their salutation. After the usual compliments had passed between them, the sorrow-stricken parents explained to her the cause of their grief.

The fairy Urgelia was silent. All voices were hushed, and respected her mental abstraction. After a spell of deep thought she seemed to recover from her abstraction, and exclaimed: —

"My friends, during these brief moments I have myself gone to the palace of my Queen, to ask her to tell me what maleficent spirit, Genie, or hobgoblin it was that had carried off the sweet Princess, your daughter. I know where she is, but in order to proceed to the spot it is necessary to gather together all the armies of the Empire, and from among the soldiers choose the one who shall go and deliver the Princess from the power of the Raven, for the bird is a most mighty Genie who is being chastised by his King."

She indicated where stood the castle of the Raven, pre-

dicted a good result to the undertaking, and bidding farewell to the imperial couple, manifesting by her wise, kind words how deeply she esteemed them, she offered her services in any event they might be useful.

The delighted parents expressed their gratitude, and accompanied her to the terrace, where her chariot awaited her.

She entered the carriage, and within a short moment had disappeared from view, carried swiftly away in the air by the snow-white doves.

The Emperor then ordered that a muster of all the armies of his empire should take place in the capital, so that a man might be selected from the ranks to effect the rescue of the Princess. He also ordered a caravel to be equipped for his own use, as he wished to take part in the search, lest the people should say that he sent out others to effect the capture, yet he himself remained inactive.

Among the regiments which flocked to the capital in obedience to the Emperor's orders was one from the provinces. This regiment held in its ranks a youth called Florencio, himself a soldier, and one of the best men in it. As they were proceeding along the road to the city, they encountered a gang of men who were belaboring a dead man with huge clubs. The soldiers passed on; but Florencio, indignant at this outrage, begged permission of his commanding officer to leave the ranks, and proceeded to upbraid the men for their inhuman conduct.

The men replied: "He was a great swindler, and as in life he obtained money of us which he never repaid, we have come here to pay him off with a good beating."

The youth would listen to no more. He carried off the body, reverently buried it with great charity, and then sped to overtake his regiment, which was so numerous that there appeared to be no room for him.

On the following day the Emperor caused trumpets and bugles to be sounded, calling upon all his army to pass in review, in order to select one man from among the troops who should be capable of searching for the Princess.

Among the whole rank and file, he singled out Florencio as being dowered with manly beauty and surpassing strength of limb. The youth at once stepped forward, and respectfully awaited the orders of the Emperor. At this very moment there suddenly appeared in the camp a war steed, fully capari-

soned and saddled. The Emperor ordered the horse to be caught and brought to him. The splendid animal would not be taken, and evaded every effort until Florencio stepped forward to try and capture him, when the horse stood still and allowed him to mount him.

The spectators were greatly astonished, and the Emperor declared to Florencio that in truth the war steed belonged to him, since he was the only person it would obey, and therefore he was to proceed to the seashore the following day, and go on board the royal caravel which was ready equipped and waiting to set sail.

As he had to quit the country the next day on this expedition, Florencio hastened to bid farewell to his mother, who was very aged, urging his horse to a gallop. He reached his mother's abode, embraced her tenderly, and without further delay remounted and took the road back to the city.

As he proceeded on the road, he saw a spray of gold lying on the ground. He was about to alight and pick it up, when the horse cried out: "No! do not pick the gold up; leave it alone, for gold and silver you will have in abundance."

The youth therefore did not dismount, but went on his way. Further on he came across a bunch of handsome feathers of every hue, he thought these would look well as an aigrette on his cap. Again the horse bade him leave it alone, since he would have enough troubles with him.[1]

Therefore he did not dismount to take them.

On reaching the capital he made for the beach, in order to embark; but to his disappointment the caravel had already started, bearing on board the Emperor.

The youth was struck with sadness; but the horse started off at such a swift gallop that Florencio arrived on the frontiers of the kingdom long before the Emperor. Here he begged his Majesty's pardon for not having been in time for the departure of the royal vessel.

Advised by his horse, Florencio besought of the monarch to let him have a ship, fifty soldiers' uniforms, fifty caps, and fifty muskets. Then he went aboard with his horse, and sailed on till he came opposite to the castle occupied by the Raven. Here he anchored. As soon as the Raven perceived the ship,

[1] *Pennas*, "feathers" or "troubles."

he flew to attack the vessel; but Florencio showed him the uniforms, caps, and muskets, telling him that all his men had died, and asked him to take compassion on him and allow him to sleep in his castle.

The Raven consented, on condition that he should not venture into a certain tower in the castle, which was closed.

As soon as Florencio was admitted, he sought to discover the whereabouts of the said tower. After a while he noticed that the Raven had perched on the branch of a tree, and was fast asleep. He then cautiously started for the tower on tiptoe, opened the door, saw the little Princess lying asleep in a golden cradle, caught her up, and swiftly sped away.

When the Raven awoke from his deep sleep, induced by a heavy meal, he entered the tower to look after the Princess. The fairy Urgelia, who had, though invisible, closely followed his footsteps, and had seen all that had occurred, quickly closed the door behind him, and with a charmed key locked him in so effectually that he remained imprisoned for all time.

As soon as Florencio appeared with the Princess at the palace door, on his successful return in his ship, the joy was universal throughout the empire. Many feasts were celebrated, dances, illuminations, and fireworks.

The Emperor and Empress were very grateful, and begged the youth to remain in the palace and become one of the family.

The Princess grew up daily more beautiful to behold, and at fifteen years of age was reputed the loveliest Princess in the world. And she grew up so attached to the brave youth who had rescued her, that she could not bear to be absent from him.

Now this attachment became the cause of so much jealousy, that Florencio could scarcely live in the palace, owing to the intrigues of the courtiers. They could not endure him, and daily invented tales about him which were recounted to the Emperor.

For a length of time the Emperor took no heed of these intrigues, but one day he grew angry at what the courtiers told him that Florencio had said, but which he never did say: "That in the same manner as he had rescued the Princess out of the clutches of the Raven, so also could he enter unharmed into a caldron of boiling oil."

Then did the Emperor exclaim: "As he says he can do this, let him prove his words."

Florencio was summoned, poor fellow, and declared he had never said anything of the kind, nor had he thought of such a thing.

But all to no purpose, the trial must be gone through. He lamented his fate, crying out: "Alas! my horse spoke truly when he said I should have many troubles to go through." The Emperor would listen to no excuses or reasons, but ordered him to prove the statement, promising, however, that should he come out of the ordeal with life, he would give him his daughter the Princess to wed, and in this way put an end to all intrigues.

Realizing that there was no appeal, and he must needs resign himself to die in a caldron of oil, he went to the stables to take leave of his dear horse and faithful companion.

The horse then spoke to him, saying: "Do not grieve. Take a club and beat me until I break out in a sweat, then wipe me with a cloth, and bid the Princess wrap you in it with her own fair hands."

Yet Florencio could not bear the idea of beating his horse; but the faithful animal so insisted upon his doing so, that at length he consented. He followed the instructions exactly, went to seek for the Princess, who was in her own apartment weeping bitterly, and had given orders that no one should come in to her, ever since she had learnt of the misfortunes that her rescuer was going to undergo.

All was done as the horse had ordered. The youth plunged into the caldron of oil which was boiling over a huge fire opposite the balconies of the imperial palace, where the whole court had assembled to witness the spectacle.

Thrice did he plunge in the oil, to the great delight of his enemies, who judged thereby that they would soon be rid of him; but they themselves had to writhe in fury, because he came out of his oil bath as fresh as if the oil had been only cold water.

The Princess was beside herself with joy when she saw her rescuer safe and sound. She then begged that the Archbishop who attended the court should marry them without further delay.

This was done to the great pleasure of their imperial majesties and of all the people who had learnt to love their new Prince.

After the ceremony was concluded, the horse came to seek his master : — " I have come to bid you farewell, my dear master."

Florencio was struck with sadness. " Oh, my worthy steed," he cried, " if you leave me, what will become of me ? "

" You no longer run any danger, since, as the future Emperor, all will respect you. Strive always to be good, as you have been hitherto, and you will be happy."

The Prince Consort, who could not resign himself to losing his horse, demanded : —

" But tell me why do you leave me. What harm have I done you ? "

" No harm whatever have you done me, nor, indeed, could you do it, because you are good, as few mortals are. Now I leave you because it must be so. I wish you to know that I am the soul of the dead man you found lying in the road on your journey, and which you piously buried, and delivered me from the blows of my creditors. I did not pay my debts because I could not do so, for I was poor, and so they were canceled by a higher power. In recompense of your good action, I was sent in this form to earth, in order to serve you and advise you in all the difficulties and trials you might meet, and assist you in what you should require."

Saying this, the horse disappeared.

The Emperor and Empress lived to a good old age, beloved by their daughter and son-in-law. At their demise the heiress to the throne and her fond husband governed the people to the general satisfaction, ever abiding beneath the beneficent protection of the good fairy Urgelia.

They were very good and happy, had a numerous family, and died full of years, leaving behind the halo of a splendid life lived in peace and concord.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF BRITTANY.

(Translated by Tom Taylor, with introduction, from the "Barsaz-Breiz" of Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué.)

Introduction.

The Brittany which still retains so much of its ancient tongue, national character, and local usages, as to separate its population from that of the rest of France even more distinctly than the Welsh or the Highlanders are separated from the English, comprehends the three departments of Finistère, Morbihan, and the Côtes du Nord. These departments include the four ancient bishoprics of St. Pol de Leon, or the Leonais, Cornouaille, Vannes, and Tréguier, each of which was formerly, and is still in great measure, a district with distinct dress, usages, and local character, both in the landscape and the people.

The Léonais (the Lemovicas of the Merovingian sovereigns) forms the extreme western horn of Brittany, and includes almost all the *arrondissements* of Morlaix and Brest. It is the richest and most varied region of Finistère. Its fields are fertile; its population (setting Brest aside as a French Portsmouth, only Breton in name), scattered in small villages or isolated farms, live a life of extreme simplicity, which still retains most of the characteristics of an age of faith. The church is the great point of reunion for the Léonards; its "*pardons*," or festivals of patron saints, furnish its great occasions of rejoicing; the "Day of the Dead" — the day after All Saints' Day — is its chief family commemoration. The whole population is in mourning; the day is spent in religious services, in masses and prayers for the dead. The remains of the supper, which crowns the offices of the day, is left on the table, that the dead may take their seats again round the remembered board. The festival of St. John — the Christian substitute for the Druidic Sun-feast — is still celebrated. Beal-fires blaze on every hillside, round which the peasants dance all night, in their holiday clothes, to the sound of the *biniou* — a kind of rustic hautboy — and the shepherd's horn, or of a rude music drawn out of reeds fixed across a copper basin. The girl who dances round nine St. John's fires before midnight is sure to marry within the year. In many parishes the curé himself goes in procession with banner and cross to light the sacred fire. A brand from it is preserved with reverence; placed between a branch of box blessed on Palm Sunday, and a piece of the twelfth-night cake, it is supposed to preserve the cottage from evil by thunder. The flowers of the nosegay which crowns the beal-

fire heap are powerful talismans against bodily ills. Intensity of religious faith, passing into the wildest and often grossest superstition, is the dominant character of the inhabitant of the Léonais. He is grave, intense in his feelings, though reserved in the expression of them, distrustful of strangers, and profoundly attached to his own country, its beliefs and usages. His dialect is long drawn and almost chantlike. His dress is dark, almost always black or dark blue, relieved among the men only by a red or blue scarf round the waist; among the women, by a white *coiffe*, like a nun's *béguine*. Marriages are contracted as readily and as improvidently as in Ireland; hospitality is a custom as well as a duty, and the poor, down to the most abject beggar, are "God's guests."

The Léonard presents the gravest side of the Breton character, and has more in common with the Welsh than with the Irish Celt.

But a parallel to the mingled joyousness and pathos of the Irish temperament is to be found in Brittany — among the Kernéwotes, the inhabitants of Cornouaille, the district which lies round the mountains of Arré, between Morlaix to the north and Pontivy to the south, bounded by the Léonais northwards, and southwards by the district of Vannes. The northern portion of this region is wild and barren; the southern, in parts at least, smiling and amene. Its coast scenery, especially about Quimper, is grand and terrible. Round Penmarch (the Horse's Head), one of the most westerly points of the Breton coast, the dash of the Atlantic on the rocky headland is as terrific as anything on our own Cornish coast. Under the shadow of this headland lay the town of Is, whose drowning is the subject of one of the ballads in this collection.

Till within the last forty years, mass used to be served once a year from a boat on the Menhirien (or Druid stones), which at low spring tides rose above the sea, and were believed to be the altars of the buried city, while all the fishing boats of the bay brought a devout population of worshipers to this Christian sacrifice at Druid altars. The Kernéwote of the coast has many points of resemblance with the Léonard. Like him, he is grave almost to gloom, austere, and self-restrained. He dwells habitually on the sadder aspects of his faith, and celebrates, most respectfully, its sadder ceremonials. But the Kernéwote of the interior is the Irishman of Brittany, mingling with the pathetic ground tone, which everywhere underlies the Celtic character, flashes of humor and joyousness, giving himself up with passionate impulsiveness to the merriment of the marriage feast, the wild excesses of the carouse at the fair or opening of the threshing floor, the mad round of the *jabadao*, or the fierce excitements of the football play or wrestling match, which often winds up the Cornish *pardons*. His dress is of brilliant colors, always bordered

Landscape in Brittany

with bright scarlet, blue or violet; about Quimper are worn the *bargou-braz,* the loose, Turk-like breeches — a relic of the old Celtic garb. It is the costume of Cornouaille that is known popularly as Breton — the bright jacket and vest, often with the name of the tailor and the date of the make worked in colored wools on the breast, the broad belt and buckle, the baggy breeches and gay leggings, and the hair falling on the shoulders from under a broad-brimmed felt hat, or on the coast, one with narrow brims, turned up at the edge, and decorated with a many-colored woolen band, its ends flying in the wind. It is in Cornouaille that the old marriage ceremonial, with its elaborate diplomatic arrangements of *Bazvalan* and *Breutaër,* is kept up with most state and lavishness of outlay. The wrestling bouts of this region are the most sharply contested and numerously attended. It is remarkable that wrestling — essentially a Celtic exercise — is in England confined to that side of the island where the Celtic nationality retained its latest hold; and the wrestling practice of Cornouaille, even down to the favorite hugs and throws, may be paralleled by the laws of the game, as still carried on in Cumberland and Westmoreland, or in Devonshire and our own Cornwall.

Tréguier, the third of the Breton districts having a distinct dialect and character, lies to the east of Léon, between it and Normandy, and includes the department of the Côtes du Nord. It takes in, besides the old bishopric of Tréguier, that of St. Brieuc, and part of that of Dol. The coast line is less savage than that of Cornouaille, the air milder, the ground richer and better cultivated. It is emphatically the training-ground of the Breton priesthood, who receive their education in its seminaries, and who have so largely contributed to mold the Breton character and imagination, as well by their songs as by their religious ministrations. The character of the Trégorrois is less rugged and severe than that of the Léonard or the Kernéwote of the coast — less excitable than that of the Kernéwote of the mountain. There is something about it which, in comparison with the Breton character of other regions, may be called soft, gentle, and submissive. It is from its seminaries that the sentimental element infiltrates the popular poetry of Brittany. The Trégorrois is intensely religious, but attaches himself especially to those festivals of the Church which breathe hope and peace and good-will. Nowhere in Brittany is Christmas observed so piously; nowhere are the places of pilgrimage so famous or so largely resorted to as the shrines of St. Mathurin or Montcontour, or of Our Lady of Succor at Guingamp. Tréguier is the fountain head of the religious canticles which fill such a large space in the poetry of Brittany; and at Lannion are still played, or have been played within living memory, Breton tragedies like the old Celtic plays of our own Cornwall, — historical as well as religious, lasting often for three days, and holding spell-

bound, for many hours of each day, peasant audiences assembled by thousands in the open-air theater.

The Klöarek, or seminarist of Tréguier, is generally a young peasant of sixteen or eighteen, who, having shown some vocation for the Church, or a turn for books, has been sent by his parents (exulting in the honor of giving a son to the priesthood) to one of the seminaries which stud the Côtes du Nord. His student life is more like that of the Scottish peasant sent to Glasgow or Edinburgh, St. Andrews or Aberdeen, with the intention of becoming a probationer of the Kirk of Scotland, than anything in England, or than the sharply regulated existence of the ordinary seminarist of Italy or other parts of France. He lives not in a college, but in a garret, — often shared with four or five companions of his own class. He ekes out the poor maintenance which his parents can afford him by hewing wood and drawing water, by serving about the inn-yards, and, if he is lucky enough to find pupils, by lessons in reading and writing at ten sous a month! His father or mother on market-day brings the weekly provaunt of the young clerk — a scanty pittance of black bread, butter, bacon, or potatoes.

The contrast between the rude misery of such a life and its destination to the awful and almost superhuman functions of the priest — the growing sense of culture and intellectual expansion warring with the hard facts of material existence — the separation from home pleasures and village intimates of both sexes, and the anticipation of a lot which isolates for ever from the delight of love and the happiness of family and fireside life — are all provocative, according to the nature they work on, of sad and regretful emotion, or of a passionate and mystic asceticism. Both find natural expression in poetry; the regrets in elegy or idyllic song, the piety in canticles and hymns. It is, indeed, the Klöarek who is at once the hero and the poet of most of the Sônes, as the Breton songs of the former class are called; and the author of the Buhez, or legends of saints, and *Kanaouen*, or religious songs, dealing with such subjects as the farewells interchanged between soul and body at death, the horrors of hell, and the joys of heaven — the recital of which makes one of the principal entertainments of the *pardon*. Tréguier, thanks to its Klöarek, is the nursery alike of the elegiac and religious popular poetry of Brittany.

Vannes, which occupies the southern coast of Brittany, is the most thoroughly Celtic portion of the country. It is as thickly covered with cromlec'hs, lichvens, peulvans, menhirs, barrows, and dolmen,[1] as Léon is — or rather was before the Revolution — with

[1] *Cromlec'hs* are *Druidic* circles; *lichvens*, two vertical stones with a third laid across; *menhirs* and *peulvans*, single stones set up on end; *barrows*, burial mounds; and *dolmen*, broad, flat stones resting on smaller stone supports.

Calvaries, bone-houses, wayside chapels, and shrines of the Virgin. On the heath of Lanvaux rises a forest of one hundred and twenty menhirs; Trehorentec is a city of the dead, swelling with *barrows* innumerable; but all the Druidic monuments of Vannes and of the world, not excepting Stonehenge, sink into secondary rank by the side of Carnac, with its eleven parallel ranges of *peulvans*, stretching for a length of more than two leagues to the horizon — huge blocks, many planted with the narrow end downward, and some twenty feet in height.

Vannes, too, is the site of the most memorable scenes of Breton romance and mediæval history. Here is the castle of Clisson, the tower of Du Guesclin, the battlefield of the Thirty, the church of Ploermel with the tombs of the Dukes of Brittany, and the mystic forest of Broceliand, where Merlin lies in his enchanted sleep, under the spells of Vivien.

Vannes is the home of the legends of gnomes and spirits, of dwarfs and fairies that haunt rocks and woods, streams and fountains, of the *dus* and *mary-morgan*, the *poulpican*, and the *korrigan*.[1] The football play of the *Soule*, in which villages and parishes contend for the mastery, limbs being broken and lives often lost in the fierce excitement of the struggle, is now confined to the district of Vannes. It was this region which furnished the most desperate elements to the *Chouannerie;* and the historic ballads, recording the prowess of Beaumanoir and Tinténiac, Du Guesclin, Jannedik, Flamm, and Pontcalec, or the still earlier heroism of Noménoë and Lez-Breiz, Bran, and Alan-al-Louarn, are still the nightly entertainment of its tavern parties, its family feasts, and *pardons*.

Such are the leading divisions of the Breton population, among which has grown up, and is still preserved, a richer ballad literature, and a larger stock of popular idyllic and religious poetry, than exists in any part of Europe of the same extent. The national character and local circumstances of the Breton have singularly favored the preservation and oral transmission of their popular poetry. They have always been a people set apart by blood, language, usages, and feelings from the rest of France. The fusion of Celtic with the neighboring nationality, which has effaced almost all traces of the race (except a few words of common use and names of places) in Cambria, Devon, and Cornwall, and has for centuries been actively at work even in Wales itself, has only begun to operate in Brittany since the Revolution, and at every step has been fiercely resisted. The upholding of national usages, faiths, ceremonies, traditions, and glories has been ever a religion in Brittany; and for the mass of the people song has been the sole instrument of their preservation.

[1] Celtic fairies of the woods, streams, rocks, and springs.

Manners here still retain their antique stamp — often a rude one, but often also beautiful and pathetic. The poetry that wells out of the Celtic nature, wherever it is left to itself, has not had its course checked or crossed in Brittany by such influences as the Protestant Methodism of Wales or the war of religion and races in Ireland. Ballads and canticles that were sung in the tenth, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries are still handed down, by recitation, from father to son, from mother to child, among the peasants, beggars, and wandering "crowders" who have taken the place of the old bards.

It is this essentially historical character which gives a distinctive peculiarity to the Breton ballads as compared with our own. Setting apart "Chevy Chace," "The Geste of Robin Hood," — if its songs can be called historical, — and some of the Border ballads, our own ballad literature has no strictly historical character. It is so difficult to identify its personages and incidents with any particular period or place as, in nineteen cases out of twenty, not to repay the labor of the attempt. The Breton ballad, as a rule, is sharply and distinctly historical. There is hardly one of the collection in the "Barsaz-Breiz," the incidents of which cannot be referred to their date, place, and particular actors. As all true ballad literature is contemporary, it is a fair inference that these ballads were originally composed while the memory of their subjects was still recent, though, in the process of oral transmission for generations, they have of course undergone all manner of modification and mutilation. The Vicomte de la Villemarqué, the accomplished editor of the "Barsaz-Breiz" (or poetic treasury of Brittany), is a Breton, of old and noble family, inspired by that ardent love of his country and race which is the dominant feeling of the Breton. His mother — still I believe alive — many years ago began collecting the ballads and songs of the country, and he continued the work, aided not only by his own active researches, but by the clergy and resident nobles and gentry, without whose help — beyond the range of his own family influence — he would have found it impossible to overcome the ingrained distrust of the Breton peasant. He informs us in his preface that his habit has been to obtain all the versions he could of the same ballad, and the only liberty he has taken has been in choosing between more and less complete versions — proceeding on the sound theory that the fullest in detail and most picturesque in color were likely to be the oldest. The result has been a body of ballads, with as distinct and consistent an impress of their time upon them as the very best preserved examples in the Border Minstrelsy.

The Wine of the Gauls, and the Dance of the Sword.

(Gwin Ar Challaoued, Ha Korol Ar C'Hleze.)

[The Gauls, whose wine is praised in this savage chant, were the Franks, on whose vineyards and cellars Gregory of Tours describes the comparatively uncivilized Bretons as making regular autumnal raids. Thierry, in his "Récits Merovingiens," supposes the chant here translated to be one of those in which successful forays of this kind were celebrated. It is still sung in the Breton taverns, but M. de la Villemarqué informs us that the sense of much of it is lost among the peasants from whose recitation he picked it up, and he is by no means sure either of the completeness of his own version, or of the correctness of his interpretation in all points. The wines of the district about Nantes seem to be referred to, as they are white. The other drinks enumerated — that made of mulberry juice, beer, mead, and cider — were in old times, and still are (the three latter at least), national beverages of Brittany. It is probable, as M. de la Villemarqué conjectures, that two chants are here welded together; the second, beginning at the thirteenth stanza, seems to be a fragment of the song that accompanied the old Celtic sword-dance in honor of the Sun. The language of this portion of the chant is more antique than that of the preceding stanzas. In both, however, the alliteration is nearly perfect — an acknowledged sign of antiquity. The rhythm suggests a measured accompaniment of tramping feet and clashing swords; and the wild chorus, invoking fire and sword, oak and earth and waves, carries us back to the early times of Druidic elemental worship, as the whole composition breathes a ferocious delight in blood and battle, smacking little of Christian doctrine or *discipline*.]

I.

Better juice of vine
Than berry wine:
Better juice of vine!
Fire! fire! steel, Oh! steel!
Fire! fire! steel and fire!
Oak! oak, earth, and waves!
Waves, oak, earth, and oak!

Better wine o' the year
Than our beer, —
Better wine o' the year!
Fire! fire, &c.

Better blood grapes bleed
Than our mead, —
Better blood grapes bleed!
Fire! fire, &c.

Better drink o' the vine
Than apple wine, —

Better drink o' the vine!
Fire! fire, &c.

Dunghill Gaul, to thee,
Leaf and tree, —
Stock and leaf to thee!
Fire! fire, &c.

Valiant Breton, thine
The white wine, —
Valiant Breton, thine!
Fire! fire, &c.

Wine and blood they run
Blent in one, —
Wine and blood they run!
Fire! fire, &c.

White wine and red blood,
Fat and good, —
White wine and red blood!
Fire! fire, &c.

Red blood and white wine,
Bright of shine, —
Red blood and white wine!
Fire! fire, &c.

'Tis the Gauls' blood
Runs in flood, —
'Tis the Gauls' blood!
Fire! fire, &c.

I've drunk wine and gore
In the war, —
I've drunk wine and gore!
Fire! fire, &c.

Wine and blood they feed,
Fat indeed, —
Wine and blood they feed!
Fire! fire, &c.

II.

Blood, wine, and glee,
Sun, to thee, —

Blood, wine, and glee!
Fire! fire, &c.

Glee of dance and song,
And battle-throng, —
Battle, dance, and song!
Fire! fire, &c.

Let the sword-blades swing
In a ring, —
Let the sword-blades swing!
Fire! fire, &c.

Song of the blue steel,
Death to feel, —
Song of the blue steel!
Fire! fire, &c.

Fight, whereof the sword
Is the Lord, —
Fight of the fell sword!
Fire! fire, &c.

Sword, thou mighty king
Of battle's ring, —
Sword, thou mighty king!
Fire! fire, &c.

With the rainbow's light
Be thou bright, —
With the rainbow's light!
Fire! fire! steel, Oh! steel!
Fire! fire! steel and fire!
Oak! oak, earth, and waves!
Waves, oak, earth, and oak!

The Drowning of Kaer-Is.[1] — (Livaden Ger-Is.)

[The anonymous chronicler of Ravenna mentions a town, which he calls Ker-Is, as existing in Armorica in the fifth century. Here ruled a prince called Gradlonvawre, *i.e.* Gradlon the Great. Gradlon was the protector of Gwénolé, the founder of the first abbey established in Brittany. The following ballad (the original of which M. de la Villemarqué obtained from the recitation of Thomas Pen-venn, — *i.e.* Whitehead, — a peasant of Trégunk) narrates the popular tradition of the destruction of the town by the king's daughter, Dahut, who opened

[1] "Kaer-Is," *i e.* Is-Town, "caer" being the same word that enters into our own *Car*lisle, the Celtic "Caer-Leon," Caer-marthen, Caer-laverock.

a sluice which kept out the sea, by a key stolen from her sleeping father, after an orgy, at her lover's bidding. This tradition is common to all the Celtic races. It is found in Wales and in Ireland. In the former country the king is Seizenin, the drowned town Gwaeleod, and its site in Cardigan Bay, where the fishermen still talk of the ruins of ancient buildings seen by them at the bottom of the sea when the tide is lower than usual. In Ireland the town is Neagh, and our readers will remember the allusion to the sunken town in Moore's graceful lines: —

"On Lough Neagh's banks when the fisherman strays,
At the hour of eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining."

Gwezno, a Welsh bard, whose date is referred to the fifth century, but whose poems are found in a manuscript ascribed to the ninth, has a poem on the subject (included in the Myvyrian Archæology) which begins with the awakening of the king: —

"Arise, oh Seizenin, and look forth — the land of warriors, the fields of Gwezno, are invaded by the sea!"

A chronicler, whose work is preserved in the Chartulary of Landven, attributes to Gradlon the introduction of wine into Brittany.

Marie of France, who tells the story of the drowning of Is-Town in one of her Lais (Gradlon-meur), speaks of Gradlon's horse as having saved his master's life for a long time by swimming, and as having become wild with grief when the king fell off at last and was drowned.

In another version it is the princess who is drowned. Her father is bearing her off, *en croupe*, when an awful voice thrice bids him fling off the demon who sits behind him. He does so, and the inundation is arrested.

Before the Revolution, King Gradlon's statue, mounted on his faithful horse, used to stand between the towers of the Cathedral of Quimper, and every year, on St. Cecily's day, a minstrel used to mount the croup of the royal charger, with a napkin, a flagon of wine, and a golden hanap, all provided at the cost of the cathedral chapter. He used to put the napkin round the neck of the statue, pour the wine from the flagon into the hanap, put it to the statue's lips, and then, draining the liquor, fling the hanap among the crowd gathered below, to do honor to the introducer of the grape.

The poem, says M. de la Villemarqué, from whose learned notes I have taken the above information, is very antique in rhythmical structure and in language.

Its rude picturesqueness needs no pointing out, nor the dramatic skill and life with which the action of the story is sketched out. In this respect these Breton ballads seem to me unequaled by anything of their class. As in all the other translations in this volume, I have been scrupulously literal.]

I.

Heard ye the word the man of God
Spake to King Gradlon, blythe of mood,
Where in fair Kaer-Is he abode?

"Sir King, of dalliance be not fain,
From evil loves thy heart refrain,
For hard on pleasure followeth pain.

"Who feeds his fill on fish of sea
To feed the fishes doomed is he;
The swallower swallowed up shall be.

"Who drinks of the wine and the barley-brew,
Of water shall drink as the fishes do;—
Who knows not this shall learn 'tis true."

II.

Unto his guests King Gradlon said,
"My merry feres, the day is sped;
I will betake me to my bed.

"Drink on, drink on, till morning light,
In feast and dalliance waste the night;
For all that will the board is dight."

To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
Her lover he whispered tenderly:
"Bethink thee, sweet Dahut, the key!"

"Oh! I'll win the key from my father's side,
That bolts the sluice and bars the tide;
To work thy will is thy lady's pride."

III.

Whoso that ancient King had seen,
Asleep in his bed of the golden sheen,
Dumb-stricken all for awe had been—

To see him laid in his robe of grain,
His hair like snow, on his white hause-bane,[1]
And round his neck his golden chain.

Whoso had watched that night, I weet,
Had seen a maiden stilly fleet
In at the door, on naked feet,

To the old King's side she hath stolen free,
And hath kneeled her down upon her knee,
And lightly hath taken both chain and key—

IV.

He sleepeth still, he sleepeth sound,
When, hark, a cry from the lower ground—
"The sluice is oped, Kaer-Is is drown'd!

[1] "Hause," "hals-bane," neck-bone, often used in the old Scottish ballads.

"Awake, Sir King, the gates unspar!
Rise up, and ride both fast and far!
The sea flows over bolt and bar!"

Now cursèd for ever mote she be,
That all for wine and harlotry,
The sluice unbarr'd that held the sea!

V.

"Say, woodman, that wonn'st in the forest green,
The wild horse of Gradlon hast thou seen,
As he pass'd the valley-walls between?"

"On Gradlon's horse I set not sight,
But I heard him go by the dark of night,
Trip, trep,— trip, trep, — like a fire — flaught white!"

"Say, fisher, the mermaid hast thou seen,
Combing her hair by the sea-waves green —
Her hair like gold in the sunlight sheen?"

"I saw the white maiden of the sea,
And I heard her chant her melody,
And her song was sad as the wild waves be."

The Evil Tribute of Noménoë. (Drouk-Kinnig Neumenoiou.)

[Noménoë was the Alfred of the Bretons, their deliverer from the Franks, under Charles the Bald, in the ninth century (841 A.D.). He is a strictly historical personage. Under him the Bretons succeeded in driving the immensely superior force of the Franks beyond the rivers L'Oust and Vilaine; pushed their frontier as far as Poitou, and rescued from the hands of the invader the towns of Nantes and Rennes, which have remained included in Brittany from the date of their deliverance by Noménoë. This very spirited ballad was obtained by M. de la Villemarqué from the oral recitation of a peasant of Kergerez. As in my other translations of Breton ballads, I have adhered to the meter and couplet divisions of the original, line for line.]

Fytte I.

The herb of gold[1] is cut: a cloud
Across the sky hath spread its shroud.
To war!

[1] The "herb of gold" is the mystic *selage*. According to Breton superstition, iron cannot approach it without the sky clouding and disaster following.

"The storm-wreaths gather, grim and gray,"
Quoth the great chief of Mount Aré.

"These three weeks past so thick they fall,
Towards the marches of the Gaul —

"So thick, that I no ways can see
My son returning unto me.

"Good merchant, farer to and fro,
Hast tidings of my son, Karò?"

"Mayhap, old chieftain of Aré;
But what his kind and calling say."

"He is a man of heart and brains,
To Roazon[1] he drove the wains;

"The wains to Roazon drove he,
Horsed with good horses, three by three, —

"That drew fair-shared among them all,
The Breton's tribute to the Gaul."

"If thy son's wains the tribute bore,
He will return to thee no more.

"When that the coin was brought to scale,
Three pounds were lacking to the tale.

"Then outspake the Intendant straight:
'Vassal, thy head shall make the weight!'

"With that his sword forth he abrade,
And straight smote off the young man's head;

"And by the hair the head he swung,
And in the scale, for makeweight, flung."

The old chief at that cruel sound,
Him seemed as he would fall in swound,

Stark on the rocks he groveled there —
His face hid with his hoary hair;

And, head on hand, made heavy moan:
"Karò, my son — my darling son!"

[1] The Breton name of Rennes.

Fytte II.

Then forth he fares, that aged man,
And after him his kith and clan;

The aged chieftain fareth straight
Unto Noménoë's castle-gate.

"Now tell me, tell me, thou porter bold,
If that thy master be in hold?"

"But, be he in, or be he out,
God guard from harm that chieftain stout."

Or ever he had pray'd his prayer,
Behold, Noménoë was there!

His quarry from the chase he bore,
His great hounds gamboling before:

In his right hand his bow unbent;
A wild boar on his back uphent.

On his white hand, all fresh and red,
The blood dripped from the wild-boar's head.

"Fair fall you, honest mountain-clan,
Thee first, as chief, thou white-haired man.

"Your news, your news, come tell to me:
What would you of Noménoë?"

"We come for right; to know, in brief,
Hath Heaven a God, — Bretayne a chief?"

"Heaven *hath* a God, I trow, old man;
Bretayne a chief, if ought I can."

"He can that will, thereof no doubt,
And he that can the Frank drives out —

"Drives out the Frank, defends the land,
To avenge, and still avenge, doth stand; —

"To avenge the living and the dead,
Me and my fair son foully sped;

"My Karò, whose brave head did fall
By hand of the accursèd Gaul.

"They flung his head the weights to square;
Like ripe wheat shone the golden hair."

Therewith, the old man wept outright,
That tears ran down his beard, so white,

Like dew-drops on a lily flower,
That glitter at the sunrise hour.

When of those tears the chief was ware,
A stern and bloody oath he sware:

"I swear it by this wild-boar's head,
And by the shaft that laid him dead,

"Till this plague's wash'd from out the land,
This blood I wash not off my hand!"

Fytte III.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now;

Hath sought the sea-beach, sack in hand,
To gather pebbles from the strand —

Pebbles as tribute-toll to bring
The Intendant of the baldhead king.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now.

Prince as he is, hath ta'en his way,
The tribute-toll himself to pay.

"Fling wide the gates of Roazon,
That I may enter in, anon.

"Nomènoë comes within your gate,
His wains all piled with silver freight."

"Light down, my lord, into the hall,
And leave your laden wains in stall,

"Leave your white horse to squire and groom,
And come to sup in the daïs-room:

"To sup, but first to wash, for lo!
E'en now the washing-horn[1] they blow."

"Full soon, fair sir, shall my washing be made,
When that the tribute hath been weigh'd."

The first sack from the wains they pight—
(I trow 'twas corded fair and tight) —

The first sack that they brought to scale,
'Twas found full weight and honest tale:

The second sack that they came to,
The weight therein was just and true;

The third sack from the wains they pight—
"How now! I trow this sack is light?"

The Intendant saw, and from his stand
Unto the sack he raught his hand—

He raught his hands the cords unto,
That so their knots he might undo.

"From off the sack thy hand refrain;
My sword shall cut the knot in twain!"

The word had scantly passed his teeth,
When flashed his bright sword from the sheath—

Through the Frank's neck the falchion went,
Sheer by his shoulders as he bent;

It cleft the flesh and bones in twain,
And eke the links o' one balance-chain:

Into the scale the head plumped straight,
And there, I trow, was honest weight!

Loud through the town the cry did go:
"Hands on the slayer! Ho! Harò!"

He gallops forth out through the night;
"Ho! torches, torches—on his flight!"

[1] This practice of sounding the horn for washing before dinner (*corner l'eau*. it is called in old French) is still kept up at the Temple.

"Light up, light up! as best ye may,
The night is black, and frore the way.

"But ere ye catch me, sore I fear,
The shoes from off your feet you'll wear —

"The shoes of the gilded blue cordwain[1];
For your scales — you'll ne'er need them again.

"Your scales of gold you will need no more,
To weigh the stones of the Breton shore!
To war!"

The Clerk of Rohan. (Kloarek Rohan.)

[Jehanne de Rohan, daughter of Alan, sixth vicomte, married, in 1236, Mathieu, Lord of Beauvais, son of René, Constable of Naples. She is the heroine of the following ballad; her husband's compound title being translated into its Breton equivalents — Traon (valley) and ioli (fair). Three years after the marriage, Duke Pierre Mauclerc took the cross, and was followed by many Breton lords. There was a truce between the Saracens and the lords of this crusade in 1241, when most of the knights reëmbarked at Joppa. This corresponds with the duration given to the lord's absence in the ballad. It is also proved by a record in the Ecclesiastical Records of Nantes, that Mathieu de Beauvais was summoned by the Bishop of Nantes in the same year to appear before the Archbishop of Bourges: —

"Super inquisitione excessuum." Whether these "excesses" were the murder of his clerk-cousin and his wife, as recorded in the ballad, is not known.]

Fytte I.

In the house of Rohan is a maiden fair,
(No daughter besides her mother bare),
Twelve years have passed o'er her gentle head,
Ere she hath given her will to wed.

Ere she hath consented, as maidens use,
From knights and barons a mate to choose —
From barons and knights that made resort
To offer this lovely ladye court.

She looked at all, but her heart would stay
On none save only the Baron Mahé,
The lord of the castle of Traon-joli,
A powerful peer of Italie —

[1] "Cordwain": leather of Cordova — "Cordovan." Hence our "cordwainer."

He only her heart could win and wear,
So loyal was he, and so debonair.

Three years, and half a year beside,
They passed in happy wedding-tide,
When came the tidings, near and far,
How Eastwards gathered the Holy War.

"As noblest of blood I first am boune
To take the Cross against Mahoune;
So since no other choice may be,
Fair cousin, I trust my wife to thee.
I trust my wife, and my baby dear,
Good clerk, see no ill comes them near."

As morning broke — on his war-horse stout,
Armed at all points, he was riding out,
When lo, there came his ladye fair
Adown the steps of the castle-stair.

Her babe in her lily arms she bore,
And oh, but I ween her sobs were sore,
As anigh her husband's side she drew
And clung his armèd knee unto —
And as she clung, she wept amain
That the tears they flecked the steel like rain.

"My honey lord, for God's dear grace,
Leave not your wife in lonely case!"
Her lord, sore moved, reached down his hand,
Where by his side she kept her stand.

And lovingly lifted her, louting low,
And set her down on his saddle-bow,
And there he held her a little space,
And gently he kissed her pale sweet face;
"My Jannedik, darling, but dry thy tear,
Thou'lt see me again, before the year."

With that he took his little child
From off the lap of the ladye mild;
Between his arms the babe he took,
And he fixed on its face such a loving look —
"How say'st, my son? When tall and stout
With thy father will't ride to battle out?"

As he rode forth from his castle-hold,
There was weeping and wail from young and old; —

From young and old came sob and cry,
But the clerk — he looked with a tearless eye.

Fytte II.

The days they went, and the days they came,
When the felon clerk bespake his dame,
"The year hath drawn unto its close,
And so mote the war, I well suppose;
The war hath come to its end, perdy,
Yet comes not thy lord to his castle and thee.

"Now answer, sweet sister and ladye mine,
What whispers that little heart of thine?
Holds still the fashion for ladyes to stay
Sad widows, whose lords live far away?"

"Now peace, vile clerk — thy heart within
Is full, to running o'er, with sin —
Had he been here, who calls me wife,
'Twere pity of thee both limb and life."

When the clerk this heard, with an evil look
To the kennel his secret way he took,
And he hath ta'en his lord's best hound,
And his throat he hath severed, round and round.

He hath caught of the thick blood — hath caught of the thin,
And he hath written a letter therein;
Hath written and sent to the Lord Mahé,
Where far in the East he at leaguer lay.

And thus it ran, in the good hound's blood —
"Thy ladye, dear lord, is sad of mood.
Sweet ladye, she is sorry of cheer,
For an ill-hap late befallen here;
To the greenwood she went to hunt the roe,
And your good dun hound is dead, I trow."

The Lord Mahé read the letter through,
And this was the answer he sent thereto:
"Bid my sweet ladye smooth her brow —
Of the red red gold we have store enow.

"What if my dun hound dead should be?
When I come I'll buy as good as he —
But say in the greenwood 'twere pity she ride,
For the hunters are gamesome, and ill might betide."

Fytte III.

A second time, to the gentle dame,
This felon clerk by stealth he came:
"Fair ladye, your beauty will fade away,
Thus weeping ever both night and day."

"Oh, little I reck of beauty and blee,
When my own true lord is away from me." —
"If that your lord bide away from you,
'Tis that he's slain, or hath wed anew.

"In the land of the East there are ladies fair,
And eke with dowers both rich and rare —
In the land of the East are swords and strife,
And many a good knight leaves his life.

"Beshrew him, an if new wife he has wed;
Forget him, an if he be stricken dead." —
"I'll die if he be wedded again:
I'll die if that he hath been slain."

"Who flings in the fire a casket of cost,
Because the key thereof is lost?
Far better, I ween, is a new new key,
Than ever the olden one mote be."

"Now avaunt, foul clerk, thine evil tongue
With lewdness and leasing is canker-clung."
The clerk he heard with an evil look,
To the stable his secret way he took.

There he was ware of his lord's destrier
The fairest steed in the country near —
As smooth as an egg, and as white as curd,
Fiery, and free of step as a bird;
That never meaner forage had seen
Than the crushed broom boughs, and the buckwheat green.

He hath aimed — he hath thrust, and his dagger hath gone
To the haft behind the broad breast-bone.
He hath caught of the thick blood — hath caught of the thin,
And he hath written this letter therein:

"An ill-hap hath befallen here —
Let not my lord make angry cheer —

From a merry night-feast as my dame rode back,
Hind leg and fore your best horse brake."

Oh, dark was the Baron's eye that read:
"Ill-hap, indeed! my destrier dead!
My dun hound gone, and my choicest steed!
Clerk-cousin — advise her to better heed!

"Bid her — but gently — not chiding her sore —
To such night-feasts that she go no more.
Not horses alone such junkets undo —
But marriages may be marred there too."

Fytte IV.

The days they went, the days they came,
When the felon-clerk bespoke the dame —
"Or give me my will, or ware my knife,
For I therewith will have thy life."

"A thousand deaths I'd rather win,
Than anger my God with mortal sin."
The clerk such answer he mote not brook,
So fierce a wrath his spirit shook.

His dagger forth the sheath he drew —
And he launched it at her straight and true —
But the ladye's white angel turned his hand,
And the dagger-point in the wall did stand.

And the ladye scatheless to flight hath ta'en,
And hath barred her door with bolt and chain —
But the clerk his knife from the wall plucked out,
As mad as a dog in the summer drought.

And down the castle stairs so wide,
Two steps to a bound, and three steps to a stride,
And to the nurse-chamber his way doth keep,
Where the babe was sleeping its quiet sleep.

The little babe lay all alone,
One arm outside the cradle thrown —
One little rosy arm outspread,
The other folded beneath its head.

The little heart all bare to the blow —
* * * * *
O mother, that weeping henceforth must go!

Again the clerk hath clomb the stair,
And in black and red hath written fair,
And fast and flying went his pen —
"Quick, quick, dear lord, ride home again.

"Ride home, as fast as fast may be,
Here's need that order were ta'en by thee.
Your hound is dead, and your white horse lost,
But 'tis not this that grieves me most.

"What's hound that's gone, or steed that's sped?
Oh, and alas! your babe is dead!

"The big sow hath eaten your baby bright,
The while my ladye was dancing light
With the miller — a gentle gallant is he —
In your garden he's planting a red rose-tree."

FYTTE V.

This letter it came to the Lord Mahé,
As home from the war he hath ta'en his way,
As his happy homeward way he hath ta'en
A march to the merry trumpets' strain.

The while he read the letter o'er,
His mood it kindled more and more,
Till when he had finished the clerkly scroll,
In his hands he crumpled the parchment roll.

And he tore it in pieces with his teeth,
And he trode it his horse's feet beneath —
"To Brittany — ho! fast — fast as ye may —
I'll drive my lance through him would delay."

Fast, fast, he rode to his castle yett
And struck three strokes on the oaken gate —
Three strokes he struck so loud and clear,
That all in the castle astert to hear.

The felon clerk, as the strokes he heard,
He ran to open with never a word —
"Clerk-cousin, accursèd mote thou be!
Did I not trust my wife to thee?"

In his open mouth he hath driven his spear,
That out at his neck the point came clear;

And hath sprung up the stair so fierce and fast,
And into his ladye's bower hath past —
And or e'er she spake word — that lady true, —
With his sword he hath stabbed her through and through.

Fytte VI.

"Now tell me, Sir Priest, if told it may be,
What sight in the castle did ye see?" —
"I have seen a sight of woe, I ween,
That sadder ne'er in the world was seen —
A saint slain all for her love and truth,
And her slayer well nigh dead for ruth."

"Now tell me, Sir Priest, if told it may be,
What sight at the cross-roads did ye see?" —
"I saw a carrion corpse flung bare
To the beasts of the field and the birds of the air."

"And what did ye see in the churchyard green,
By the light of the moon and the starlight keen?" —
"I saw a fair ladye in white yclad,
And she sat on a grave that was newly made.

"With a baby clasp'd her breast unto,
His little heart stabbed through and through;
A dun deerhound on her right did stand,
And a snow-white steed on the other hand.

"The throat of that hound, it gapeth wide,
There's a red red wound in that horse's side;
And they reach out their muzzles, lithe and light,
And they lick her hands so soft and white.

"And she strokes good hound and good horse the while,
And smiles on both with a tender smile;
And then the babe — as jealous he were —
He strokes the cheek of his mother fair.

"This sight, I saw till set the moon,
And I saw but the mirk about and aboon;
But I heard the clear sweet nightingale ring
The song that in Heaven the angels sing."

The Asking of The Bride. (Ar Goulen.)

[Marriage in Brittany is preceded by a whole series of regulated ceremonials, to which, in the district of Cornouaille especially, it is a matter of religion to adhere with the utmost scrupulousness. When a young man thinks himself in a position to marry, his first recourse is to the tailor, the recognized marriage-broker of every Breton village. He it is who is supposed to know all the eligible *partis* of both sexes — their means, tastes, the wealth of their parents, the marriage portions, and "plenishing" they can respectively bring with them. When the tailor has received his commission to open negotiations with the selected maiden, he visits her parents' farm, accosts her, generally alone, and puts forward in their best light the means, looks, and accomplishments of his client. If these find favor in the girl's sight, he is referred by her to the parents. If they approve the match, the tailor formally assumes the functions of Bazvalan (from *baz*, a rod, and *valan*, the broom; in allusion to the twig of flowering broom which he carries as his wand of office), or "messenger of marriage," and, wearing one red and one violet stocking, brings the wooer, accompanied by his nearest male relative, to the home of his intended.

This step is called the "asking of conference." The heads of the two families make acquaintance, while the lovers are left to converse apart. When they have wooed and whispered their fill, they join their parents, hand in hand, wine and white bread are brought out, the young pair drink from the same glass and eat with the same knife, the bases of the marriage treaty are fixed, and a day is settled for the meeting of the two families.

This is called the *velladen*, or view, and takes place at the house of the girl. Everything is done by her parents, by display of their own havings — in furniture, linen, money, plate, provisions, stock, live and dead, implements, etc., — or by borrowing from neighbors, to make the most imposing show of wealth. At this meeting of the families the conditions of the contract are finally settled.

A week before the marriage, the young couple — he accompanied by the principal bridesmaid, she by the "best man," bearing white wands — go round the neighborhood to deliver their invitations to the wedding, which is formally done in verses, setting out time and place, and interspersed with prayers and signs of the cross.

At last comes the wedding day. And now the functions of the *Bazvalan* and the *Breutaër*, or "defender," who represents the reluctance of the bride, as the *Bazvalan* the passions of the bridegroom, assume their full importance in the symbolical scene which is transacted in the verses which follow, or in others of the same character; for both *Bazvalan* and *Breutaër* may be their own poets, so that they adhere to the regulated course of the allegory.]

The Messenger of Marriage —

In the name of Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, God, three in one,
Blessing rest on this roof-tree,
And more joy than I bring with me.

The Defender —

What has happened, good friend, I pray,
To drive the joy from thy heart away?

The Messenger —

In my cote, my pigeon's love,
I had a pretty little dove,
When the spar-hawk, like a flame,
Or a wind, down swooping came;
My little dove he scared away,
Where she's flown to none can say.

The Defender —

Thou look'st mighty smart and trim
For one whose eyes in sorrow swim:
Thy yellow hair thou hast combed out,
As if bound for a dancing-bout.

The Messenger —

Now cease, good friend, thy jesting keen;
My little white dove say hast thou seen?
Merry man shall I never be
Till again my pretty dove I see.

The Defender —

Of thy pigeon no news I know,
Nor yet of thy dove as white as snow.

The Messenger —

'Tis false, young man, the word you say;
The neighbors saw it fly this way:
Over your court they saw it fly,
And light in the orchard-plot hard by.

The Defender —

Of thy little dove as white as snow,
Nor yet of thy pigeon, no news I know.

The Messenger —

My pigeon he will waste away,
If his sweet mate long from him stay.
My hapless pigeon he will die —
Through the keyhole I must spy.

The Defender —

Hold there, friend: thou shalt not go.
I'll look myself and let thee know.
[*He goes into the house, and returns immediately.*
In our courtyard I have been,
Ne'er a dove there have I seen;

But I found great wealth of posies,
Bloom of lilacs, flush of roses:
Chief, a dainty little rose
That at the hedge corner grows.
I will fetch it, an you will,
Heart and eyes with joy to fill.

[*He goes into the house again, and returns leading a little girl.*

The Messenger —

Pretty flowret, fair thou art,
Fit to gladden a man's heart:
Were my pigeon a drop of dew
He would sink thy breast into.

[*After a pause.*

To the loft I'll climb anon,
Thither she perchance has flown.

The Defender —

Hold thee, friend, thou shalt not go:
I'll look myself and let thee know.

[*He goes into the house, and returns with the good-wife.*

In the loft I've sought all round,
But thy dove I have not found;
Only I have found an ear
Left from harvest — it is here:
Stick it in thy hat, if so
Consolation thou mayest know.

The Messenger —

Not more grains are in the ear
Than my dove shall nestlings bear,
Under snowy wings and breast,
Brooding gently, in the nest.

[*After a pause.*

To the field in search I'll go.

The Defender —

Nay, good friend, thou shalt not so.
Wherefore soil thy dainty shoon?
I will bring thee tidings soon.

[*He enters the house, and returns with the grandmother.*

Of your dove I saw no trace,
Nothing found I in the place
But this apple, wrinkled, old,
Hid in leaves, and left on mould:
Put it in your pocket, straight,

Give your pigeon it to eat,
And he'll cease to mourn his mate.

The Messenger —

Thanks, good friend; sound fruit is sound,
Though 'tis wrinkled round and round;
Savor sweet with age is found.
But for your apple naught I care,
Nor for your flower, nor for your ear,
All on my dove is set my mind:
I'll go myself my dove to find!

The Defender —

Foregad, but thou'rt an artful hand:
Come in with me, nor longer stand.
Thy little dove, she is not lost,
I've kept her with much care and cost;
All in a cage of ivoriè,
Of silver and gold its bars they be.
There she sits, both glad and gay,
Dainty and decked in her best array!

[*The Messenger is admitted into the house. He takes his seat for a moment at the table, then retires to introduce the future bridegroom. As soon as he appears, the bride's father presents him with a horse-girth, which he passes round the bride's waist; while he is buckling and unbuckling it the Defender sings as follows:* —]

THE GIRTH. (AR GOURIZ.)

Prancing free in the meadows green,
An unbroke filly I have seen:

Nothing she recked but to prance and play
Through the meadow the live-long day;

Upon the sweet spring-grass to feed,
And drink of the streamlet in the mead.

Sudden along the way did fare,
A bachelor so debouair,

So young, so shapely, of step so light,
His clothes with gold and silver bright,

That the filly stood all at gaze,
And for the sight forgot to graze.

Then slow and softly near she drew,
And reached her neck his hand unto:

With gentle hand he hath stroked her skin,
And laid to her muzzle, cheek and chin;

And then he hath kissed her fair and free,
And oh, but a happy filly was she!

Then in her mouth a bit he hath placed,
And round her body a girth hath laced.

Then lightly on her back he hath leapt,
And away with him the filly stept!

[This song sung, the bride elect kneels at the feet of the oldest member of the family, while the poet of the occasion — often a wandering man, at once bard and beggar, but always treated with respect — invokes on her head all blessings of God, the Virgin, the Saints, and the departed of her own blood for generations back. The "best woman" then raises her up, and the "defender" puts her hand in that of her betrothed, makes them exchange rings and swear to be as true to each other in this world as ring is to finger, that they may be eternally united in the next. He then recites aloud the *Paternoster*, the *Ave*, and the *De Profundis*. Soon after the bride-elect, who has retired, appears again, led by the "best man," with as many rows of silver lace on her sleeves as she brings thousands of francs for her portion. The bridegroom elect follows with the "best woman"; the relations come after. The "messenger of marriage" brings out the bridegroom's horse, and holds his stirrup while he mounts; the "defender" takes the bride elect in his arms and sets her behind her destined husband. After them all mount and ride, at racing pace, and often across country, to the church. The first who reaches it wins a sheep; the second, a bunch of ribbons.

In some cantons, adds M. de la Villemarqué, — from whom, and M. de Souvestre, these details are taken, — when the rector leaves the altar for the sacristy, the wedding party accompany him. The "best man" carries under his arm a basket covered with a napkin, in which is a loaf of white bread and a bottle of wine. This the rector, after crossing the loaf with the knife's point, cuts, and divides a morsel between the newly married pair. He then pours the wine into a silver cup, from which the husband drinks and passes the cup to his wife.

On leaving the church, amidst the firing of guns, the explosions of squibs and crackers, the shrill notes of the *biniou* (a rude kind of oboe), and the thump and jingle of the tambourine, the procession is re-formed for the bride's house, where the feast is spread. The rooms are hung with white sheets, and decorated with nosegays and garlands. Tables are spread wherever they will stand, often overflowing the house into the courtyard. At the end of one of them sits the bride, under an arch of flowers and foliage. As the guests take their seats an old man recites the *Benedicite*. Each course is ushered in with a burst of music, and followed by a dance; and the whole night is often spent at table.

The day after the marriage is "the day of the poor." The beggars and tramps assemble by hundreds; they consume the remains of the marriage feast, the bride herself waiting on the women, the bridegroom on the men. Before the

second course the bride and bridegroom lead off the dance with the most venerable of the beggars, male and female; while songs are sung in honor of the liberality of the young couple, in which are lavished prayers for long life, prosperity, and fair issue.

The beggars leave the house, invoking the blessing of Heaven on it and its owners.

There is something strangely impressive to us who are taught to regard poverty almost as a crime, and to hold beggars as the very scum of the community, in the respect, almost reverence, with which these penniless and houseless outcasts are regarded in Brittany. Something of the same kind may be seen in Ireland. This courteous pity for poverty seems due, in part at least, to Celtic feelings and usages, though the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church may have a good deal to do with it.]

The Miller's Wife of Pontaro. (Melinerez Pontaro.)

At Bannalek is a pardon gay
Where pretty girls are stol'n away;—
And my mill-wheels cry
Diga-diga-di;
And my mill-wheels say
Diga-diga-da!

Thither come gallants so fine and fair,
Great horses with trappings rich and rare,

And white-plumed beavers on waving curls,
To win the fancies of pretty girls.

Humpy Guillaouik[1] is wroth and wae,
His pretty Fantik is won away.

"Little snip, look not so crazed and crost,
Your pretty Fantik is not lost:

"Safe at Pontaro mill is she,
In the young Baron's companie."

"Toc! toc! toc! Miller — out and alack!
Give me my pretty Fantik back."

"I ne'er saw your Fauchon, Humpy Will,
Ne'er save once, at the Baron's mill;

"Once, by the bridge, all in her best,
With a little rose upon her breast;

[1] The Breton equivalent for Willikin.

"Her coif was whiter than new-fallen snow,
It ne'er was gift of yours, I know;

"And her black velvet bodice was jimp and tight,
Laced with a lace of silver white.

"A basket she bore on her arm so fair,
Filled with fruits gold-ripe and rare;

"Fruits in the manor-garden grown,
And flowers, poor snip, above them strown.

"She looked at her face in the water clear —
I trow 'twas no face to flout or fleer:

"And aye she sung — 'tis true, o' my life —
'Well is it with the miller's wife:

"'To be a miller's wife's my will —
The miller's, at the young Baron's mill.'"

"Miller, thy japes and jeers restrain,
Give me my pretty Fantik again."

"Though you count me five hundred crowns
Your Fantik shall be no such clown's:

"Your Fauchon ne'er shall be at your will,
Here she shall bide, in the Baron's mill:

"Your Fantik home you shall never bring, —
Upon her finger I've put my ring.

"In Lord Ewen's mill she shall abide —
There's a man for a woman's pride!"

The men of the mill, they were merry men,
They stinted not singing — but nor ben —

Singing so loud and whistling so clear —
"Pancakes and butter is dainty fare;

"Pancakes well buttered, face and back,
And a gowpen [1] o' meal out of every man's sack;

"A gowpen o' meal out of every man's poke,
And pretty girls, too, that can take a joke!"

[1] Handful — Scotticè.

And my mill-wheels cry
Diga-diga-di;
And my mill-wheels say
Diga-diga-da!

The Poor Clerk.[1] (Ar C'hloarek Paour.)

My wooden shoes I've lost them, my naked feet I've torn,
A-following my sweeting through field and brake of thorn:
The rain may beat, and fall the sleet, and ice chill to the bone,
But they're no stay to hold away the lover from his own.

My sweeting is no older than I that love her so:
She's scarce seventeen, her face is fair, her cheeks like roses glow.
In her eyes there is a fire, sweetest speech her lips doth part;
Her love, it is a prison where I've locked up my heart.

Oh, to what shall I liken her, that a wrong it shall not be?
To the pretty little white rose, that is callèd Rose-Marie?
The pearl of girls; the lily when among the flowers it grows,
The lily newly opened, among flowers about to close.

When I came to thee a-wooing, my sweet, my gentle May,
I was, as is the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray:
When he would sleep, the thorns, they keep a pricking in his breast,
That he flies up perforce, and sings upon the tree's tall crest.

I am, as is the nightingale, or as a soul must be
That in the purgatory fires lies, longing to be free,
Waiting the blessèd time when I unto your house shall come,
All with the marriage-messenger,[2] bearing his branch of broom.

Ah, me! my stars are forward: 'gainst nature is my state;
Since in this world I came, I've dreed a dark and dismal fate:
I have nor living kin nor friends, mother nor father dear,
There is no Christian upon earth to wish me happy here.

There lives no one, hath had to bear so much of grief and shame
For your sweet sake as I have, since in this world I came;
And, therefore, on my bended knees, in God's dear name I sue,
Have pity on your own poor clerk, that loveth only you!

[1] An account will be found in the Introduction of the Seminarists of Tréguier, and of the circumstances under which such idylls as this are written.

[2] The *bazvalan*. See the Songs of Marriage.

BLIND ROSA.

By HENRI CONSCIENCE.

[Henri Conscience, — he *Flemicized* his name to Hendrik, but his father named him Henri, — the creator of modern Flemish literature, was born at Antwerp in 1812, of a French father and a Flemish mother ; the French king, Louis Bonaparte, was at this time on the throne, all the cultivated class spoke and wrote in French, the French school of literature was all in all, and Flemish was regarded as a peasants' *patois*. Henri was a cripple till seven, and early orphaned of his mother ; and spent much time in lonely reading and in improvising stories for his companions. From sixteen to eighteen, he was assistant master of Delin College. But he had shared with other Belgians in hate of the Dutch domination imposed after the French were expelled ; and in 1830 joined the revolt which ended in the independence of Belgium, serving for six years in the army, and writing war poems and songs — in French. After quitting the service he wrote in Flemish a historical romance, "The Wonder Year of 1566," to gain admission to a literary club of young nationalists ; published at Ghent in 1837, it took the country by storm, and became the starting point of a native Flemish school which soon swept away the existing one, though French has always retained the upper hand. He had to leave his father's home, however ; gained a small government post, but lost it by a political speech ; then obtained a place in the Antwerp Academy, where he remained till 1855. In 1857 he was given a post in the local government of Courtrai ; in 1868 was made conservator of the Royal Museums of Painting and Sculpture, which post he held till his death in 1883. In 1838 he had published his second novel, "The Lion of Flanders," and in 1840 its successor, "The Peasants' War," as patriotic undertakings to rouse national feeling against the French. Before long, however, he left the historical field, and devoted himself to painting the social life of his own day. His most famous and influential stories are these of Flemish peasant life, as "Rikke-Tikke-Tak," — which has gone all over the world, not only in translation, but by being told as a folk tale with variations in every land from Britain to China, — "The Happiness of Being Rich" (1855), and others. Among other leading titles may be given "Siska van Roosmael" (1844), "The Conscript" (1850), "The Poor Nobleman" (1851), and a musical drama, "The Poet and His Dream (1782)."]

On a beautiful day in 1846, the diligence rolled as usual over the highway between Antwerp and Turnhout. The tramp of horses, the rattle of wheels, the creaking of the frame, and the loud voice of the driver, accompanied its onward progress. The dogs barked in the distance as it passed, the birds rose startled from the fields, and the shadow of the old coach danced grotesquely among the trees and hedges.

Suddenly the coachman pulled up not far from a lonely tavern. Springing from his seat, he opened the door of his vehicle, and without saying a word, proffered his hand to a traveler who immediately leapt out upon the highway, carrying a leathern traveling bag under his arm. With equal silence the coachman put up the steps, shut the door, and ascending the

box, drew the whip gently across the horses' backs, as a sign to proceed ; and the clumsy machine rumbled on in its own spiritless and monotonous way.

Meanwhile the traveler had entered the tavern, and calling for a glass of beer, sat down at a table. He was a man of very high stature, and appeared to be about fifty years of age. One might have even supposed him to be sixty, had not his vigorous bearing, his lively eye, and the youthful smile upon his lips, shown that his heart and soul were much younger than his face would have indicated. His hair, indeed, was gray, his brow and cheeks furrowed, and his whole countenance expressed that waste of power which care and toil stamp on the face as the sign of premature old age. And yet one could see that his chest rose and fell with fullness and life, that his head sat erect and high, and his sparkling eyes expressed the energy of manhood.

From his dress one would have inferred that he was a wealthy citizen, although it perhaps would not have attracted attention at all, had not the coat been buttoned up to the chin, — a peculiarity which, when taken in connection with his great meerschaum, made one suspect that he was a soldier or a German.

The people of the house, after serving the traveler, resumed their work without paying any further attention to him. He saw the two daughters going and coming, the landlord fetch wood and peat for the fire, the mother fill the kitchen pot ; but no one said a word to him, although his eyes followed every one, as if he desired to enter into conversation, and his sad gentle smile seemed to say, "Ah ! do you not know me, then ?"

Suddenly a clock struck. This sound seemed to pain him, for an expression of melancholy surprise passed over his face, and chased the smile from his lips. He stood up with a disturbed look, gazed at the clock till nine strokes, one after the other, had died away in the room. The house-mother had observed the emotion of the stranger, and advancing to him, she also looked up at the clock with a wondering look, as if she expected to see something unusual about it, which she had never observed before.

"Yes, sir, it sounds prettily, doesn't it ?" she said. "It has gone for twenty years so, and a watchmaker has never laid a finger on it."

"Twenty years," sighed the traveler; "and where then is the clock which used to hang here before? And where is the pretty image of the Virgin which stood there on the chimney-piece? Gone, destroyed, forgotten?"

The woman looked at the stranger with surprise, and answered: —

"Our Zanna was playing with the image one day when a child, and broke it. It was so very badly made at any rate, that the pastor himself had told us to buy a new one; and there it stands now. Is it not much prettier?"

The traveler shook his head.

"And the old clock you will hear immediately," she continued. "It is only a piece of lumber, and is always behind; it has hung for an age in our cellar. Listen, it is striking now!"

A peculiar noise might be heard proceeding from another part of the house. It was the voice of a bird, which cried, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," for nine times in succession. A cheerful smile at once lighted up the stranger's face; and hastening, accompanied by the hostess, to a little cellar, he gazed with inexpressible joy at the old clock, as the cuckoo concluded its nine times repeated song.

Meanwhile, both the daughters of the family approached the traveler full of curiosity, and looked at him with wonder, turning their great blue questioning eyes alternately on him and on their mother. The looks of the two girls recalled the stranger to himself; and apparently satisfied, he returned to the adjoining apartment, still followed by the mother and her daughters, all wondering at this mysterious conduct.

His heart was evidently gladdened by what he had seen; his countenance was lighted up with a sweet expression of love and genial feeling; and his eyes, moist with emotion, sparkled so joyously, that both the girls simultaneously approached him with visible interest. He took each by the hand, and said: —

"What I do seems singular, children, does it not? You cannot understand, I dare say, why the voice of the old cuckoo moves me so deeply. Ah! I too was once a child; and in those days my father used to come every Sunday after church to drink his pint of beer in this very room. When I was good, I was allowed to come with him. And then I used to stand from hour to hour, waiting till the dear cuckoo should open its little door; I danced and skipt at its call, and in my childish soul I admired the poor little bird as an incomprehensible mas-

terpiece of art. And the image of the Virgin, too, which one of you broke, I used to love, because it wore such a beautiful mantle, and because the little Jesus in her arms held out his little hands and smiled to me. The child of those days is now a man of threescore years ; his hair is gray, and his face full of wrinkles. Four-and-thirty years have I lived in the wilds of eastern Russia ; and yet I still remember the image and the cuckoo, as if only a single day had fled since my father last brought me here."

"Are you, then, from our village ?" asked Zanna.

"Yes, yes," replied the traveler with joy. But the effect of his words was not what was expected. A smile played for a moment on the girls' features, but that was all ; they seemed neither astonished nor overjoyed at his declaration.

"But where is the old landlord, Joostens ?" he at last inquired of the mother.

"John, the landlord, do you mean ? He has been dead for more than five-and-twenty years."

"And his wife — the good, stout Peeternelle ?"

"Dead, too," was the reply.

"And the young shepherd, Andries, who could make such beautiful baskets ?"

"Dead, too," replied the hostess.

The traveler hung his head, and gave himself up for a time to melancholy reflections. Meanwhile, the woman betook herself to the barn, to tell her husband what had happened with this unknown visitor.

The farmer now entered the room heavily, and with the noise of his wooden shoes roused the traveler out of his painful reverie. The latter rose, and hastened to him with outstretched arms and a cheerful face, as if he would fain greet him as an old friend ; but the farmer took his hand coldly, and looked at him with indifference.

"And you, too, Peer Joostens," he exclaimed sadly, "and you, too, do not recognize me ?"

"No ; I do not think I have ever seen you, sir," he replied.

"Then you do not know him who, at the risk of his life, dived under the ice at Torfmoor to rescue you from certain death."

The farmer shrugged his shoulders. The traveler seemed deeply pained, and said almost imploringly : —

"Have you, then, forgotten the young man who used to take your part among your companions, and bring you so many birds' eggs to adorn your May-wreath, — him who taught you to make trumpets and whistles of the meadow-reeds, and took you with him when he drove Pauvel, the brickmaker's son's fine cart, to market?"

"I have forgotten," replied the farmer, doubtingly. "But I remember that my father, now in heaven, used to tell me that when I was six years old I was nearly drowned in the great Torfmoor. But it was Long John who pulled me out — and who, in the French time under Napoleon, was carried off, with many others, to be food for powder. Who knows in what unconsecrated ground his corpse is lying now? May God be gracious to his poor soul!"

"Ah! ah!" cried the stranger, with exultation, "now you know me; I am Long John — or rather, John Slaets, of High Dries."

As he got no immediate reply, he said with surprise: —

"Do you not remember the rifle shooter of the Muschen-guild, — him who for four leagues round was famed as the best rifleman, — who had no equal in sureness of aim, and was envied by all the other young men because the young lasses looked so kindly on him? I am he, John Slaets, of High Dries!"

"It is possible," replied the farmer, distrustfully; "but I do not know you, sir, and I hope you will not take it ill. There is no Muschen-guild in all our district; and what was formerly the shooting ground is now the site of a country house, which has been for several years uninhabited, for Mevrouw is now dead."

Discouraged by the farmer's coldness, the traveler made no further attempt to recall himself to his recollection.

"In the village dwell many of my friends, who cannot have forgotten me," he said quietly, as he rose and prepared to go. "You, Peer Joostens, were very young indeed when all that happened; but Pauvel will fall on my neck the moment he sees me, I am quite sure of that. Does he still live on the moor?"

"The brickwork is long since burned down, and the claypits filled up. The finest hay in the whole parish grows there now; it is the rich Tist's pasture."

"And where is Pauvel?"

"The whole family were unfortunate, and left this quarter altogether. What has became of them I cannot tell, — dead, without doubt. But I see, sir, you are talking of our grandfathers' times, and it will be a difficult matter to get an answer to all your questions unless you go to our gravedigger. He can tell over on his fingers everything that has happened these hundred years or more."

"I dare say, farmer; Peer John must now be ninety years old at least."

"Peer John? That is not our gravedigger's name; he is called Lauw Stevens."

A smile of pleasure overspread the traveler's countenance.

"God be thanked," he exclaimed, "that He has spared at least one of my old comrades!"

"Was Lauw, then, a friend of yours, sir?"

"My friend," said the traveler, shaking his head, "I can scarcely call him, for there was a perpetual rivalry, and sometimes strife between us. Love affairs were at the bottom of our differences. On one occasion, I well remember, when he and I were struggling, I threw him from the bridge at Kalvermoor into the stream beneath, and he was nearly drowned; but that is more than thirty years ago. Lauw will be glad to see me again. Well, Farmer Joostens, give me your hand; I hope to drink many a can of beer in your house!"

Taking his traveling bag under his arm, he left the tavern, striking into a road behind it which ran through a plantation of young pines. Although the farmer's reception and information were not very cheering, they had notwithstanding poured some consolation and joy into his heart. The sweet odor of earlier years breathed round him; and with the flood of reminiscences which arose in his soul at every step, he felt as if born anew. The young pine wood, it is true, which surrounded him on all sides, was strange to him; for on this spot a lofty fir wood had stood, whose trees bore innumerable nests, and around whose borders grew the wild strawberry in abundance. The wood had disappeared like the people of the village; the old trees had died, and their children taken their place, to run their life-course in their turn. They were strangers to the traveler, and he consequently viewed them with indifference. But the song of the birds which resounded on every side was still the same; the wailing sough of the wind as it stirred the pine tops, the chirping of the grasshoppers, and the heath-

breeze, with its delicious odors — all the eternal workings of nature were the same as in the days of his childhood and youth. Pleasing thoughts arose in the traveler's mind ; and although he walked on with serene and happy feelings, he never raised his musing eyes from the ground till he had left the pine wood behind him. Here fields and meadows were spread out before him, through which flowed a beautiful stream in pleasant windings ; behind, at the distance of about a mile, the pointed church steeple rose among the trees, with its gilded cock glittering in the sunshine like a day star. Still farther off, the windmill lazily whirled its heavy red wings.

Overcome by the beauty of the scene, and the memories it suggested, the traveler paused. His eyes became moist, he let his traveling bag fall on the ground, and spread out his arms, while the expression of a deep and fervent joy beamed upon his countenance.

At this moment the prayer bell pealed forth the *Angelus*.

The traveler knelt down, and bending his head upon his breast, remained motionless in this attitude for a time, prolonging his devotion, though visibly agitated and trembling. An earnest prayer streamed from his heart and lips, while he raised his eyes and folded hands to heaven, full of passionate gratitude. Then picking up his traveling bag, he hastened impatiently on. Gazing at the church steeple, he said in a low tone : —

" You at least are not altered, humble little church, where I was baptized, — where, at my first communion, everything was so joyful, so wondrous, so beautiful, and holy ! Ah ! I shall see it once more, that image of the holy Mary, with its golden robe and it silver crown ; St. Anthony, with his pretty little pig, and the black devil with his red tongue, of which I dream so often ! And the organ, on which Sus the clerk used to play so beautifully, while we sang with loud and earnest voices : —

'Ave Maria,
Gratia Plena !'"

The traveler sang these last words with a loud voice. The associations which it suggested must have affected him deeply, for a glistening tear rolled down his cheek. Silently he moved on, sunk in self-forgetfulness, till he had reached a little bridge which led across the stream to a marshy meadow.

An indescribable smile now lighted up his countenance, as if his whole soul beamed there.

"Here," he said with emotion, "I first took Rosa's hand in mine. Here our eyes first made that mutual confession which reveals heaven to the young and ardent, but yet trembling heart. The yellow water lilies sparkled in the sunshine then as now; the frogs croaked merrily, and the larks sang overhead."

Crossing the bridge, he stepped upon the heath.

"Ah," he said to himself, "even the little frogs which saw our love are dead — the flowers are dead, the larks are dead! Their children now greet the gray-haired man who returns among them like a specter from the past. And Rosa, my dear Rosa! does she still live? Perhaps! Married, it may be, and surrounded by her children. Those who are left behind forget, alas! the unhappy brother who roams far from his home!"

A serene and cheerful smile played round his lips.

"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there boiled up in thy bosom just then a feeling of jealousy, as if it were still springtime for thy old heart! The season of love is long since past for thee. Well, it matters not, if only she recognizes me, and has not quite forgotten our ardent attachment. O God! then I shall no longer lament my long journey of eight thousand miles; and shall go, half consoled, to join my parents and friends in the grave!"

Not far from the village he entered a little tavern, of the sign of "The Plow," and asked the landlady to fetch him a glass of beer. On the hearth, by a great pot, sat a very aged man, who stared into the fire like an image of stone. Before the woman had returned with the beer, the traveler had recognized him, and sitting down beside him, took his hand.

"God be praised, that He has granted you so long a life, Father Joris. You are one who belonged to the good old times! Do you not know me, then? No! The wild boy who used to creep through your hedge, and eat your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" muttered the old man without stirring.

"So it is," sighed the traveler. "But tell me, Father Joris, is Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter, still alive?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" murmured the old man, in a hollow voice.

The woman reappeared with the beer.

"He is blind and deaf, sir," she said. "Do not speak to him; he does not understand a word."

"Blind and deaf!" muttered the stranger despairingly; "what devastation inexorable time spreads in thirty years! Heavens! I wander here amid the ruins of a whole generation of men!"

"Did you ask after Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter?" resumed the woman. "Our wheelwright had five daughters, but there was no Rosa among them; for the oldest is called Bess, and is married to the postman; the second is Gondè, who is a milliner; the third is called Nelé; and the girl, Anneken; and as for the little child, it is rather silly, poor thing!"

"But I do not refer to these people at all," said the traveler with impatience. "I speak of Kob Meulincz's family."

"Oh, they are all dead long ago, sir," was the woman's reply.

This was a severe blow to the traveler; and much agitated, he rose and left the tavern with feverish haste. Before the door, he struck his hand upon his brow, and exclaimed, despairingly: —

"O God! she too! My poor Rosa dead! Always, always that inexorable word, 'dead! dead!' Nobody on this earth knows me again. Not one looks on me with the eye of a friend!"

Tottering like a drunken man, he turned towards a pine copse, and stood there quite unmanned by his grief, leaning his head on a tree. When his agitation was partially allayed, he went slowly toward the village. The path led by a solitary churchyard; pausing at the foot of the cross, he uncovered his head, and said, in a solemn voice: —

"Here, before the image of the Saviour on the cross, Rosa plighted her troth to me; here she promised to remain ever true, and wait till I should return to my native village. We were overpowered by our sorrow; this bench was wet with our tears; and quite mad with grief, she received from my hand the little golden cross — the love pledge which I have so dearly redeemed. Poor friend! perhaps I am now standing on thy grave?"

With these melancholy thoughts, he sat down desponding on the kneeling bench, and remained there for a long time, unconscious of everything around him. Slowly, at last, he turned

his head, and gazed at the churchyard, where little hillocks indicated the most recent graves. It grieved him to see the many wooden crosses which had fallen through age; and which no child's hand had thought of raising up again over a father or a mother's resting place. His parents, too, slept here; but who could help him to find their graves?

So mused he, long, sadly, and despondingly; mysterious, impenetrable eternity pressed upon his soul like a leaden tombstone, when suddenly a man's footsteps startled him out of his despairing thoughts.

Along by the side of the churchyard wall crept the old gravedigger, spade on shoulder. He bore the unmistakable marks of age and poverty; his back was bent by perpetual toil; his hair was white, and his face all covered with deep wrinkles; but strength and energy still lived in his eye. The traveler recognized his rival, Lauw, at first sight, and was about to hasten forward to greet him. But the bitter disappointments which he had already met with deterred him, and he resolved to say nothing, but wait to see whether Lauw recognized him.

The gravedigger paused a few paces off, and after he had looked at him with apparent indifference, he began to mark off a long quadrangle, the limits of a new grave. Now and then, however, he cast a side look on the stranger, who sat before him on the bench, and a selfish and invidious kind of satisfaction seemed to sparkle in his eyes. The traveler, deceived by the expression which had suddenly passed over the gravedigger's countenance, felt his heart throb with the expectation that Lauw would approach him and address him by his name.

The gravedigger looked at him again for a moment keenly, then feeling in the pocket of his tattered waistcoat, pulled out an old book bound in dirty parchment, to which a pencil was attached by a leathern thong. Turning round, he seemed to note down something on one of the leaves. This act, taken in connection with the exulting expression of his countenance, surprised the traveler so much that he went up to the gravedigger, and said with curiosity:—

"What were you writing in the little book just now?"

"That is my affair," replied Lauw Stevens, gruffly. "You have stood a terribly long time on my list; I was making a cross at your name."

"You recognize me, then?" exclaimed the stranger, joyfully.

"Recognize!" said the gravedigger in a bitter and mocking

tone; "I don't know that; but I remember well, just as if it had happened yesterday, that an envious villain once threw me into the river and nearly drowned me, because I was loved by Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter. Since then, many an Easter candle has been burnt; but—"

"You were loved by Rosa!" interrupted the stranger. "It is not true, I tell you."

"Ah, you knew it well enough, spiteful fellow that you were! Had she not for a whole year wore the silver consecrated ring which I had brought with me from Scherpenheuvel? And did you not tear the ring forcibly from her, and throw it into the water?"

A sad smile passed over the traveler's countenance.

"Lauw! Lauw!" he exclaimed, "we do wrong; memory makes us children again. Believe me, Rosa did not love you, as you supposed; she took your ring only out of friendship, and because it was consecrated. In my youth, I was rough and rude, I fear, and did not always act nobly to my comrades. But shall four-and-thirty years have passed so destructively over men and things, and left nothing but our wretched passions unchanged? Ah, Lauw, shall the only man who recognizes me be my enemy — and will he continue my enemy still? Come, give me your hand; let us be friends. I will make you happy for the remainder of your life."

The gravedigger withdrew his hand sharply, and said in a gloomy and surly tone: —

"Forget! I forget you? It is too late! You have poisoned my life. No day passes but I think of you; and do I think of you to bless your name, do you suppose? You yourself may determine that — you who have been the cause of my misery."

Folding his trembling hands, the traveler raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed in despair: —

"God! God! hate alone knows me! — hate alone does not forget me!"

"You have done well," resumed the gravedigger, laughing, "in coming here to lie beside your blessed parents. I have kept a capital grave for you; I will lay the proud Long John under the roof ledge, where the rain water may get at him, and wash all the malice and villainy out of his corpse."

A sudden trembling shook the traveler from head to foot, and a lightning-flash of indignation and wrath shot from his

eyes. This violent excitement, however, quickly gave way to a feeling of dejection and pity.

"You deny your hand to a brother," he said, "who returns to the home of his youth, after an absence of four-and-thirty years! The first greeting which you address to your old comrade is bitter mockery! Oh, Lauw, this is not right; still, be it so; let us say no more about it; only tell me where my blessed parents lie buried."

"I don't know," said the gravedigger, surlily. "It is more than five-and-twenty years since they were brought here; and I have dug fresh graves on the spot three times since then."

There was something more than ordinarily painful to the traveler in these words; powerless, he let his head sink on his breast, while he stared intently on the ground, quite overwhelmed by his sorrow.

The gravedigger resumed his labor, but with an unsteady and hesitating hand, as if some deeper feeling were now at work within him. He looked and beheld the stranger's anguish, and seemed inwardly shocked at the secret and long-cherished revenge which had actuated his conduct, and impelled him to torture his fellow-man so mercilessly. This change of feeling was visible upon his countenance; the contemptuous smile had vanished, and he looked at his mourning comrade with rising sympathy. He then very slowly approached him, and taking his hand, said, in a low but impressive voice: —

"John, friend, forgive what I have said and done! I have acted cruelly and maliciously. But, John, you do not know how much I have suffered through you."

"Lauw!" exclaimed the other, grasping his hand with emotion; "those were errors of our youth! And see how little I calculated on your hostility; your very naming me was itself an inexpressible joy to me. I am still grateful to you for that, though you have torn my heart by your bitter mockery. And now tell me where Rosa lies buried? In heaven she will rejoice to see us reconciled, and standing like brothers beside her last resting place!"

"Buried!" exclaimed the gravedigger. "God grant that she were buried, poor thing!"

"What? what do you mean to say?" cried the traveler. "Is Rosa still alive?"

"Yes, she lives, if her heavy lot is worthy the name of life."

"You make me tremble. For God's sake, speak! what misfortune has befallen her?"

"She is blind."

"Blind? Rosa blind! She has no eyes with which to look on me again! Alas, alas!"

Overcome by grief, he tottered back to the bench, and sank down upon it. The gravedigger approached him.

"For ten years she has been blind," he said, "and begs her daily bread. I give her twopence every week; and when we bake, there is always a little loaf set apart for her besides."

The traveler sprang up, and warmly pressing the gravedigger's hand, exclaimed: —

"Thanks, thanks! God bless you for your kindness to her! I will take it on myself to reward you in His holy name. I am rich, very rich. To-day we shall meet again; but now, without losing a moment, tell me where she lives; every minute is another minute of misery to her."

With these words he drew the gravedigger by the hand toward the gate of the churchyard. From the wall Lauw pointed with his finger to an object in the distance.

"Do you see the smoke rising from yonder little chimney behind the copse? There is the hut of the broom-maker, Nelis Oems, and there Rosa lives!"

Without waiting for further directions, the traveler hastened in the direction pointed out, and passing through the village, soon reached the solitary dwelling.

It was an humble hut, built of dry twigs and mud, but clean outside and carefully whitewashed. Not far from the door lay four little children sprawling on the ground in the warm sun, or making wreaths of the blue corn flowers and red poppies. They were barefoot and half naked; the eldest, a little boy of six, wore nothing but a linen shirt. While the three little sisters looked at the unknown visitor with shyness and timidity, this little fellow, on the contrary, gazed at him with a certain surprise and interest, mingled with an open-hearted ingenuousness. The traveler laughed kindly to the child, but without stopping, entered the hut, where he found the father busy with his brooms in a corner, and the mother with her wheel by the hearth.

These people seemed to be about thirty years of age, and appeared quite contented with their lot. For the rest, everything about them was as clean as rustic life would admit of in

a dwelling so confined. His entrance surprised them very little, and they at once greeted him politely and put themselves at his service, thinking that he wished to inquire the way; and the husband, indeed, had already sprung from his seat to accompany him to the door, and point it out. When he, however, said with manifest agitation and impatience, "Does Rosa Meulincz dwell here?" the husband and wife exchanged a strange look, and were so taken by surprise, that they scarcely knew what to reply.

"Yes, sir," replied the man at last, "Rosa dwells here; but she is gone on her begging rounds. Do you wish to speak with her?"

"O God! where is she? Can she not be got at once?"

"It would be difficult, sir; she is gone on her weekly rounds with our Trieny; but she will be home in an hour for certain."

"May I wait here, then?" asked the traveler.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the man hastened into a side room and brought out a chair, which, though roughly and coarsely made, was yet considerably cleaner than the lame old chairs which stood in the room. Not content with that, the woman drew a white cloth out of a chest, and spreading it over the chair, requested the stranger to be seated. He was delighted with this simple and honest kindness, and returning the cloth with many thanks, he sat down. He then looked attentively about the room, hoping to find some tokens of Rosa's having been there. When looking to one side in search of some objects of this kind, he suddenly felt a little hand gently laid on his, and softly stroking his fingers. Surprised by this proof of affection, he turned round, and saw the blue eyes of the little boy gazing earnestly up at him with a beautiful smile of confidence and love, as if he had been his father or elder brother.

"Come here, little Peter!" exclaimed the mother. "You must not be so forward, child!"

Little Peter, meanwhile, seemed not to have heard this admonition, for he still continued to gaze at the unknown visitor, and to stroke his hands as before, so that the latter did not know what to make of it, so inexplicable was the interest which the child seemed to have in him.

"My dear little child," he sighed, "how beautiful your blue eyes are; you touch my heart deeply! Come, I will give you something, you are such a dear little fellow!"

He drew from his pocket a little gold purse, ornamented

with silver and jewels of various colors — shook out some small coins, and gave them to the child, who stared at the present with astonishment, but did not, for all that, quit his hold of the traveler's hand. The mother now rose, and coming up to the child, said reprovingly : —

"Peerken, Peerken, you must not be unpolite ; thank the gentleman, and kiss his hand."

The little boy kissed his hand, nodded his little head, and with a clear voice said: —

"Thank you, sir, Long John ! "

A thunder stroke could not have shook the traveler more powerfully than the simple utterance of his name by this innocent child. Tears rolled involuntarily over his cheeks ; he took the child upon his knee, and looked deep into his eyes while he exclaimed : —

"Oh, you little angel ! Do you then know me ? — me, whom you have never seen ? Who taught you my name ? "

"Blind Rosa," was the reply.

"But how is it possible that you should have known me ? Or was it God himself who inspired your child's soul ? "

"Oh ! I knew you at once," said Peerken. "When I lead Rosa about, as she goes her begging rounds, she always talks of you ; and she says that you are, oh, so big ! and that you have black eyes that sparkle ; and she said that you would come home one day and bring us all such beautiful things. And I was not afraid of you, sir, for Rosa told me that I was to be sure to love you, and that you would bring me a great bow and arrow."

The traveler listened earnestly to the sweet and simple revelations of the boy. Suddenly he took him in his arms and kissed him warmly ; and then said in a cheerful tone : —

"Father, mother, this child is from this time wealthy. I will train him, educate him, and endow him richly. His recognizing me shall be the making of his fortune on earth."

The parents were quite overwhelmed with wonder and joy ; and the man was scarcely able to stammer a reply.

"Ah ! it is far too good of you. We knew you at once, but we could not be quite sure. Rosa has told us that you are a rich gentleman."

"And you, too, good people ! you know me ! " cried the traveler. "I am among friends here ; I find a family and a relationship, where hitherto I have been met by nothing but death and forgetfulness."

The woman pointed to an image of the Virgin on the table, all blackened by smoke, and said : —

"Every Sunday evening a candle is lighted there for the return, or —— the soul, of John Slaets ! "

The stranger raised his eyes devoutly to heaven, and fervently exclaimed : —

" O God ! blessed be Thy name, that Thou hast made love mightier than hate ! My enemy has cherished my name in his heart, recalling it daily only to curse it ; but while my friend has lived in my memory, and breathed the love I felt for her on everything around me, she too has here preserved the memory of me, and made other hearts love me — while I was eight thousand miles away. I thank Thee, O God ! Thou art kind indeed ! "

A long silence reigned till John Slaets had regained his calmness ; the people of the house observed his emotion, and the husband had considerately resumed his work, only looking up from time to time that he might be ready to run to serve the stranger, if any occasion arose.

The latter had now taken Peerken on his knee again, and said : —

" Mother, has Rosa lived long with you? "

The mother prepared herself to give him the beginning and the end, and the short and the long of the whole matter, and moving her spinning wheel to his side, she sat down, and began : —

" I will tell you, sir, how it has come about. You must know that when old Meulincz died, the children divided what he left among themselves ; and Rosa, who would not have married for all the money in the world, —I need not tell you why, — made over her share to her brother, on the condition that he should maintain her during her life. In addition to this, she was a dressmaker, and earned a considerable sum in this way, but did not give it to her brother. She devoted all her earnings to good works, visited the sick, and when the people were very poor, paid the doctor to attend them. She had always a word of comfort for everybody, and some reviving cordial in her pocket for those who were very weak. It so happened that my husband — we had been only half a year married then — came home one day with a dreadful cold ; listen — he has had that cough ever since. Next to God we have to thank the good Rosa that my dear Nelis does not lie in his grave. Ah, sir, if

you had but seen what she did for us out of pure love and kindness! She brought warm coverings, for it was cold, and we were very poor. She fetched two doctors from other parishes to consult together about our Nelis; she watched by my husband's bedside, she lightened his sufferings and my grief with her kind, loving words, and gave us all the money we required to pay for medicine and food — for Rosa was beloved everywhere; and when she went to Mevrouw Hall, or to the wealthy farmers about, a small gift for the poor was never refused her. And, sir, our Nelis lay sick in bed for six long weeks, and all that time Rosa took care of us, and helped us through, till my husband by degrees picked up his strength again, and was able to work."

"How you must have loved the poor blind Rosa!" sighed the traveler.

The man raised his head for a moment from his work, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed with ardor: —

"Could my blood restore her sight, I would let it be drained to the last drop."

This fervent utterance of gratitude made a deep impression on John Slaets. The woman perceived this, and giving her husband an admonitory nod to be silent, she continued: —

"Three months after, God sent us a child — it sits on your knee. Rosa, who knew long before of its coming, wished to be its godmother, and Peer, my husband's brother, was to be godfather. On the christening day, there was some conversation about the name which should be given to the child. Rosa begged us to call the child John, but the godfather, a good man, but rather obstinate, wished — and there was nothing to object to it — that it should be called Peter after him. And so, after a long discussion, it was baptized John Peter; and we call him Peerken, because his godfather — to whom he belongs more than to Rosa, being a boy — will have it so, and would be offended if we did not do it. But Rosa will not hear of Peerken — she will call the child nothing but Johnny; and the little fellow is accustomed to it already, and knows that he is called Johnny, because it is your name, sir."

The traveler pressed the child passionately to his breast, and kissed him warmly. Silently musing, he gazed intently at the boy's laughing countenance, while his heart melted with a sweet sadness. The woman continued: —

"Rosa's brother had made an arrangement with some people in Antwerp to buy up victuals of every kind, in all the places about, to send to England. He would soon grow rich with this trade, people said, for every week he took ten carts full of provisions to Antwerp. At first, all went well; but suddenly some one failed in Antwerp, and the unfortunate Tist Meulincz, who had been security, was ruined, and was made so very poor by it that all his goods were not enough by half to pay his debts. He was not able to bear up under it all, and died, poor fellow! — may our Lord receive his soul! Rosa then went to live in a little room at Nand Flinck's, in the corner yonder; but in the same year, Karel, Nand's son, who had been taken for a soldier, came home with inflamed eyes. He had not been a fortnight at home, when he lost his sight altogether. Rosa, who had felt great pity for him, and always did what her kind heart bade her, had nursed him during his illness, and now used to lead him about to keep up his spirits, and refresh him a little. But Rosa soon caught the same disease, and has never since beheld the light of day! Nand Flinck is dead, and the children are scattered; the blind Karel is provided for by a farmer not far from Lier. We then begged Rosa to come and live here, and told her that we should be very much pleased to see her beside us, and would willingly work for her all our lives; and she came with pleasure. And before God we can declare, that she has now been nearly six years here, and has never heard from us anything but words of kindness; but then, she is all goodness and love; and if anything were to happen, which was to be pleasant to Rosa, I do believe our children would fight and tear each other's hair to be the first to — "

"And she begs!" sighed the traveler.

"Yes, sir, but that is not our fault," replied the woman, with offended pride. "Do not think that we have forgotten what Rosa once did for us! Had it been necessary to yoke ourselves to the plow and endure hunger for her sake, she would not have required to beg. What do you think of us, sir? No! we prevented it for more than six months; and that is the only wrong we have done to Rosa. As our family increased rapidly, Rosa feared in her angel heart that she would be a burden to us, and wished to assist a little. It was all in vain to oppose; she became quite ill with vexation; we saw this, and after half a year's entreaties, we were at last compelled to allow her to

take her own way. But it is no disgrace to a blind woman. Though we are very poor, we are, thank God, not so needy as to require it; but she compels us for all that to take now and then a share of her gains, for we cannot be at variance with poor blind Rosa; but we give it back again in another way. For, although she does not know it, she is better clothed than we, and the food which we prepare for her is much better than our own. A little pot is always devoted to her. See, there it is, two eggs with butter sauce, in addition to potatoes! The remaining money she lays aside, if I understand her rightly, as a little portion to our children when they are grown up. We thank her from our hearts for her love; but, sir, we can do little else."

The traveler had listened with the deepest silence to this explanation; a quiet smile which beamed upon his countenance, and a slight occasional movement of the eyes, were the only indications of the feelings of intense joy which filled his heart.

The woman had ceased speaking, and had set her wheel in motion again; while the traveler remained for a time occupied with his own reflections. Suddenly he put the child on the floor, and turning to the man, who was busy with his brooms, said in a tone very like a command: —

"Cease working!"

The broom-maker did not understand at first what he was after, and rose from his seat, astonished at the tone of the stranger's voice.

"Cease, I say — and give me your hand, farmer Nelis.'

"Farmer!" muttered the broom-maker with surprise.

"Come, come," cried the traveler. "To the door with your brooms! I will give you a hide of land, four milch cows, a heifer, two horses, and everything else which goes to make up a comfortable farmsteading. You do not believe me?" he continued, showing the broom-maker a handful of gold pieces. "What I say is true. I might give you this gold, but I love and respect you too much to put money in your hand. I will make you the possessor of a good hide of land, and even after my death, I will benefit you and your children."

The good people gazed at him with moist eyes, and appeared not yet quite to comprehend all he said. When the traveler was about to renew his promise, Peerken eagerly seized him by the hand, as if he would say something to him.

"What is it, my dear child?" he asked.

"Mr. John," replied the boy, "see! — the workers are coming from the fields. I know where Rosa is. Shall I run to meet her and tell her that you have come?"

The traveler took Peerken's hand, and drew him toward the door.

"Come along; we shall go together!" he said; and taking leave of the family with a light and hasty gesture, he accompanied the child, who led him toward the middle of the village. As soon as they had reached the first houses, the rustics came out of their barns and stables, and looked gaping after the traveler, as if they had seen a miracle. In truth, it was a wonderful spectacle to see the child in his shirt, and with his bare feet, laughing and talking merrily, as he skipped along by the side of this unknown stranger. The astonished villagers could not understand what the rich gentleman, who seemed to be a baron at least, meant to do with the broom-maker's little Peter. Still greater was their astonishment when they saw him stoop and kiss the child. The only explanation of the matter which occurred to the wisest heads among them, and was soon pronounced before every house door to be the true account of the matter, was that the rich gentleman had bought the boy from his parents, and meant to adopt him as a son. This had often been done by city people who had no children of their own; and little Peter, with his great blue eyes and fair curly head, was certainly the prettiest boy in the village. But for all that, it was both strange and pretty to see the rich gentleman carry off the child in nothing but his shirt.

Meanwhile the traveler stepped on. The whole village seemed to him irradiated with a heavenly light; the foliage colored with a fresher green; the humble little cottages smiled to him, and it was for him the birds were singing their enchanting song; the air seemed filled with glowing life and balmy odors.

Revelling in this new feeling of happiness, he had turned his attention from the child. His eyes were fixed upon the distance, and his glance tried to penetrate the trees which limited the prospect at the other end of the village. Suddenly the child pulled his hand, and cried with a loud voice: —

"There! down there, comes blind Rosa with our Trieny!"

An old blind woman might be seen, led by a little girl of five, entering the broad street of the village from behind a little house.

Instead of responding to the child's eagerness and haste, the traveler stood still, and looked earnestly and sadly at the poor blind woman as she slowly approached. And was this, then, his Rosa — the beautiful, the lovely maiden, whose image, so fresh and young, was yet deeply engraven on his heart?

In a moment these thoughts vanished, and he hastened on to meet his friend. When he had approached to within fifty paces of her, he could restrain his emotion no longer, but, "Rosa, Rosa!" burst involuntarily from his heart. When the voice fell upon the blind woman's ear, she withdrew her hand from her guide, and trembled as if she had been struck by paralysis. She stretched out her arms gropingly before her, and, exclaiming, "John, John!" hastened toward her long-lost lover. At the same moment, she put one hand in her bosom, and tearing a string which hung round her neck, she held out a golden cross with an unsteady and trembling hand; and so she fell into her friend's arms. Then gently withdrawing from his embrace, she took his hand, and exclaimed: —

"O, John, I die of joy — but I have vowed a vow to God. Come, come, lead me to the churchyard."

John Slaets did not understand what Rosa's purpose was; but feeling, from the tone of her voice, that an earnest, perhaps a sacred work was about to be done, he at once complied with her wish; and without paying any attention to the villagers, who by this time surrounded them in great numbers, he led his blind friend to the churchyard. Here she turned toward the kneeling-bench, and with the words: "Pray, pray; I vowed it to God," she forced him to kneel by her side.

She raised her hands, and for a long time prayed in a low murmuring voice. She then threw her arms round her friend's neck, and kissed him; but her strength had now failed her, and speechless, but smiling, she laid her head upon his throbbing breast.

Peerken, meanwhile, danced among the villagers, and as he clapped his hands, kept shouting as long as he could: —

"It is Long John! it is Long John!"

On a beautiful day in the autumn of 1846, the diligence rolled as usual over the highway between Antwerp and Turnhout. Suddenly the driver pulled up, not far from a lonely tavern, and descending from his box, opened the carriage door.

Two young travelers sprang out upon the road, laughing, rejoicing, and swinging about their arms like two birds just escaped from a long imprisonment. They looked at the trees and the beautiful blue autumnal air with the cheerful, bright expression of people who have left the crowded city, and would now fain inhale with their breath the whole of broad, laughing nature. Suddenly the younger of the two turned his face toward the fields, while his face shone with poetic enthusiasm.

"Listen, listen!" he said.

From behind the fir clumps there came the sound of distant music. The measure was so light and gay that one was compelled to associate it with the quick beating of dancers' feet.

The younger companion pointed with silent delight toward the pine copse, and then exclaimed in a jocular way: —

"Oh! hark to the sound of the fiddle and horn,
The dance and the song —'tis a festal morn.
Oh! little they reck of dull care or of sorrow:
They will laugh for the day — tho' they weep on the morrow."

"Come, come, friend John, your inspiration is premature. It is probably only the new burgomaster whom they are inaugurating."

"No, no, that is no official merriment. Let us go and see the peasant girls dancing — it is so wonderfully pretty."

"We shall first drink a glass of beer with mine host Joostens, and ask him what is going on in the village."

"And defraud ourselves of the pleasure of surprise? Prose!"

The travelers entered the tavern, and both burst into a loud laugh the moment they put their heads into the room.

Mine host Joostens stood in front of the fireplace, as straight as an arrow and as stiff as a log. His long, brown, copious Sunday coat hung round him, reaching to his feet. He greeted the guests with a constrained smile, in which appeared a certain perplexity, for he dared not move his head in the least, as his high stiff shirt-collar took every opportunity of pinching him behind the ears. When the travelers entered, he called out with impatience, but without the slightest movement of his head: —

"Zanna, Zanna, I hear the music. Did I not tell you that you would be too late?"

Zanna came running into the room with a great basketful of flowers. Oh ! she was so beautiful with her folded lace cap, her gown of pilot cloth, the great golden heart upon her breast, and the dear little earrings ! Her face was red with joy and delighted anticipation ; it looked like a gigantic flower which is just on the point of unfolding its petals.

"A majestic peony opening its cup on a beautiful May-day ! " whispered the younger.

Meanwhile she had fetched two glasses of beer, and then hastened out of the house with her flowers, singing and laughing as she went. With the greatest impatience mine host now shouted : —

"Beth, Beth, if you do not come down at once, I shall go alone, as true as I stand here ! "

Just at this moment the old clock, which hung on the wall, pointed to nine, and a bird's voice called in a plaintive tone, "Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo ! "

"What is the meaning of that? " asked one of the travelers. "You have sold the clock, I suppose, which used to hang here, to be tormented all the year round with that detestable song ? "

"Yes, yes," said mine host, with a cunning smile, "laugh at the bird as you please ; it brings me fifty Dutch florins a year, and a bunder[1] of good land into the bargain."

In the distance four gunshots resounded at equal intervals.

"O Heavens ! " cried mine host, "the fest has begun. The wife wears my very life away with her off-putting and dawdling ! "

"But, mine host Joostens," asked the other traveler, "what is afoot here ? Is it the church fest to-day ? That would be singular on a Thursday. Or is the king coming ? "

"Things of far greater importance, sir, are going on here to-day ; the like was never heard before ! If you only knew it, you would not require — this time, at least — to draw long bows and invent lies in order to fill your books. And this old cuckoo, too, has something to do with the tale of Blind Rosa."

"Blind Rosa ! " cried the younger companion with joyful surprise. "What a beautiful title ! It would be a good pendant to the *Zike Jongeling*."[2]

"Hallo ! that won't do," replied the other. "We have

[1] Two hundred and forty feet long by one hundred and twenty broad.

[2] These two travelers were Hendrik Conscience, the author of this tale, and Jan van Beers, unquestionably the greatest Flemish lyric poet of the day, and the author of the poem "De Zike Jongeling."

come out together to hunt after tales, and the spoil must be honorably shared."

"Well, well, we shall draw lots for it at once," muttered the younger, half sorrowfully.

"But," said the other, "it is all a mystery to us yet. Come, mine host Joris, off with that detestable collar, and let us have the story in a friendly way. You will get the book for nothing when it is printed."

"Yes, but I cannot tell you all the outs and ins of it at present," replied mine host. "There, I hear my wife on the stair; but come along with us to the village, and by the way, I will let you know how it comes about that guns are firing and music playing so merrily to-day."

The wife entered with a dress which immediately fixed the attention of the younger traveler, by its flaming red, blue, yellow, and white colors. She ran up to her husband, and affectionately tugged his shirt-collar up a little higher, and then taking his arm, led him hastily out of the house. Both travelers followed.

Mine host Joostens now told the whole story of Blind Rosa and Long John to his attentive companions as they walked toward the village; and although he had spoken himself quite out of breath, the travelers did not cease to ply him with all sorts of questions. He told, likewise, how Herr Slaets had purchased the old cuckoo clock, and promised him fifty florins a year if he would hang it in his tavern room as of old; how Long John had lived four-and-thirty years in Russia-in-Asia, and had amassed considerable wealth by the fur trade; how he had purchased the estate of old Mevrouw, and meant to live on it with Rosa and Nelis's family, all of whom he had adopted; how he had given the grave digger a large sum; and finally, how this very evening a grand peasants' banquet was to be given at the hall, and for which a whole heifer was to be roasted, and two huge pots of rice soup were to be boiled. Mine host was still in the full flow of his description when they reached the broad central street of the village.

The travelers listened no longer to his talk, for they were now staring their eyes out of their heads, gazing at all the striking and beautiful things which presented themselves on every side. The whole village was adorned with pine branches along the front of the houses in an uninterrupted line, bound together by snow-white kerchiefs or flower wreaths. Interspersed, and above the spectators' heads, swung inscriptions in

great red letters. Here and there a fine May tree was planted, with its hundred tiny flags of gold leaf flittering against one another, with chains of birds' eggs, and ringing little glass rods. On the ground the boys and girls had scattered heath flowers profusely, and formed out of them as usual the initials of Jesus and Mary. Alongside might be seen J. R., prettily woven with flowers. This was meant to stand for *John — Rosa*, and was the invention of the schoolmaster. Amid all these beauties moved a living mass of people, who had flocked from the neighboring villages to be present at this singular marriage festival.

The young travelers amused themselves by moving from one group to another, and listening to the people's remarks. But when the procession was seen approaching the village through the fields, they hastened to the churchyard gate, and took up their position on an eminence whence they could see all that was going on. They looked upon the procession with a kind of reverence; and indeed, it was so beautiful and impressive, that the hearts of the travelers throbbed with emotion — for their hearts were young and full of poetic enthusiasm. More than sixty little girls, between the ages of five and ten, all clothed in white, with a bright, childlike smile on their faces, advanced through the blue air like a little flock of lambs. Above their fresh little faces, and on their loose and flowing hair, lay a wreath of monthly roses, which seemed as if they would fain contest the prize of beauty with the laughing lips of the little maidens.

"It is one of Andersen's fairy tales," said the younger, in a low voice. "The sylphs have left their flower cups, — Innocence, Purity, Youth, Joy! How beautiful it is!"

"Ha!" said the other, "there come the peonies all in a row, and Zanna Joostens at the head of them!"

The younger was, however, too much enchanted to condescend to notice this unpoetical remark. With a kind of rapture he was gazing at the great number of marriageable young maidens who followed the little children, all in their best ornaments, and beaming with life and health. How finely the features of those blooming girls came out under their snow-white lace caps! how charmingly their quiet virgin bashfulness was painted on their blushing cheeks! how bewitching was the shy smile which hovered round their lips, like the gentle ripple which the summer breeze stirs upon the lake, when it plays with the water and makes it laugh.

Ha! there comes blind Rosa, leaning on her bridegroom's arm. How happy must the poor woman feel! — she has endured so much; she was reduced to bear the beggar's wallet. For four-and-thirty years she mourned her absent lover, and cradled her soul in a hope which she herself half suspected to be a delusion. And there he is now, the friend of her childhood and youth! Leaning on his arm, she walks to the altar of the God who has heard her prayers. The vows which they interchanged under the cross near the churchyard are about to be fulfilled. She is his bride! On her breast glitters the plain golden cross which Long John gave her so many years ago. She hears now the joy, the welcomings, the song, and the music which celebrate his return. She trembles in her agitation, and nervously presses her bridegroom's arm, as if she almost doubted the reality of her happiness.

Behind comes Nelis, with his wife and children; they are clothed now like country people well to do. The parents hang their heads as they walk, and dry a tear of admiration and gratitude from their eyes every time they look at their blind benefactress. Peerken holds his head erect with a simple and natural independence, and shakes his waving blond hair, which falls in curls upon his neck. He leads his little sister by the hand.

But what group is that? The ruins of an army, which has been devastated by the sword of Time! Behind Nelis's children totter twenty aged men — a singular spectacle indeed! All are gray or bald; the backs of many are much bent; the greater number support themselves on staves; two walk with crutches; one is blind and deaf; all suffer from age in one form or another, broken down by the weight of labor and of years, so that one might have supposed that Death with his scourge was driving them before him, like a herd of cattle, to the grave.

Lauw Stevens, with his hands almost touching the ground, goes foremost; and the blind and deaf landlord of "The Plow" is led by the miller's grandfather. These old people had lived when Long John was the cock of the parish, when every one had to yield to the courage and haughtiness of his lusty youth.

Behind these followed the villagers, men and women, who had been invited in a body to partake of the marriage feast in the hall.

The procession entered the church. Outside, the solemn pealing of the organ was heard.

The younger traveler took his comrade aside into the churchyard, and stooping and turning round, held out two blades of grass, whose points were just visible beyond his closed hand.

"Already?" said the other; "you are in very great haste."

"Choose, choose at once! I am eager for this subject, and I am impatient to know whether I may write upon it to-morrow or not."

The elder drew one of the blades of grass out of his companion's hand; the younger let the remaining one fall to the ground, and sighed sorrowfully: —

"I have lost!"

And so it happens, dear reader, that the elder of those two friends now narrates to you the tale of Blind Rosa. It is vexing, certainly; for as it is, you have the story in prose, whereas you might have been reading it in inspired rhythmical verses. Another time may fate be more propitious to you!

THE SIGHTLESS.

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

(Translated by Laurence Alma-Tadema.)

[Maurice Maeterlinck, known as the "Belgian Shakespeare," was born at Ghent, in 1864. Since 1890 he has published a number of remarkable plays which have been widely read and admired outside of his own country. They include: "The Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," "Aglavaine and Selysette," and "Pelleas and Melisande," recently produced with success in London. In addition to his dramatic works Maeterlinck has written "The Treasure of the Humble," a volume of essays.]

Persons:

The Priest. Three that were born Blind. The Oldest Blind Man. The Fifth Blind Man. The Sixth Blind Man. Three Old Blind Women praying. The Oldest Blind Woman. A Young Blind Woman. A Mad Blind Woman.

A very ancient northern forest, eternal of aspect, beneath a sky profoundly starred. — In the midst, and towards the depths of night, a very old priest is seated wrapped in a wide black

cloak. His head and the upper part of his body, slightly thrown back and mortally still, are leaning against the bole of an oak tree, huge and cavernous. His face is fearfully pale and of an inalterable waxen lividity; his violet lips are parted. His eyes, dumb and fixed, no longer gaze at the visible side of eternity, and seem bleeding beneath a multitude of immemorial sorrows and of tears. His hair, of a most solemn white, falls in stiff and scanty locks upon a face more illumined and more weary than all else that surrounds it in the intent silence of the gloomy forest. His hands, extremely lean, are rigidly clasped on his lap. — To the right, six old blind men are seated upon stones, the stumps of trees, and dead leaves. — To the left, separated from them by an uprooted tree and fragments of rock, six women, blind also, are seated facing the old men. Three of them are praying and wailing in hollow voice and without pause. Another is extremely old. The fifth, in an attitude of mute insanity, holds on her knees a little child asleep. The sixth is strangely young, and her hair inundates her whole being. The women, as well as the old men, are clothed in ample garments, somber and uniform. Most of them sit waiting with their elbows on their knees and their faces between their hands; and all seem to have lost the habit of useless gesture, and no longer turn their heads at the stifled and restless noises of the island. Great funereal trees, yews, weeping willows, cypresses, enwrap them in their faithful shadows. Not far from the priest, a cluster of long and sickly daffodils blossoms in the night. It is extraordinarily dark in spite of the moonlight that here and there strives to dispel for a while the gloom of the foliage.

First Blind Man — Is he not coming yet?
Second Blind Man — You have waked me!
First Blind Man — I was asleep too.
Third Blind Man — I was asleep too.
First Blind Man — Is he not coming yet?
Second Blind Man — I hear nothing coming.
Third Blind Man — It must be about time to go back to the asylum.
First Blind Man — We want to know where we are!
Second Blind Man — It has grown cold since he left.
First Blind Man — We want to know where we are!
The Oldest Blind Man — Does any one know where we are?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We were walking a very long time; we must be very far from the asylum.

First Blind Man — Ah! the women are opposite us?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We are sitting opposite you.

First Blind Man — Wait, I will come next to you. [*He rises and gropes about.*] Where are you? Speak! that I may hear where you are!

The Oldest Blind Woman — Here; we are sitting on stones.

First Blind Man [*steps forward stumbling against the fallen tree and the rocks*] — There is something between us . . .

Second Blind Man — It is better to stay where one is!

Third Blind Man — Where are you sitting? Do you want to come over to us?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We dare not stand up!

Third Blind Man — Why did he separate us?

First Blind Man — I hear praying on the women's side.

Second Blind Man — Yes; the three old women are praying.

First Blind Man — This is not the time to pray!

Second Blind Man — You can pray by and by in the dormitory! [*The three old women continue their prayers.*

Third Blind Man — I should like to know next to whom I am sitting?

Second Blind Man — I think I am next you.

[*They grope about them with their hands.*

Third Blind Man — We cannot touch each other.

First Blind Man — And yet we are not far apart. [*He gropes about him, and with his stick hits the fifth blind man, who gives a dull moan.*] The one who cannot hear is sitting next us.

Second Blind Man — I don't hear everybody; we were six just now.

First Blind Man — I am beginning to make things out. Let us question the women too; it is necessary that we should know how matters stand. I still hear the three old women praying; are they sitting together?

The Oldest Blind Woman — They are sitting beside me, on a rock.

First Blind Man — I am sitting on dead leaves!

Third Blind Man — And the beauty, where is she?

The Oldest Blind Woman — She is near those that are praying.

Second Blind Man — Where are the mad woman and her child?

The Young Blind Woman — He is asleep; don't wake him!

First Blind Man — Oh! how far from us you are! I thought you were just opposite me!

Third Blind Man — We know, more or less, all that we need know; let us talk a little, till the priest comes back.

The Oldest Blind Woman — He told us to await him in silence.

Third Blind Man — We are not in a church.

The Oldest Blind Woman — You don't know where we are.

Third Blind Man — I feel frightened when I am not talking.

Second Blind Man — Do you know where the priest has gone?

Third Blind Man — It seems to me that he is leaving us alone too long.

First Blind Man — He is growing too old. It appears that he has hardly been able to see for some time himself. He will not own it, for fear that another should come and take his place among us; but I suspect that he can hardly see any more. We ought to have another guide; he never listens to us now, and we are becoming too many for him. The three nuns and he are the only ones in the house that can see; and they are all older than we are! — I am sure that he has led us astray, and is trying to find the way again. Where can he have gone? — He has no right to leave us here . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — He has gone very far; I think he said so to the women.

First Blind Man — Then he only speaks to the women now? — Do we not exist any more? — We shall have to complain in the end!

The Oldest Blind Man — To whom will you carry your complaint?

First Blind Man — I don't yet know; we shall see, we shall see. — But where can he have gone? — I am asking it of the women.

The Oldest Blind Woman — He was tired, having walked so long. I think he sat down a moment in our midst. He has been very sad and very weak for some days. He has been uneasy since the doctor died. He is lonely. He hardly ever speaks. I don't know what can have happened. He insisted on going out to-day. He said he wanted to see the Island one

last time, in the sun, before winter came. It appears that the winter will be very cold and very long, and that ice is already coming down from the north. He was anxious too; they say that the great storms of these last days have swelled the stream, and that all the dikes are giving way. He said too that the sea frightened him; it appears to be agitated for no reason, and the cliffs of the Island are not high enough. He wanted to see for himself; but he did not tell us what he saw. — I think he has gone now to fetch some bread and water for the mad woman. He said that he would perhaps have to go very far. We shall have to wait.

The Young Blind Woman — He took my hands on leaving; and his hands trembled as if he were afraid. Then he kissed me . . .

First Blind Man — Oh! oh!

The Young Blind Woman — I asked him what had happened. He told me that he did not know what was going to happen. He told me that the old men's reign was coming to an end, perhaps . . .

First Blind Man — What did he mean by that?

The Young Blind Woman — I did not understand him. He told me that he was going towards the great lighthouse.

First Blind Man — Is there a lighthouse here?

The Young Blind Woman — Yes, north of the Island. I think we are not far from it. He told me that he could see the light of the beacon falling here, upon the leaves. He never seemed to me sadder than to-day, and I think that for some days he had been crying. I don't know why, but I cried too, without seeing him. I did not hear him go. I did not question him further. I could hear that he was smiling too solemnly; I could hear that he was closing his eyes and wished for silence . . .

First Blind Man — He said nothing to us of all this!

The Young Blind Woman — You never listen to him when he speaks!

The Oldest Blind Woman — You all murmur when he speaks!

Second Blind Man — He merely said "Good night" on leaving.

Third Blind Man — It must be very late.

First Blind Man — He said "Good night" two or three times on leaving, as if he were going to sleep. I could hear

that he was looking at me when he said, "Good night; good night." — The voice changes when one looks at some one fixedly.

Fifth Blind Man — Have pity on those that cannot see!

First Blind Man — Who is talking in that senseless way?

Second Blind Man — I think it is the one who cannot hear.

First Blind Man — Be quiet! — this is not the time to beg!

Third Blind Man — Where was he going for the bread and water?

The Oldest Blind Woman — He went towards the sea.

Third Blind Man — One does not walk towards the sea in that way at his age!

Second Blind Man — Are we near the sea?

The Oldest Blind Woman — Yes; be quiet an instant; you will hear it.

[*A murmur of the sea near at hand and very calm against the cliffs.*

Second Blind Man — I only hear the three old women praying.

The Oldest Blind Woman — Listen well, you will hear it through their prayers.

Second Blind Man — Yes; I hear something that is not far from us.

The Oldest Blind Woman — It was asleep; it seems as if it were waking.

First Blind Man — It was wrong of him to lead us here; I don't like hearing that noise.

The Oldest Blind Man — You know very well that the Island is not large, and that one can hear it as soon as ever one leaves the walls of the asylum.

Second Blind Man — I never listened to it.

Third Blind Man — It seems to me that it is next us today; I don't like hearing it so close.

Second Blind Man — Nor I; besides, we never asked to leave the asylum.

Third Blind Man — We have never been as far as this; it was useless to bring us so far.

The Oldest Blind Woman — It was very fine this morning; he wanted us to enjoy the last days of sunshine, before shutting us up for the whole winter in the asylum . . .

First Blind Man — But I prefer staying in the asylum!

The Oldest Blind Woman — He said too that we ought to

know something of the little Island we live in. He himself has never been all over it; there is a mountain that no one has climbed, valleys which no one likes to go down to, and caves that have not been entered to this day. He said, in short, that one must not always sit waiting for the sun under the dormitory roof; he wanted to bring us to the seashore. He has gone there alone.

The Oldest Blind Man — He is right; one must think of living.

First Blind Man — But there is nothing to see out of doors!

Second Blind Man — Are we in the sun, now?

Third Blind Man — Is the sun still shining?

Sixth Blind Man — I think not; it seems to me to be very late.

Second Blind Man — What o'clock is it?

The Others — I don't know. — Nobody knows.

Second Blind Man — Is it still light? [*To the sixth blind man*] Where are you? — Come, you who can see a little, come!

Sixth Blind Man — I think it is very dark; when the sun shines, I see a blue line under my eyelids; I saw one a long while ago; but now I can see nothing at all.

First Blind Man — As for me, I know that it is late when I am hungry, and I am hungry.

Third Blind Man — But look up at the sky; you will see something perhaps!

[*They all lift their heads towards the sky, save the three that were born blind, who continue to look on the ground.*

Sixth Blind Man — I don't know that we are under the sky.

First Blind Man — Our voices resound as if they were in a cave.

The Oldest Blind Man — I rather think they resound so because it is evening.

The Young Blind Woman — It seems to me that I feel the moonlight on my hands.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think there are stars; I hear them.

The Young Blind Woman — I too.

First Blind Man — I can hear no sound.

Second Blind Man — I can only hear the sound of our breathing!

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

First Blind Man — I never heard the stars.

Second and Third Blind Men — Neither did I.

[*A flight of night birds alights suddenly amidst the foliage.*

Second Blind Man — Listen! listen! — What is that above us? — Do you hear?

The Oldest Blind Man — Something passed between the sky and us.

Sixth Blind Man — There is something moving above our heads; but we cannot reach it!

First Blind Man — I don't know the nature of that sound. — I want to go back to the asylum.

Second Blind Man — We want to know where we are!

Sixth Blind Man — I have tried to stand up; there are thorns, nothing but thorns about me; I dare not spread my hands out any more.

Third Blind Man — We want to know where we are!

The Oldest Blind Man — We cannot know it!

Sixth Blind Man — We must be very far from the house; I can no longer make out a single noise.

Third Blind Man — For a long while, I have smelt the smell of dead leaves.

Sixth Blind Man — Did any one of us see the Island in past days, and could he tell us where we are?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We were all blind when we came here.

First Blind Man — We have never been able to see.

Second Blind Man — Let us not be unnecessarily anxious, he will soon return; let us wait a little longer; but in future, we will not go out with him again.

The Oldest Blind Man — We cannot go out alone!

First Blind Man — We will not go out at all, I prefer not going out.

Second Blind Man — We had no wish to go out, nobody had asked to do so.

The Oldest Blind Woman — It was a holiday on the Island; we always go out on great holidays.

Third Blind Woman — He came and hit me on the shoulder when I was still asleep, saying: Get up, get up, it is time; the sun is shining! — Was there any sun? I was not aware of it. I have never seen the sun.

The Oldest Blind Man — I saw the sun when I was very young.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I too; it was long ago, when I was a child; but I hardly remember it now.

Third Blind Man — Why does he want us to go out every time the sun shines? Which of us is any the wiser? I never know whether I am walking out at midday or at midnight.

Sixth Blind Man — I prefer going out at midday; I suspect great brightness then, and my eyes make great efforts to open.

Third Blind Man — I prefer staying in the refectory by the coal fire; there was a big fire there this morning . . .

Second Blind Man — He could bring us out into the sun in the yard; there one has the shelter of the walls; one cannot get out, there is nothing to fear when the door is shut. — I always shut it. — Why did you touch my left elbow?

First Blind Man — I did not touch you; I cannot reach you.

Second Blind Man — I tell you that somebody touched my elbow.

First Blind Man — It was none of us.

Second Blind Man — I want to go away!

The Oldest Blind Woman — O God! O God! tell us where we are!

First Blind Man — We cannot wait here forever!

[*A very distant clock strikes twelve very slowly.*

The Oldest Blind Woman — Oh! how far we are from the asylum!

The Oldest Blind Man — It is midnight!

Second Blind Man — It is midday! — Does any one know? — Speak!

Sixth Blind Man — I don't know. But I think we are in the shade.

First Blind Man — I can make nothing out; we slept too long.

Second Blind Man — I am hungry.

The Others — We are hungry and thirsty!

Second Blind Man — Have we been here long?

The Oldest Blind Woman — It seems to me that I have been here centuries!

Sixth Blind Man — I am beginning to make out where we are . . .

Third Blind Man — We ought to go towards where midnight struck. [*All the night birds exult suddenly in the gloom*

First Blind Man — Do you hear? — Do you hear?

Second Blind Man — We are not alone!

Third Blind Man — I have had my suspicions for a long time; we are being overheard. — Has he come back?

First Blind Man — I don't know what it is; it is above us.

Second Blind Man — Did the others hear nothing? — You are always silent!

The Oldest Blind Man — We are still listening.

The Young Blind Woman — I hear wings about me!

The Oldest Blind Woman — O God! O God! tell us where we are!

The Sixth Blind Man — I am beginning to make out where we are . . . The asylum is on the other side of the big river; we have crossed the old bridge. He has brought us to the north side of the Island. We are not far from the river, and perhaps we should hear it if we were to listen a moment . . . We shall have to go down to the edge of the water, if he does not come back . . . Night and day great ships pass there, and the sailors will see us standing on the banks. It may be that we are in the forest that surrounds the lighthouse; but I don't know the way out of it . . . Is somebody willing to follow me?

First Blind Man — Let us keep seated! — Let us wait, let us wait; — we don't know the direction of the big river, and there are bogs all round the asylum; let us wait, let us wait . . . He will come back; he is bound to come back!

Sixth Blind Man — Does any one know which way we came here? He explained it to us as we walked.

First Blind Man — I paid no attention.

Sixth Blind Man — Did any one listen to him?

Third Blind Man — We must listen to him in future.

Sixth Blind Man — Was any one of us born on the Island?

The Oldest Blind Man — You know quite well that we come from elsewhere.

The Oldest Blind Woman — We come from the other side of the sea.

First Blind Man — I thought I should have died crossing.

Second Blind Man — I too; — we came together.

Third Blind Man — We are all three of the same parish.

First Blind Man — They say that one can see it from here in clear weather; — towards the north. — It has no steeple.

Third Blind Man — We landed by chance.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I come from another direction . . .

Second Blind Man — From where do you come?

The Oldest Blind Woman — I no longer dare think of it . . . I can hardly call it to mind when I speak of it . . . It was too long ago . . . It was colder there than here . . .

The Young Blind Woman — And I, I come from very far . . .

First Blind Man — Where do you come from then?

The Young Blind Woman — I could not tell you. How should I be able to describe it? — It is too far from here; it is beyond the seas. I come from a big country . . . I could only explain it to you by signs, and we cannot see . . . I have wandered too long . . . But I have seen the sun and water and fire, and mountains, and faces and strange flowers . . . There are none like them on this Island; it is too dismal here and too cold . . . I have never known the scent again, since I lost my sight . . . But I saw my parents and my sisters . . . I was too young then to know where I was . . . I still played about on the seashore . . . Yet how well I remember having seen! . . . One day, I looked at the snow from the top of a mountain . . . I was just beginning to distinguish those that are to be unhappy . . .

First Blind Man — What do you mean?

The Young Blind Woman — I can still distinguish them by the sound of their voice at times . . . I have memories that are clearer when I am not thinking of them . . .

First Blind Man — I have no memories, I . . .

[*A flight of big birds of passage passes clamoring above the foliage.*

The Oldest Blind Man — There is something passing again beneath the sky!

Second Blind Man — Why did you come here?

The Oldest Blind Man — To whom are you speaking?

Second Blind Man — To our young sister.

The Young Blind Woman — They had told me that he could cure me. He says that I shall see again some day; then I shall be able to leave the Island . . .

First Blind Man — We should all like to leave the Island!

Second Blind Man — We shall stay here forever!

Third Blind Man — He is too old; he will never have time to cure us!

The Young Blind Woman — My eyelids are closed, but I feel that my eyes are alive . . .

First Blind Man — Mine are open . . .

Second Blind Man — I sleep with my eyes open.

Third Blind Man — Let us not speak of our eyes!

Second Blind Man — You have not been here long?

The Oldest Blind Man — One evening, during prayers, I heard on the women's side a voice I did not know; and I could tell by your voice that you were young . . . I wanted to see you, having heard your voice . . .

First Blind Man — I never noticed it.

Second Blind Man — He never lets us know anything!

Sixth Blind Man — They say that you are beautiful, like some woman come from afar.

The Young Blind Woman — I have never seen myself.

The Oldest Blind Man — We have never seen each other. We question each other, and we answer each other; we live together, we are always together, but we know not what we are! . . . It is all very well to touch each other with both hands; eyes know more than hands . . .

Sixth Blind Man — I see your shadows sometimes when you are in the sun . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — We have never seen the house in which we live; it is all very well to touch the walls and the windows; we know nothing of where we live . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — They say it is an old castle, very gloomy and very wretched; one never sees a light there, save in the tower where the priest's room is.

First Blind Man — Those who cannot see need no light.

Sixth Blind Man — When I am keeping the flocks, round about the asylum, the sheep go home of themselves when, at evening, they see that light in the tower . . . They have never led me astray.

The Oldest Blind Man — For years and years we have lived together and we have never beheld each other! One would say we were always alone! . . . One must see to love . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I sometimes dream that I can see . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — I only see when I am dreaming . . .

First Blind Man — I only dream, as a rule, at midnight.

Second Blind Man — Of what can one dream when one's hands are motionless?

[*A squall shakes the forest, and the leaves fall in dismal showers.*

Fifth Blind Man — Who was it touched my hands?

First Blind Man — There is something falling round us.

The Oldest Blind Man — It comes from above; I don't know what it is . . .

Fifth Blind Man — Who was it touched my hands? — I was asleep; let me sleep!

The Oldest Blind Man — Nobody touched your hands.

Fifth Blind Man — Who was it took my hands? Answer loud, I am rather hard of hearing . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — We don't ourselves know.

Fifth Blind Man — Have they come to warn us?

First Blind Man — It is of no use answering; he can hear nothing.

Third Blind Man — It must be admitted that the deaf are very unfortunate!

The Oldest Blind Man — I am tired of sitting down!

Sixth Blind Man — I am tired of being here!

Second Blind Man — We seem to me so far from one another . . . Let us try to draw a little closer together; — it is beginning to be cold . . .

Third Blind Man — I dare not stand up! It is better to stay where one is.

The Oldest Blind Man — There is no knowing what there may be between us.

Sixth Blind Man — I think both my hands are bleeding; I wanted to stand up.

Third Blind Man — I can hear that you are leaning towards me.

[*The blind mad woman rubs her eyes violently, moaning, and persistently turning towards the motionless priest.*

First Blind Man — I hear another noise . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think it is our poor sister rubbing her eyes.

Second Blind Man — She never does anything else; I hear her every night.

Third Blind Man — She is mad; she never says anything.

The Oldest Blind Woman — She has never spoken since she had her child. She seems always to be afraid . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — Are you not afraid here then?

First Blind Man — Who?

The Oldest Blind Man — All the rest of us!

The Oldest Blind Woman — Yes, yes, we are afraid!

The Young Blind Woman — We have been afraid a long time!

First Blind Man — Why do you ask that?

The Oldest Blind Man — I don't know why I ask it? . . . There is something I cannot make out . . . It seems as if I heard a sudden sound of crying in our midst! . . .

First Blind Man — It does not do to be afraid; I think it is the mad woman . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — There is something else besides . . . I am sure there is something else besides . . . It is not only that which frightens me . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — She always cries when she is about to suckle her child.

First Blind Man — She is the only one that cries so!

The Oldest Blind Woman — They say that she can still see at times . . .

First Blind Man — One never hears the others cry . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — One must see to weep . . .

The Young Blind Woman — I smell a scent of flowers round about us . . .

First Blind Man — I only smell the smell of the earth!

The Young Blind Woman — There are flowers, there are flowers near us!

Second Blind Man — I only smell the smell of the earth!

The Oldest Blind Woman — I have just smelt flowers on the wind . . .

Third Blind Man — I only smell the smell of the earth!

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

Sixth Blind Man — Where are they? — I will go and pick them.

The Young Blind Woman — To your right, stand up.

[*The sixth blind man rises slowly, and, knocking himself against trees and bushes, gropes his way towards the daffodils, which he treads down and crushes as he goes.*

The Young Blind Woman — I can hear that you are snapping green stems! Stop! stop!

First Blind Man — Never mind about the flowers, but think about getting back!

Sixth Blind Man — I dare not retrace my steps !

The Young Blind Woman — You must not come back ! — Wait. [*She rises.*] — Oh ! how cold the earth is ! It is going to freeze. [*She moves without hesitation towards the strange pale daffodils, but she is stopped by the fallen tree and the rocks, in the neighborhood of the flowers.*] — They are here ! — I cannot reach them ; they are on your side.

Sixth Blind Man — I think I am picking them.

[*Groping about him, he picks what flowers are left, and offers them to her ; the night birds fly away.*

The Young Blind Woman — It seems to me that I once saw these flowers . . . I have forgotten their name . . . But how ill they are, and how limp their stalks are ! I hardly know them again . . . I think they are the flowers of the dead . . .

[*She plaits the daffodils in her hair.*

The Oldest Blind Man — I hear the sound of your hair.

The Young Blind Woman — Those are the flowers . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — We shall not see you . . .

The Young Blind Woman — I shall not see myself . . . I am cold.

[*At this moment the wind rises in the forest and the sea roars suddenly and with violence against the neighboring cliffs.*

First Blind Man — It is thundering !

Second Blind Man — I think it is a storm rising.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think it is the sea.

Third Blind Man — The sea ? — Is it the sea ? — But it is at two steps from us ! — It is beside us ! I hear it all round me ! — It must be something else !

The Young Blind Woman — I hear the sound of waves at my feet.

First Blind Man — I think it is the wind in the dead leaves.

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

Third Blind Man — It will be coming here !

First Blind Man — Where does the wind come from ?

Second Blind Man — It comes from the sea.

The Oldest Blind Man — It always comes from the sea ; the sea hems us in on all sides. It cannot come from elsewhere . . .

First Blind Man — Let us not think of the sea any more !

Second Blind Man — But we must think of it, as it is going to reach us !

First Blind Man — You don't know that it is the sea.

Second Blind Man — I hear its waves as if I were going to dip both hands in! We cannot stay here! They may be all around us!

The Oldest Blind Man — Where do you want to go?

Second Blind Man — No matter where! No matter where! I will not hear the sound of that water any more! Let us go! Let us go!

Third Blind Man — It seems to me that I hear something else besides. — Listen!

[*A sound of footsteps, swift and distant, is heard among the dead leaves.*

First Blind Man — There is something coming towards us!

Second Blind Man — He is coming! He is coming! He is coming back!

Third Blind Man — He is taking little steps, like a little child . . .

Second Blind Man — Let us reproach him nothing to-day!

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think it is not the step of a man!

[*A big dog enters the forest and passes before them.* — *Silence.*

First Blind Man — Who is there? — Who are you? — Have pity on us, we have been waiting so long! . . . [*The dog stops, and returning, lays his front paws on the blind man's knees.*] Ah! ah! what have you put on my knees? What is it? . . . Is it an animal? I think it is a dog? . . . Oh! oh! it is the dog! it is the dog from the asylum! Come here! come here! He has come to deliver us! Come here! come here!

The Others — Come here! come here!

First Blind Man — He has come to deliver us! He has followed our traces! He is licking my hands as if he had found me after hundreds of years! He is howling for joy! He will die of joy! Listen! listen!

The Others — Come here! come here!

The Oldest Blind Man — He has perhaps run on in front of somebody? . . .

First Blind Man — No, no, he is alone. — I hear nothing coming. — We need no other guide; there is none better. He will lead us wherever we want to go; he will obey us . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I dare not follow him.

The Young Blind Woman — Nor I.

First Blind Man — Why not? He sees better than we do.

Second Blind Man — Let us not listen to the women!

Third Blind Man — I think that something has changed in the sky; I breathe freely; the air is pure now . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — It is the sea breeze that is blowing round us.

Sixth Blind Man — It seems to me that it is going to get light; I think the sun is rising . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — I think it is going to be cold . . .

First Blind Man — We shall find the way. He is dragging me along. He is drunk with joy! — I can no longer hold him back! . . . Follow me! follow me! We are going home! . . .

[*He rises, dragged along by the dog, who leads him towards the motionless priest, and there stops.*

The Others — Where are you? Where are you? — Where are you going? Take care!

First Blind Man — Wait! wait! Don't follow me yet; I will come back . . . He is standing still. — What is it? — Ah! ah! I have touched something very cold!

Second Blind Man — What are you saying? I can hardly hear your voice any more.

First Blind Man — I have touched . . . I think I am touching a face!

Third Blind Man — What are you saying? — One can hardly understand you any more. What is the matter with you? — Where are you? — Are you already so far away from us?

First Blind Man — Oh! oh! oh! I don't yet know what it is . . . — There is a dead man in our midst!

The Others — A dead man in our midst? — Where are you? where are you?

First Blind Man — There is a dead man among us, I tell you! Oh! oh! I have touched a dead face! — You are sitting next to a dead body! One of us must have died suddenly! But speak then, that I may know which are alive! Where are you? — Answer! answer all together!

[*They answer in succession save the mad woman and the deaf man; the three old women have ceased praying.*

First Blind Man — I can no longer distinguish your voices! . . . You are all speaking alike! . . . They are all trembling!

Third Blind Man — There are two who did not answer . . . Where are they? [*He touches with his stick the fifth blind man.*

Fifth Blind Man — Oh! oh! I was asleep; let me sleep!

Sixth Blind Man — It is not he. — Is it the mad woman?

The Oldest Blind Woman — She is sitting next me; I can hear her live . . .

First Blind Man — I think . . . I think it is the priest! — He is standing! Come! come! come!

Second Blind Man — He is standing?

Third Blind Man — Then he is not dead!

The Oldest Blind Man — Where is he?

Sixth Blind Man — Come and see! . . .

[*They all rise, save the mad woman and the fifth blind man, and grope their way towards the dead.*

Second Blind Man — Is he here? — Is it he?

Third Blind Man — Yes! yes! I recognize him!

First Blind Man — O God! O God! what is to become of us!

The Oldest Blind Woman — Father! father! — Is it you? Father, what has happened? — What is the matter with you? — Answer us! — We are all gathered round you . . . Oh! oh! oh!

The Oldest Blind Man — Bring some water; he is perhaps still alive . . .

Second Blind Man — Let us try . . . He will perhaps be able to lead us back to the asylum . . .

Third Blind Man — It is useless; I cannot hear his heart. — He is cold . . .

First Blind Man — He died without a word.

Third Blind Man — He ought to have warned us.

Second Blind Man — Oh! how old he was! . . . It is the first time I ever touched his face . . .

Third Blind Man [*feeling the corpse*] — He is taller than we are! . . .

Second Blind Man — His eyes are wide open; he died with clasped hands . . .

First Blind Man — He died, so, for no reason . . .

Second Blind Man — He is not standing, he is sitting on a stone . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — O God! O God! I did not know all . . . all! . . . He had been ill so long . . . He must have suffered to-day! Oh! oh! oh! — He never complained! . . . He only complained in pressing our hands . . . One does not

always understand . . . One never understands! . . . Let us pray around him. Kneel down . . . [*The women kneel, moaning.*

First Blind Man — I dare not kneel down . . .

Second Blind Man — One does not know what one is kneeling on here . . .

Third Blind Man — Was he ill? . . . He never told us . . .

Second Blind Man — I heard him whisper something as he went . . . I think he was speaking to our young sister; what did he say?

First Blind Man — She will not answer.

Second Blind Man — You will not answer us any more? — But where are you then? — Speak!

The Oldest Blind Woman — You made him suffer too much; you have killed him . . . You would go no further; you wanted to sit down on the stones by the roadside to eat; you grumbled all day . . . I heard him sigh . . . He lost courage . . .

First Blind Man — Was he ill? did you know it?

The Oldest Blind Man — We knew nothing . . . We had never seen him . . . When have we ever known of anything that passed before our poor dead eyes? . . . He never complained . . . Now it is too late . . . I have seen three die . . . but never so . . . Now it is our turn . . .

First Blind Man — It is not I that made him suffer. — I never said anything . . .

Second Blind Man — Nor I; we followed him without a word . . .

Third Blind Man — He died going to fetch water for the mad woman . . .

First Blind Man — What are we to do now? Where shall we go?

Third Blind Man — Where is the dog?

First Blind Man — Here; he will not leave the dead.

Third Blind Man — Drag him away! Drive him off! drive him off!

First Blind Man — He will not leave the dead!

Second Blind Man — We cannot wait beside a dead man! . . . We cannot die thus in the dark!

Third Blind Man — Let us keep together; let us not move away from one another; let us hold hands; let us all sit down on this stone . . . Where are the others? Come here! come! come!

The Oldest Blind Man — Where are you?

Third Blind Man — Here; I am here. Are we all together? — Come nearer to me. Where are your hands? — It is very cold.

The Young Blind Woman — Oh! how cold your hands are!

Third Blind Man — What are you doing?

The Young Blind Woman — I was putting my hands to my eyes. I thought I was going to see all at once . . .

First Blind Man — Who is that crying?

The Oldest Blind Woman — It is the mad woman sobbing.

First Blind Man — Yet she does not know the truth?

The Oldest Blind Man — I think we shall die here . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — Some one will come perhaps . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — Who else would be likely to come? . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I don't know.

First Blind Man — I think the nuns will come out of the asylum . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — They never go out of an evening.

The Young Blind Woman — They never go out at all.

Second Blind Man — I think that the men from the big lighthouse will see us . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — They never come down from their tower.

Third Blind Man — They might see us . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — They are always looking towards the sea.

Third Blind Man — It is cold!

The Oldest Blind Man — Listen to the dead leaves; I think it is freezing.

The Young Blind Woman — Oh! how hard the earth is!

Third Blind Man — I hear to my left a noise that I cannot make out . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — It is the sea moaning against the rocks.

Third Blind Man — I thought it was the women.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I hear the ice breaking under the waves . . .

First Blind Man — Who is it that is shivering so? He is making us all shake on the stone!

Second Blind Man — I can no longer open my hands.

The Oldest Blind Man — I hear another noise that I cannot make out . . .

First Blind Man — Which of us is it that is shivering so? He is shaking the stone!

The Oldest Blind Man — I think it is a woman.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think the mad woman is shivering most.

Third Blind Man — I cannot hear her child.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think he is still sucking.

The Oldest Blind Man — He is the only one that can see where we are!

First Blind Man — I hear the north wind.

Sixth Blind Man — I think there are no more stars; it is going to snow.

Second Blind Man — Then we are lost!

Third Blind Man — If one of us falls asleep he must be waked.

The Oldest Blind Man — I am sleepy though.

[*A squall makes the dead leaves whirl.*

The Young Blind Woman — Do you hear the dead leaves? I think some one is coming towards us!

Second Blind Man — It is the wind; listen!

Third Blind Man — No one will come now!

The Oldest Blind Man — The great cold is coming . . .

The Young Blind Woman — I hear some one walking in the distance!

First Blind Man — I only hear the dead leaves!

The Young Blind Woman — I hear some one walking very far from us!

Second Blind Man — I only hear the north wind.

The Young Blind Woman — I tell you that some one is coming towards us!

The Oldest Blind Woman — I hear a sound of very slow footsteps . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

[*It begins to snow in great flakes.*

First Blind Man — Oh! oh! what is that falling so cold on my hands?

Sixth Blind Man — It is snowing!

First Blind Man — Let us draw up close to one another!

The Young Blind Woman — But listen to the sound of the footsteps!

The Oldest Blind Woman — For God's sake! be still an instant!

The Young Blind Woman — They are drawing nearer! they are drawing nearer! listen then!

[*Here the mad woman's child begins to wail suddenly in the dark.*

The Oldest Blind Man — The child is crying!

The Young Blind Woman — It sees! it sees! It must see something as it is crying! [*She seizes the child in her arms and moves forward in the direction whence the sound of footsteps seems to come; the other women follow her anxiously and surround her.*] I am going to meet it!

The Oldest Blind Man — Take care!

The Young Blind Woman — Oh! how he is crying! — What is it? — Don't cry. — Don't be afraid; there is nothing to be afraid of; we are here all about you. — What do you see? — Fear nothing! — Don't cry so! — What is it that you see? — Tell us, what is it that you see?

The Oldest Blind Woman — The sound of footsteps is drawing nearer; listen! listen!

The Oldest Blind Man — I hear the rustling of a dress among the dead leaves.

Sixth Blind Man — Is it a woman?

The Oldest Blind Man — Is it the sound of footsteps?

First Blind Man — It is perhaps the sea on the dead leaves.

The Young Blind Woman — No, no! they are footsteps! they are footsteps! they are footsteps!

The Oldest Blind Woman — We shall soon know; listen to the dead leaves.

The Young Blind Woman — I hear them, I hear them, almost beside us! listen! listen! — What is it that you see? What is it that you see?

The Oldest Blind Woman — Which way is he looking?

The Young Blind Woman — He always follows the sound of the footsteps! — Look! Look! When I turn him away he turns back to look . . . He sees! he sees! he sees! — He must see something strange! . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman [*coming forward*] — Lift him above us, that he may see.

The Young Blind Woman — Step aside! step aside! [*She lifts the child above the group of the sightless.*] The footsteps have stopped right among us! . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — They are here! They are here in our midst!

The Young Blind Woman — Who are you? [*Silence.*

The Oldest Blind Woman — Have pity on us!

[*Silence. The child cries more desperately.*

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

By NICOLAAS BEETS ("Van Hildebrand").

(Translated from the Dutch for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[Nicolaas Beets, the most famous Dutch man of letters in this century, was born at Haarlem in 1814; studied theology at Leyden, became in 1840 a preacher at Heemstede, and in 1854 at Utrecht, where in 1874 he was made professor of ethics and church doctrine, and in 1884 was retired as emeritus. He wrote many theological treatises, musical pieces for church festivals, addresses, occasional articles, etc., and a life of his grandfather, J. H. Van der Palm; but his fame rests on the literary work of his earlier years. He began as a poet, writing lyrical verse of good promise while a youth, and publishing a poetical tale, "José," at twenty-one, followed by another, "Kuser," in 1836, and a third, "Guy the Fleming," in 1837, — all modeled on Byron, whose poems he translated. But in 1839 came his masterpiece, a volume of prose tales and sketches entitled "Camera Obscura," under the pseudonym of "Van Hildebrand," which at once had a sweeping success, and of which the author in 1900 appended his pseudonymous autograph to the twentieth edition, after more than sixty years of unbroken repute as a classic for keen delineation of Dutch types of character and social life, — not by any means always to the compliment of the said types. "Ada of Holland," another tale, appeared in 1840; "The Orange Water" in 1851; a lyric cycle, "Cornflowers," in 1853, and another, "The Children of the Sea," in 1872. He also published volumes of travel, and various collections of his prose and poetry at different times; and a complete edition of his works appeared in 1885.]

How Warm It Was, and How Far.

It was a burning hot Friday afternoon in a certain town of Holland; so hot and so burning that the sparrows yawned upon the thatch — which, on the faith of a current Dutch saying, is the greatest heat that men can be exposed to. The sun shone fiercely in the streets, and glinted on the cobblestones powdery with drouth. In the streets, which ran southward and so had no margin of shadow, it brought pedestrians literally to despair. The costers who peddled plums and winepears wiped their foreheads every moment with their linen

aprons ; the toilers who at other times were wont to hang their limbs over the bridge railings in hydrostatic absorption, — an attitude to which they owe in places the honored nickname of "railing nibblers," — lay stretched out on their elbows over the waterside, with a pot of buttermilk instead of gin ; the bricklayers at jobs, on a beam lying at the foot of a scaffolding, with their elbows on their knees and both hands clasped around a bowl, spent as long again blowing their tea as usual, and therefore remarkably and wonderfully long; the servant-girls out on errands could hardly drag the children, who accompanied them in hopes of getting a plum or a fig from the grocer, along the street, and expressed in passing a deep and fervent pity for the housemaids who "did the street," with scorched faces and caps untied beneath their chins. No one was at ease, save here and there a solitary old codger, who, with blue night-cap and dirty slippers on, his legs outstretched on his front bench, sat smoking a pipe, in the company of a gillyflower and a balsamine, rejoicing in "an old-fashioned day again."

In such a temperature, people really have too little compassion for fat men. True it is that they often make you feel warm and oppressed, when through serenity and calm you might accommodate yourself to the heat, by coming puffing and blowing past you, inspiring an irresistible temptation to prove that their cravats have come loose, while they stare at you with protruding eyes ; but then — the creatures *have* the misfortune. Fat men and fat women of the globe ! either in these latter years you have still been able to see your knees and feet, or that blessed boundary of self-inspection has long since had to be abandoned ! However the world may deride your embonpoint, your pursiness, your corpulence, — in Hildebrand's bosom beats for you a sympathetic heart.

Among the obese personages of recent times, a place was merited — though not a first, yet still a place — by Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis ; a privileged dog, whom it never could befall to encounter an old acquaintance without the first word said to him being, "How fat you have grown ! " while every one who had not had the good fortune to see his face within a fortnight assured him that "he had grown fatter *still*" ; a lucky dog, who in a thousand tokens from his relatives, his friends, and especially his doctor, clearly perceived that they harbored a strong suspicion he would die of apoplexy, and who withal was incited by his temperament to do, eat, and drink every-

thing most injurious, made fatter, and set climbing and whetting his blood in all possible ways ; a lucky dog, who, as he had it hot in summer through fleshiness, had it hot winter and summer through ardor, choler, and excitability.

Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis betook himself, on the above described burning hot Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, along one of the streets of the town I have not named ; and doing it, the heat of the day and his figure taken into account, much too rapidly. He held in one hand his hat, and in the other his yellow silk handkerchief and his bamboo cane with a round ivory top ; with which top he hit his head several times in militant motion, when he tried to use the handkerchief. Behind him skipped along a little street gamin, who carried the man's overcoat on his arm and his valise in his hand, without hat or cap on his head, wearing a blue jacket with a black patch on one elbow and a gray one on the other, and of which the first button (a black bone one) was fastened through the fourth buttonhole, while the second (a brass one), which stood in the place of the fourth, was restrained by the sixth hole. He was fortunate enough, this warm summer time, to wear no stockings ; as could be noted at the edge of his wooden shoes, and here and there still farther up.

"Well, where is it now, youngster? where is it now?" asked Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis, impatiently.

"That first house with the broad steps," answered the urchin ; "the second door past the pork-butcher's ; next to the house where the busybody [spy-mirror] sticks out."

"All right, all right, all right," said Mr. H. J. Bruis.

The pork-butcher and the busybody were behind his back, and the fat man stood on the steps of Dr. Deluw, his college friend, whom he had not seen since his marriage ; for Mr. Bruis lived in a town of Overyssel, where he was a teacher of law but not a lawyer, a husband but not a father, merchant, and member of the Council. At present he had to be in Rotterdam, and had made a detour on this hot afternoon to see his friend Dr. Deluw, his wife, and his children. He therefore hastily pulled at the bell, gripped his valise, and took his overcoat on one arm.

"There, my little man ! now just make yourself scarce ! "

The boy made himself scarce, and at a lively gait ; decidedly not because it was so warm, but because he was a boy,

and had received a handsomer tip than he expected, and which besides his father did not know of. In a moment he was clear out of the long street, and stopped, I imagine, here and there to regale himself with a cucumber pickle, a pint of bladder-nuts, or some other street-boy's dainties, with aversion wherefor people cannot begin early enough to inspire children.

Nevertheless Dr Deluw's door did not open for a long time still, and Mr. Bruis saw himself obliged to jerk at the bell once more. The bell again rang duly, and gave token of belonging to a very clear-toned species; but Mr. Bruis marked not a single sound within his friend's dwelling that answered his ring. After having wiped his forehead several times more and thumped on the step with his cane, he rang for the third time, and simultaneously began to peer into the vestibule through the small pane, trellised behind, which was set in the door-jamb on the weather side; but he saw nothing save the pendulum of a great green clock, a stand with a slate on it, and a blue cotton umbrella. Then he also peeped over the sash curtains of the side rooms, which was even more difficult, since he had to look through the fringe of the draw-curtains. He saw clearly in the one room an inkstand with two long quill pens on a table, and in the other a man's portrait; but neither the clock, nor the stand, nor the inkstand, nor the man's portrait itself, could unclose the door for Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis.

Mr. Bruis, nevertheless, had grown still hotter than hot, to which his impatience and the overcoat on his arm contributed not a little. So he rang for the fourth time, and now so loud that the juffrouw[1] next door, who was looking into her busybody and had seen him all along, — "it was a pity of him," — unpinned her needlework from her knee, opened her upper half-door (she gave no countenance to the invention of screws, leads, and cords), and assured Mr. Bruis that "no one was *in*."

"Not even the doctor?"

"No, mynheer."

"Not even mevrouw?"

"No, mynheer: I tell you again that all of them are out—"

"Where have they gone to, then?"

"*I* don't know, mynheer! They are all of them out, and the girl is the only one at home."

[1] A married woman in Holland is "mevrouw" (lit. "my-wife"); an unmarried one of any age, "juffrouw," colloquially "juffer" (young woman).

"Then why doesn't the girl open the door?"

"Why, because she is not *in*, mynheer."

"But you said she is at home!"

"Yes, but she can perfectly well not be *in*," said the juffrouw, and shut her upper half-door, doing so in the more haste that her white cat had just made ready to spring over the lower ditto; and left Mr. Bruis alone, to speculate in quiet, if he wished, on the difference between the terms "at home" and "in." He would thus, had he patience for it, have grasped the fact that "being at home" was a duty laid on the servant by the Deluw family, of which "being in," according to her own interpretation, constituted but a small part.

To clear this up, a voice came from a cobbler's stall on the opposite side.

"They are in the garden," called out the voice, "and the girl is on an errand. There she all comes."

The little word *all* in this phrase might, in Mr. Bruis' judgment, have been properly omitted: but he really did see a not uncomely maid approach, with a large key in her hand, and as fast as she could go without falling into a trot; she came up the steps, shot past His Highness, fastened the door open with unexampled celerity, and stood before him on the door-mat.

"Did you want to speak to meheer?" asked the maid.

"Yes. Mynheer seems not to be at home."

"No, meheer: meheer, and mevrouw, and the juffrouw, and the young master, and all the children, are at Villa, and I am the only one at home so as to run errands."

Now, Mr. Bruis had had occasion during a long quarter of an hour to find entertainment in the scrupulosity with which the doctor's maid — who meanwhile had had a lengthy gossip with the daughter of a fruit-woman, who went out sewing and sat beside a lifted window-sash — acquitted herself of this duty of hers. He was in too much of a hurry, however, to dwell on it.

"Where is Villa?" he asked; "is it far? where is it?"

"In the Meester-Moris Lane," answered the maid.

"In the Meester-Moris Lane!" repeated Bruis, with the uttermost scorn. "What do *I* know about the Meester-Moris Lane?"

There was, to the maid's sensibilities, more of arrogance in Mr. Bruis' manner and tone than was becoming in presence of her pretty face. She was therefore justly offended.

"I can't help your not knowing it!" said the maid dryly; and made a motion with the door-catch, as if Mr. Bruis could well enough go away now.

Mr. Bruis changed his tone.

"Listen a second, my girl! I came here by express diligence to see the doctor and his family. If it isn't too far, I'll walk to Villa too. Can't you give me directions?"

He gazed wistfully along the street, to see if there was not now also a boy who would conduct him thither; but none was discoverable.

The maid condescended meantime to give the information required, and Mr. H. J. Bruis set out for the Villa of Dr. Deluw.

When he was a house or two farther on, he suddenly noticed that he was carrying his overcoat on his arm and his valise in his hand.

So he came back, and rang still again, in order to give both of them to the maid to keep; but Grietje was apparently always with her friends, and Mr. Bruis saw himself compelled, on this burning hot Friday afternoon, to lug his overcoat and valise himself; with the firm resolve that should he ever get so far as to see Dr. Deluw, he would complain to him about his maid.

To the man's good fortune, the town which I have still never named was not large, and Mr. Bruis perceived speedily enough the gate he must go out at, although the ascent and not less the descent of two unusually high bridges had fretted him considerably. Arrived at the gate, he had the happy inspiration of confiding his overcoat and valise to the care of a clerk; he went to the commission house for that purpose, but no one was in; he noticed, however, a person with a gray overcoat who stood fishing on the other side of the *singel* [walk around the town outside the wall], and seemed very clerk-like, laid his things down where he was, and betaking himself straightway to the fisherman, who was in fact a clerk, had himself also posted again by this person about the location of "Meester-Moris Lane." I should do him injustice if I said that Mr. Bruis had forgotten Grietje's instructions, for in his excitement he had scarcely hearkened to them. He was to go "first a little way up the town-walk, then into a lane, then a lane to the right till he came to a white stake; then left again, then right again, and then he was in the Meester-Moris Lane."

"And Dr. Deluw's Villa?"

"Never heard of it," said the clerk; "but there's a lot of gardens in there. What do they call it?"

"Fieldview."

"Fieldview," said the clerk, who was longing to get rid of Mr. Bruis, because he thought he felt a bite at the end of his line; "no, sir, that isn't within my knowledge."

Mr. Bruis walked on. The town-walk restored him a little, for high trees stood on both sides of it; but his felicity was speedily cut short, because the city, in a moment of pecuniary embarrassment, had felled a large part of the trees for an illumination on the king's birthday, and in their place at present showed themselves, as a young plantation, a few slender saplings where the others were burned. So he was again much exhausted, when between two black hedges he saw a narrow lane, which he judged he must take. It was solitary in the lane, — nothing but hedges with trees projecting above, nothing but garden doors with titles and numbers. A single sparrow sprung up among them. Mr. Bruis walked forward with his hat in one hand and his handkerchief and cane in the other, as in the streets of the town; but now always with his body a little twisted to the right, in order to strike the eagerly coveted right-side turn, according to the clerk's instructions. The occasion, however, did not arise, and Mr. Bruis finally stood right before a broad open water, and right next a garbage heap with a quantity of cauliflower stalks, lettuce leaves, potsherds, withered nosegays, and thorn-apples, which in the midst of the thriving putrescence spread their overpowering odor on the air.

It was obvious that Mr. Bruis had come to the end of the treacherous lane; and however unpleasant the garbage heap was, still the neighborhood of the water satisfied him so well that he resolved to rest a moment there before he turned back. To that end he sat himself down as close to the edge as possible; and, fanning himself with his handkerchief and cooling off his impatience with his reason, he strove pretty successfully to bring his mind into a slightly calmer mood. Gazing right and left along the waterside, he noted on his left at a little distance a square sea-green pavilion, in which some people were moving about; and although he could not distinguish them, it was a virtual suggestion to him that this must be the Fieldview of his friend the doctor; and that it might bear that name was

shown by the prospect on the other side of the water, for it was meadow right and left, far and wide, up to the blue horizon — nothing but green and yellow and sunny meadow!

Mr. Bruis took up his walking-stick once more, marched back through the lane, and was again on the town-walk. Soon another lane appeared before him, which however he thought it desirable to look down before he entered it. He then saw there would be an early occasion to turn to the right; and having done this, he was also very quickly at the white stake. Then he went to the left and then to the right again, and according to all suppositions he was in the "Meester-Moris Lane."

Before a garden gate, which was ajar, sat a little child with a dirty frock on, a dirty cap with a dirty frontlet nearly off, and a dirty face under it, amusing itself with a pumpkin and a few potato peelings.

"Is this the Meester-Moris Lane, my dear child?" asked Mr. Bruis.

The child nodded yes.

"Whereabouts is Fieldview?"

The child said nothing.

Mr. Bruis was provoked, not so much at the child as at the mystery of Fieldview.

"Don't you know it?" asked he, one or two notes too severely.

The child let fall the pumpkin and the potato parings, got up, began to blubber, and ran into the garden.

Mr. Bruis sighed. The "Meester-Moris Lane" seemed to be very long, and the garden gates were manifold. He read names of every sort. Names of strut and magniloquence, as Beauty Place, Finesite, Flowercourt, The Plaisance; names of satisfaction and repose, as My Content, Well Satisfied, Country Rest; naïve names, as Never Expected, Little, but Oh My! Better Hereafter; but also a number of geographical ones, as Near By, Bytown, South Court; and optical ones, as Meadowview, Canalview, Landview, Cattleview, Fillview, — this last seemed from a distance to be quite like Fieldview, but still it was not Fieldview.

Finally, there were two or three gates on which there was nothing to be read but Q 4 No. 33 and Q 4 No. 34. One of the two doors must be Fieldview! Mr. Bruis, however choleric and impatient, had to decide. So he went past No. 33, in order

not to take the first he came to for Fieldview, and knocked at No. 34.

After a short wait, the door was opened to him by a very tall, stately lady, looking as if out of an engraving, with a mourning dress on, a white camel's-hair fichu hanging loosely on her shoulders, a black hat canted well over on her nose as a shield from the sun, green spectacles, a suspicion of a beard on her upper lip, and a book in her hand.

"Is Fieldview here, mevrouw?" asked Mr. Bruis.

Why did he not see that she was no mevrouw?

"No, mynheer!" answered the juffrouw, frightened before a "strange man," and perhaps fully convinced that he was some one who wished to rob her; "it is right next to here," and slammed the door.

Mr. Bruis knocked at Q 4 No. 33.

How Charming It Was.

"Jansje! somebody is knocking," called out a female voice.

"I hear it all right, juffrouw!" called Jansje in return.

It was more than probable, nevertheless, that Jansje had heard nothing of it; for she had a most shocking amount of pleasure with the garden lad, who splashed her with water.

Mr. Bruis had rested just long enough beside the garbage heap to form a smart plan for a surprise. So, as soon as Jansje opened the door and informed him that this really was Fieldview, and really Dr. Deluw's garden (for the voice out of the lodge seemed to be still further accurate in this, that it was a Garden and no Villa), he said: —

"My dear good girl, then just show me the way to the pavilion: I only want to surprise your master."

"Then shan't I go first and say the gentleman is here?" asked Jansje.

"Not on any account, child; only go ahead of me, will you?"

The garden was a long, narrow strip alongside the canal on whose banks Mr. Bruis a few minutes before had snuffed a little air; it looked most detestably green, and had but very narrow walkways, bordered on both sides with strawberries. Whoever entered was justly astonished that it had been possible to crowd so many apple and pear trees, so many currant and gooseberry bushes, into so small an area, and was continually obliged to

stoop for the former and step out his way for the latter; in a word, it was what the townspeople with rapture term a "fruitful spot," and which they would feel an inconceivable desire for in case the Villa people did not live closer to it, would rise earlier than they, and know sooner when every individual fruit was ready to be plucked.

"Warm weather to-day, meheer!" said Jansje, when they had walked on a short distance, and she began to feel sympathy with the panting and puffing of the fat gentleman behind her.

"Yes, child, frightful, frightful!" said Bruis; "is there nobody in the garden?"

"The family is on the pavilion," was the answer, "except Juffrouw Mientje, who sits here to read."

Jansje and Mr. Bruis, following the tortuous path, came at this moment to the waterside; and there sat in fact, under a small weeping cypress, on a low turf mound, the eldest daughter of his friend Deluw, upon a green garden bench, with gloves on, a book in her hand, and a little dog at her feet, "to play Villa," fretting because for the last hour no one had passed on the opposite bank, and no men had been sitting in the *trekschuit* [canal boat].

She very solemnly let her head droop on her bosom when Mr. Bruis greeted her; but the little dog jumped up and barked desperately at the intruder, who would have given the frantic animal a cut with his bamboo, — but he dared not, as it was a young lady's dog, and besides he did not quite wish to surprise his friend with a bite to begin with.

The sea-green summerhouse now came into sight directly. It seemed to be very spacious, and had a little side room, with a chimney and a fireplace to boil water in, tongs, and a closet with nothing in it; all these wonders Bruis already perceived from a distance. The pavilion was ascended by a flight of steps.

"Thanks, my girl!" said he to Jansje when he was within ten steps of the summerhouse, and he stole cautiously up to it. Fortunately the blinds before the windows on the garden side were tight shut, and the door was not of glass, as elsewhere is usually the case with lookouts. Mr. Bruis could thus very well carry out his plan of surprise. What a melting scene he drew in his mind! His cordial and friendly heart brimmed full. He had not seen his good "Black Dan," as Deluw was nicknamed at the college, for sixteen years; and how should he

find him? At the side of a charming spouse, surrounded with blooming children. Yes, with grizzling hair in place of black, but with the selfsame heart in his bosom, open to friendship, rejoicing in comradeship!

In the joy these thoughts awakened in him, he did not notice the loud cries that were issuing from the summerhouse.

He stole up the steps and opened the door with the friendliest smile that has ever rested on the burnt visage of a tired fat man.

What a picture!

There was a mad youngster of six or so, who was screaming and stamping violently; there was a father, red with rage, who stood with one hand tightly clutching the table and threatening fiercely with the other; there was a mother, white with anguish, who was trying to quiet down the youngster; there was a tall boy of thirteen, with a sallow face and blue rings under his eyes, who sat laughing at the scene, with his elbows on the table and a book before him; there was a little miss of five, who clung fast to her mamma's gown, bawling. It was Dr. Deluw, his charming spouse, and his blooming family.

"I won't," yelled the youngster, kicking over the chair that stood nearest him.

"Immediately!" shrieked the father, hoarse with fury, "or I shall hurt something!"

"Be calm, Deluw," supplicated the mother; "he will surely go."

"Don't feel put out with me, mynheer!" said the doctor, with difficulty restraining himself to some extent; "this boy makes it tiresome for me. I will listen to you shortly;" and he laid hold of the rebel by the collar.

"Oh, gracious, don't tear his clothes, Deluw!" coaxed the mother; "he always goes."

"Just let *me* see to it," said the doctor, and dragged his fractious son — who, unthankful for the favorable sentiments expressed by his mother concerning his obedience, did not stir a foot — out of the pavilion into the side room, where he shut him up in the turf hole.

"Don't feel put out with me, mynheer," said Mevrouw Deluw meanwhile, in her turn, to the newcomer, "I am so upset; I am not myself." And to prove it, she dropped into a chair.

"I think the best thing for me would be to take the air a little," she continued.

"Do not incommode yourself, mevrouw!" said her husband's disillusioned college friend. And she went out, with the sobbing child still hanging to her gown.

Young Master Deluw, with the sallow face and the blue rings, remained alone with Mr. Bruis, and stared at him with impudent looks.

"I shall have all the meddling neighbors at me," said Dr. Deluw, entering once more, as he thought it needful to characterize his son's misconduct before the stranger, that the latter might not take him for an unjust and hard-hearted father. "May I ask —"

"Fatty!" cried the jovial paunch owner, with a frank smile on his purple cheeks.

Now the word "fatty," appellative from fat, is a very common word, at least to a physician. Nevertheless, it seemed to this physician, from the mouth of a stranger, just at the moment very unbecoming. Dr. Deluw opened his eyes very wide at it.

"Fatty!" repeated Mr. Bruis.

Dr. Deluw thought he saw a lunatic before him, and as he had just now been very angry, he was on the point of becoming so a second time, seeing it could prosper so well in one trouble, and really he was very seldom so at other times, and only with *much* trouble.

"What is your pleasure, mynheer?"

"Well, haven't you eaten with Fatty, then?"

Dr. Deluw did not remember any other eating than with his mouth. He shrugged his shoulders.

"He has certainly grown a good deal stouter during the time, Black Dan!" said the fat man, rising from the chair he was sitting on.

"Bruis!" cried Dr. Daniel Deluw suddenly. "That's so; I was called Black Dan, and you were called Fatty. I shouldn't have known you, man! How you've changed! Ate together. Well, well, to be sure. In the Jolly Saucer." But the tone of earlier comradeship was quickly abandoned: "What can I offer you, Heer Bruis?"

The expression "Heer Bruis" was unquestionably a halfway house between the familiar "Bruis" as of old, and "mynheer" as never.

"Where is my wife,—do you know?" asked the doctor.

"She is a little upset," said Bruis, "so she went out just now to get the air."

"Willem, go and hunt up mamma!" said Dr. Deluw.

Willem got lazily up, stretched himself, went and stood at the door of the summerhouse, and screamed at the top of his voice, "Mamma!"

Thereupon Willem came and sat down again and gazed over his book.

"I want out," yelled the youngster in the turf hole, and kicked against the door.

"What can I say to you?" said Dr. Deluw; "these boys wear out one's patience sometimes!—You have no children, I believe."

"Not one," said the fat man, who meantime was choking with thirst, "to my sorrow," he added with a sigh, although the scene he had had before his eyes did not precisely aggravate the sorrow.

Mamma came in.

"This is Mr. Bruis, dearest!" said the doctor, "whom I have so often told you about."

But mevrouw's face expressed that she remembered nothing of him. Mevrouw Deluw, by the way, was a very stiff woman.

"Shall I offer mynheer a cup of tea?" she said; and going to a cupboard that from dryness would never shut, she brought a flowered cup and saucer to view.

Mr. Bruis would have given anything for a glass of beer or a glass of wine and water. But it was incumbent on him, tired and hot as he was, to drink tea in a blazing hot summerhouse. It brings a happy aid to the feminine system that you cannot get everything in a garden; also it is fitting that in a tea-garden there *is* nothing but tea.

So Mr. Bruis set his hot lips to a hotter cup of tea.

"May I get a little milk for you too?"

Dr. Deluw saw clearly that his college friend would rather have had something cold, and made a thousand apologies for the poor hospitality in a pavilion, where people merely go from time to time to give the children pleasure. "There is never any cellar there," he added.

"There is a turf hole!" shrieked the naughty youngster with all his might, from the place he named.

"The little wretch," said the mother, with a slight smile.

"Has mynheer any other connection with ——?" inquired Mevrouw Deluw of Mr. Bruis, naming the town which I have never yet named.

"Pardon me, mevrouw," said Mr. Bruis, "I know no one in it but your husband, — although our acquaintance has aged a good deal," he added with a sigh.

"That is true," said Mevrouw Deluw; "another cup of tea?"

"Thank you, thank you!" [No.]

Mevrouw Deluw rose, bowed, and declared that "Mynheer must really excuse her a moment," whereupon she left the room. Her five-year-old girl had stopped blubbering, but still hung tight to her gown, and went out with her.

When his wife had gone, the friendly heart of Dr. Deluw again came to the top. He would willingly have buried himself in old times with his old comrade, in the delights of Leyden, in reminiscences of the Jolly Saucer, in what not? He thought it much better, however, to dismiss his prying thirteen-year-old son first.

"I can't understand, Willem, why you don't go fishing awhile sometimes."

"Fishing!" said the young Paul Pry, sticking out his tongue, "nice fun that is!"

"Or go and swing your sister."

"Gosh, swing!"

"The young gentleman seems to prefer reading," said Mr. Bruis.

"Yes, sometimes, when the occasion isn't at all suitable," answered Dr. Deluw.

The prying Willem was angry, slapped his book shut with all his force, shoved it across the table so hard that it went entirely over one end, to the imminent peril of the visitor's empty cup, swung his chair around, which procedure seemed to be a specialty of the younger Deluw, muttered something between his misshapen teeth, behind his thick lips, and flung out roughly, slamming the door.

"Oh, such whims!" said the fortunate husband and father.

Meanwhile the road was now clear for the renewal of the friendship. Each of the gentlemen lit a cigar and began to talk over Leyden; and it was about to grow delightful, when Jansje, who had all along been hoydening with the garden lad, came in red as a beet, to say that "there was a boy from

Mevrouw Van Alpyn, if doctor would please come there *right away*, seeing as mevrouw was took so bad."

"Tell her I'll come at once," said Dr. Deluw to the servant-girl; and then to his friend, "I don't imagine it's of any consequence. That's the mean part of our business, that people haul you out for every trifle."

This phrase, by the way, is a doctor's phrase, which I have heard many times, without understanding why a physician has the right to take it ill of people that they do not call him in except in fatal cases. Must it not rather be the patient who should complain that his physicians charge him with a visit for every trifle?

However it be, Dr. Deluw made ready to go and see Mevrouw Van Alpyn for this trifle.

"It will be a good hour and a half before I can be back," said he, looking at his watch; "shall I find you here still?"

"I am not certain," said Bruis, whose definite plan had been to spend the night in the unnamed town with his friend; "I will see what I think of further along toward evening."

"Come, come," said the doctor, "I shall come and take you away from here, and you will have supper with me in town?"

"I can't say," answered Bruis, who would have liked it better if mevrouw had been present at this invitation.

"Well!" said the doctor, "we shall see; I'll take you to my wife now."

How Superior She Was.

Mevrouw Deluw was not far off, busy scolding Jansje over her conduct in general: "she didn't know," she said, with one eye on the garden lad, "why something always had to be done in the garden when the family was there."

Deluw conducted his friend to his wife, and started to leave.

"Just one word!" said Mevrouw Deluw.

"What, darling?" said the doctor.

"Can't anything be done?"

"What about?"

"About those boys."

"What boys? Willem and —"

"No, no! About those boys over there in the meadow."

"Why, what do you want done about them?"

"To have them forbidden," said the doctor's lady.

"But, my love, we haven't any right to," said the doctor.

"Well, I think it's nothing else than indecent, and especially before Mientje, who always sits there under the cypress; oughtn't you —"

The doctor did not listen, but was off.

This specimen of conjugal discussion related to a quintet of boys eight or nine years old, who were three quarters of a mile from Fieldview, over in the meadow, and found it, on this blazing hot afternoon, much cooler in the water of the drain than in their clothes.

"Your eldest daughter," said Bruis, when he was alone with Mevrouw Deluw, "seems to prefer being by herself."

"Oh yes, mynheer! I take the utmost pleasure in that girl. She is always outdoors with some book or other; I assure you she understands her French even better than I; she reads English and German too."

"Good enough," said Mr. Bruis, "that is charming. Yes, here in Holland there are such noble opportunities for all that."

Mevrouw Deluw thought this observation belittled the deserts of her whelp.

"It makes a great deal of difference, mynheer," she replied, "how people profit by the opportunities; and my daughter studies hard, studies simply all the time. Her greatest delight is in studying; and she doesn't take up, either, with everything that other girls of her age usually find pleasure in."

Mr. Bruis did not care for girls of that sort.

"How old is your daughter?" he asked.

"Sixteen," said Mevrouw Deluw, perking up her head with motherly dignity.

"Flos ipse" [the very blossom], murmured Mr. Bruis.

"And as I was saying," went on Mevrouw Deluw, "English, French, and German. I feel sure she has gone out again now with an English book. Haven't you seen her?"

"I saw a lady who sat reading under a tree," said Mr. Bruis, who was not generally used to calling a miss of sixteen a "lady"; but he thought, "English, French, and German, and always reading!"

"Oh, that is her favorite spot," said Mevrouw Deluw; "we'll go and look her up at once. It is cool, and we can rest out there."

They approached the favorite spot; the daughter rose, and once more bowed to Mr. Bruis.

Mevrouw Deluw went and sat beside her daughter on the garden bench, and Mr. Bruis found himself a chair.

"We have come out to sit with you a while, Minnie. What are you reading there now, child? your eternal English again?"

"Oh no, mamma! it's only just for a book; I didn't know right off what I wanted to take with me; I saw this lying there. Is Johnny quiet again?"

There was something extremely restive and unquiet in Mientje's face. To tell the truth, she was not a very pretty girl; she too was thoroughly sallow, and with something most unpleasant in her eyes, which perpetually looked out askant; withal she had nervous lines in her features, so to speak, which did not please Mr. Bruis.

Mevrouw Deluw did not press her to show the book. So far as Mr. Bruis could catch, it had a very strong likeness to a certain work entitled "Amours and Amourettes of Napoleon," wherefrom, doubtless, much of an edifying nature is to be learned by a girl of sixteen.

The trio had sat there for a few moments, while Mevrouw Deluw merely talked with her daughter in order to lure expressions from her which might bring her great superiority to light; and then she shook her head still again over the little bathing boys, three quarters of a mile off in the country.

"Oh!" said Minnie, and her fingers trembled nervously over her book, which she sat actually pulling to pieces, "oh! it is dreadful, it's so dangerous here."

At this moment her name was called in a half-suppressed voice.

"You are called, child!" said Mevrouw Deluw.

"No, mamma," said Minnie, and almost tore the cover off the book.

Mr. Bruis switched buttercups and grass nosegays with his cane.

"Minnie!" called the voice in the same tone; "why don't you come? The old man's gone to town, and Jansje says mamma-dear is sitting on the pavilion with a strange windbag."

Mamma-dear looked at daughter-dear. The strange windbag acted as if he had not noticed anything, walked down close to the canal, and appeared to be devoting his entire attention to a passing trekschuit, which he would have frantically hailed "passenger here," had he had his valise and overcoat.

Mevrouw Deluw's eyes shot fire; she pinched Minnie on the arm. "What does this mean?" she whispered; but she did not wish to "make a scene" in the presence of the stranger.

"Come now," proceeded the voice, "no capers! I know very well you are sitting there, but I dasn't come there; your chair stood here the last time, and nobody can see me here." He was silent a moment. "But what difference can it make to me, so long as the old man's away!"

Thud — some one sprang from the hedge of No. 32; the trees rustled; and on the favorite spot of the superior one appeared a well-grown boy of about the age to go to a fitting-school, with a blue cap and a round jacket, and with a very stupid, depraved, and brutal countenance.

"That's another thing!" said the well-grown boy, as soon as he noticed Mamma Deluw and Mr. Bruis.

"Young man!" said Mevrouw Deluw, trembling with rage.

"Isn't Willem here?" asked the big boy, imperturbably.

"No, young man!" answered Mevrouw Deluw, "and even if he were here, Willem should not go around with a young person who dares speak to my daughter in a manner which — which — which is, as you have done — "

"That's another thing," said the big boy, "but I can't help your daughter's chasing me up. Her chair stood by the hedge, didn't it, Min?"

"You are a vulgar boy," said "Min," biting her lips; "I have never known you, and I don't want to know you."

"That's another thing!" replied he again, — that remark apparently being in order during high-school days, among the polished translators of Livy and Virgil, — and he turned away: "Regards to the doctor!"

He made ready to quit the scene, whistling.

At this moment up came Willem, "who could not go around with boys of that kind."

"Ha!" said the big boy, "there you have that dear little fellow, who fools the guys three times a week. That's another thing. Billy, how do the fresh eggs taste, out of the dairyman's henhouse?"

And twitching "Billy" by the hand, the big boy laughed with great gusto.

"My time is up, madam!" said Mr. Bruis, acting as if he had heard nothing, and had just waked out of a deep reverie. "Give your husband my kindest regards, but it is getting

rather late. Thank you for the cordial reception! Your servant, Miss Deluw! Good day, young gentlemen!"

And before Mevrouw Deluw, who naturally was "most dreadfully confused," could say anything, Mr. Bruis had already left the favorite spot.

He hastened through the narrow, crooked paths to find his road.

"Fatty!" sounded with a provoking laugh from one of the encircling apple trees.

Mr. Bruis felt the blood mount to his head; for it was the voice of the six-year-old boy, who had of course made his escape as soon as his father left.

Mr. Bruis turned himself toward all sides, with the object of finding the imp, but did not see him. Nevertheless he could not help making a movement with his cane as if he were giving him a sharp cut.

He came to the gate; but not knowing the secret of the catch, it was some time before he succeeded in forcing it open, in which his haste and violence naturally worked against him; while the youngster in the apple tree, with every possible mutation of voice, kept repeating his college nickname.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Bruis from the bottom of his heart, when he was out of Meester-Moris Lane, with the firm resolve of hastening to the first inn he came to in the town I shall never name. He had not exactly grown much *cooler* yet.

"And how about your friend Dr. Deluw?" asked Mevrouw Bruis, when her jovial spouse, a week later, sat by her side to rest from the fatigues of the journey, refreshing himself with a large glass of Rhine wine with foaming soda-water and sugar. "Were you received nicely there? Wasn't he overjoyed to see you? Has he a dear wife and handsome children?"

"My friend Dr. Deluw, wifie, has a very handsome tea-garden, a wife, two sons, and two daughters, whom he takes great pleasure in, especially the oldest daughter."

Then he stirred once more his large glass of wine, soda-water, and sugar, and drank it at one draught.

SPEECHES OF BISMARCK.

(Translated for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[Count Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck was born at Schönhausen, in Brandenburg, Prussia, April 1, 1815; a moderate landholder. He was educated at Göttingen, Berlin, and Greifswald; but it was not till 1847 that he entered public life, as member of the Prussian Landtag, where he was distinguished mainly as a violent absolutist and uncompromising reactionary. From 1851 to 1859 he was Prussian ambassador to the German Confederation at Frankfort. He was then sent as ambassador to Russia, in reality as a sort of honorable banishment to remove him from the path of the Liberals. In 1862 his post was changed to France; but in October of the same year he was called to be minister of foreign affairs under the recently acceded king, William I., at the advice of the war minister, Von Roon, who wished to carry through military reorganization to which the House was bitterly opposed, and wanted Bismarck as a man of iron and a despiser of parliamentarism. The result was an expenditure on the army which the House claimed was without its consent, while the government held that the consent was implied in the authorization of the objects and from the nature of the case could not be asked in advance. For some years, therefore, the Diet refused to authorize the new annual expenditures, and the government continued to make them without its authority. But the results of the Danish War of 1864, which gave Schleswig-Holstein to Austria and Prussia as joint possessors; and of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, which gave them to Prussia as prize, forced Austria out of the German Confederation, and created the new North German Confederation under the lead of Prussia, with the full control of the German navy and the Baltic coast, produced a vast revulsion of feeling; and Bismarck in 1866 was enabled to carry his Bill of Indemnity, which passed a sponge over the past. In 1866 he was made chancellor of the North German Confederation. He incensed French jealousy into the declaration of war in 1870, which crushed France and cost it Alsace and Lorraine; and in 1871 was made chancellor of the new German Empire, with the title of Prince. His part in the internal reforms of the empire for many years was splendid and useful; especially, he created the system of public education. He was president of the Berlin Congress of 1878, which dealt with the results of the Russo-Turkish war; and in 1883 formed the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy. On March 18, 1890, he resigned all his offices — chancellor, minister of foreign affairs, and president of the Prussian ministry of state — from a disagreement with William II., and retired to private life, with the title of Duke of Lauenburg. He died July 30, 1898.]

[The introductions are in the main those of Horft Kohl, from whose edition the speeches are selected and translated; but much fervidly patriotic and party utterance has been retrenched, and considerable additions have been made for American readers.]

On the Downfall of Autocracy in Prussia.

(Speech of April 2, 1848.)

[Frederick William IV., in view of the commotions set up by the Paris revolution of February, 1848, issued a proclamation on March 14, calling the United Diet together for April 27, to assist him with their counsels and resolves in a judicious reconstruction of the German Federation. Scarcely had the proclamation gone forth, when the revolution broke out in Vienna which brought the democracy to the helm, and left Austria powerless for the time; and also in Berlin, blocking some streets with barricades, and compelling the soldiers to use bloodshed to clear them. Frederick William IV., already at work on a revised Constitution, was spurred on by this to a fresh proclamation of March 18, ordering the United Diet to convene April 2, and announcing a programme of future Prussian and German policy which promised to satisfy the most far-reaching wishes. It was received by the Berliners with delight; but out of their public procession of thanks grew a general Civil War in the city, filling it with the barricades of a great rebel camp; after many hours' fighting, the horrified king was persuaded to order the troops to evacuate the capital and leave him behind under the protection of the Berlin City Guard. The Prussian sovereignty had for a time to bend to the will of the people, and the aristocratic classes were furious. Count Bismarck voiced these feelings at the first session of the United Diet. When the motion was introduced to transmit to the king in an address the thanks of the orders for the assurances given, he justified his negative vote in the following speech, which a fit of weeping compelled him to break off.]

I am one of the few who will vote against the Address; and I have therefore asked for the floor merely to justify this division, and make it clear to you that in so far as the Address is a programme for the future, I accept it without further ceremony, on the sole ground that I cannot help myself. [Laughter.] Not of my own free will do I do this, but driven by the force of circumstances; for I have not changed my opinions in six months. I believe this ministry [Camphausen, succeeding Arnim March 29] is the only one that can bring us out of the present situation into one of law and order, and on this ground I shall devote my slight assistance to it in every way possible. But what induces me to vote against the Address is the expression of rejoicing and thanks for what has been done the last few days. The past is buried, and I mourn more bitterly than any of you that no human power is in a position to resuscitate it, after the Crown itself has thrown the earth on its coffin. But if I accept this, constrained by the force of circumstances, still I cannot withdraw from my functions in the United Diet with the lie on my lips that I rejoice and am thankful over what I hold a mistaken path, to say no more. If on the new path just struck out, one single German Fatherland really succeeds in attaining to a happy or even only a legal and orderly

condition, then the moment will have come when I can express my thanks to the founder of this new order of things; but at present it is impossible for me!

Criticism of the Frankfort Constitution.

(Speech of April 21, 1849.)

[Frederick William IV.'s contingent rejection of the offer of the German imperial crown by the Frankfort National Assembly displeased the Liberals of the Prussian Lower House. April 13, 1849, Representative Rodbertus introduced an urgent motion that the Lower House do acknowledge as valid the Constitution perfected by the German National Assembly, as amended on the second reading; and on the other hand decidedly disapprove the path struck out by the circular note of April 3, under the king's authority, of union of the separate German states among themselves and with the German National Assembly, as unsuitable for the speedy bringing about of a legal status in Germany publicly answerable to the expectations of the German people. The committee appointed for a preliminary conference on the motion, in their report of April 21, did not admit urgency; the majority of the House, on the other hand, declared itself for urgency. Minister President Count Brandenburg, requested by the chairman of the committee, Von Vincke, to bring matters to a crisis by a plain declaration of insecurity, acceded thereto. This declaration, which he read aloud, resulted in the royal ministry reporting itself unable to advise the acceptance of the Frankfort Constitution, because the "memories woven" by Prussia in association with other German states were in great part disregarded on the second reading; and moreover, the draft of the Constitution had undergone some alterations which his Majesty's Government could not but consider in the highest degree prejudicial. Representative Von Bismarck, who with one other had moved to pass over Representative Rodbertus' motion and its amendments to the Order of the Day, defended his motion in the following speech.]

The declaration we have just heard from the Minister President confirms me all the more in my purpose of voting for the motion on the Order of the Day. It is the fourth time since our bimonthly session began that we have been called on to express our opinions and feelings on a subject which constitutionally does not at present admit of our immediate decision or the passage of resolutions. We had to speak our mind for the first time in the reply to the Speech from the Throne on the German Question. Later on, two motions of Represenative Von Vincke have given us an opportunity of expressing not only the judgment of the Assembly as a whole, but that of every special section, in presence of the ministry of his Majesty the King. Since then, in my judgment, nothing has happened that alters the state of things as far as we are concerned. For as to the illegal resolutions with which the National Assembly at Frankfort has tried to bolster up its playing at charters [interruption by the President's bell]—I cannot acknowledge them as

existing for us. Just as little can I admit that the declaration of twenty-eight governments having together six and a half millions — or as I shall prove later, four to five millions — of subjects [Voices on Liberal side : "Subjects ?"] — yes, subjects, [hilarity] — those governments whose ministers have promptly endeavored to get their March offices in out of the rain [Cheers and laughter from Right] by means of the constituted anarchy to be offered from Frankfort — that, as I said, these declarations are of weight enough to change our opinions, when the question at issue is the future of Prussia.

The Government has complied with the majority decision on that motion of Representative Von Vincke's, which amounted to advising the King not to shirk the resolutions that came from Frankfort, and with unusual speed in the forms. It seems, however, that the way and manner of doing it displeases a part of the Assembly, and so the assault on the Government that remained ineffectual then they try to resume now.

Titles 3 and 5 of the People's Charter of December 5 define the rights that belong respectively to the Crown and the Chamber. I cannot gather from Title 5, the one which deals with the rights of the Chamber, that it is our business to rule the country by addresses and declarations of opinion and sentiment; that it is our business, in cases where the Government of his Majesty the King has made use of the rights specially reserved to the Crown in section 46 [war, peace, and treaties] which displeases a part of this Chamber — that it is our business to open on the Government a continuous fire of addresses and votes of want of confidence till the ministry strikes its flag. Should the ministry submit to such a procedure, it would thereby acknowledge that the direct executive power had passed to the Second Chamber. It would acknowledge that the minister was not an official of the King, but an official of the Second Chamber, and that the King's outward signs of power for the time were shams. This may be held "constitutional government"[1] by many ; I hold as constitutional government only what is according to the Constitution. In Prussia nothing is constitutional government but what can be drawn from the Constitution. In Belgium or France, or Anhalt-Dessau, or where the morning

[1] Bismarck's antithesis in these sentences between the political catchword "konstitutionell" borrowed from foreigners, and the native *verfassung* or constitution, is untranslatable. We have added "government" to the former to indicate its usage as an abstract technicality.

splendor of Mecklenburg freedom shines, anything you like may be constitutional government; here nothing is constitutional government but what rests on the Prussian Constitution. True, I have confidence in the present advisers of the Crown that they know how to guard the prerogative of the Crown, and have been convinced with pleasure, from the communications of the Minister President, that they are resolved to do it. I am convinced they will set no higher value on the manifestations of feeling and opinion in this Chamber than they are constitutionally entitled to; rather, that in case the Chamber is resolved to work no longer in unison with the ministry, but where its concurrence in legislation is claimed, to refuse it and thereby put a screw on the ministry, the latter will leave it to the Chamber either to recede or be dissolved. But on this very ground, it seems to me unworthy the dignity of the Chamber to pass repeated resolutions on a matter where every lawful means of giving force to such resolutions fails it, and where I don't know how it could retaliate if the ministry put the resolutions on its files without giving effect to them, or announced that the minister in his turn "decidedly disapproved" many of our resolutions, as for instance on the Poster and Club Law deliberated over and diluted by us.

If the Chamber will take the matter in hand, in my opinion the one proper method for it would be to sketch out a bill in virtue of which the Frankfort Constitution should be acknowledged legal in Prussia, and try to gain the assent of the Crown and the First Chamber to that bill. But before we could proceed to that, we should need to have an authentic draft of the Frankfort project for a constitution laid before us, to undergo our scrutiny and determination. I should have to tax myself with the utmost levity if on so weighty a matter, after a hurried discussion, on the ground of a motion for urgency, I accepted an entire constitution in the lump, — a thing prejudicial in all points to the weightiest business we have, the revision of the Prussian Constitution; for I cannot believe that in the long run, two constitutions can stand beside each other in Prussia and Germany; especially, as up to this time the German people of the narrower federation [outside Austria] comprises very few but Prussian subjects. It seems to me that two constitutions with many points of conflict cannot run parallel to each other, so that one shall have force for sixteen million Prussians, the other for the same sixteen million Prussians

and four to five million Germans out of the "Kingdom" besides.

The Prussian Constitution of December 5 I do not count among the most excellent that history tells of; its distinguishing excellence is, that it is there. It leaves the Government hardly that scanty stock of power without which in general it cannot get itself obeyed. It also admits the principle that the influence of every class in the community is to increase in the same proportion its political training and capacity for judgment diminishes, and thereby supplies a solid bulwark against the aristocracy of intelligence. Meantime, the Frankfort Constitution has dipped still more deeply into the wells of wisdom of those theorists who, since the "Social Contract," have learned little and forgotten much, — those theorists whose phantoms in the last six months of the preceding summer have cost us more blood, treasure, and tears than a thirty-three-year absolutism.

The Frankfort Constitution brings us among its gifts first the principle of popular sovereignty; it wears the very stamp of that openly on its brow; it acknowledges that in the whole manner the Frankfort Assembly — if I belonged to the Left I should use the expression "octrois" [charters] this Constitution for us; it sanctions the principle of popular sovereignty in the most striking way in the King's suspensive veto, which the Hon. Mr. Camphausen, who spoke previously, has explained more at large than I am either able or disposed to do. The Frankfort Constitution makes the King accept his crown, till now free, as a loan from the Frankfort Assembly; and if these representatives of the people lock it up three times, then the King, and every other prince who has become the subject of the narrower federation, ceases to reign.

It brings us, secondly, direct election with universal suffrage. If the election districts remain as they are, an election district to return two representatives will contain on an average twenty-six thousand primary electors. I question whether any one of the Right believes himself able to organize for a party ticket twenty-six thousand electors, scattered among huts and farmhouses. The gentlemen of the Left perhaps will find it easier. [Cheers.] I willingly concede that you can organize with more skill. Besides, it is easier to agree on what you don't wish to preserve than on what you do, or to put in the place of that now on hand; especially is it easier when you have resolved to leave nothing at all of what exists. Consequently I believe

the gentlemen of the Left will more easily bring about united action among their adherents, and that when a hundred or more candidates lie in the ballot-boxes with twenty-six thousand votes, the Left will be more likely to have concentrated two or three thousand votes on one candidate, than the Right. The other twenty-four thousand will perhaps be single, because the voters have not wanted those exact candidates ; but not because they do want a given one, which is apt to be our way on the Right.

That, gentlemen, I cannot call representation. I foresee that under this election law, considering also the reënforcement they will get from the small republican states, the Left will strengthen itself heavily against the Right, and I hold that a serious misfortune for the country and the Crown. [Laughter and cheers from the Left.]

Many will find their consolation in thinking the Conservative party have a vantage ground at the state-house ; but I find that Prussia will come off badly there too. Prussia is to send forty Representatives to the state-house at Frankfort, therefore one to 400,000 ; the Bavarians are worth more, — one is sent out of 200,000 there ; in Weimar one in 120,000, in Hesse-Homburg one in 26,000, while Lichtenstein, which has as many inhabitants as Schöneburg, at the Hallegate [perhaps 2000 then], would exercise the same influence at the state-house as the majority of Prussian administrative districts with 400,000 and more inhabitants.

The third evil the Frankfort Constitution brings us is the annual assent to the Budget. Through these paragraphs it lies in the hands of whatever majority results from the lottery of this direct election, and which offers not the least guarantee of qualification or even of good-will [laughter] — in the hands of this majority it lies to bring the machinery of government to a standstill at any moment, by refusing to consent to the new Budget, and so convention-like neutralize the entire royal and every other power in the state ; and this seems to me dangerous to a high degree.

The Frankfort Constitution further demands of its future emperor, that he create an *entire* Germany [1] for it, just as in the past the latter fashioned the German Federation. I willingly admit that to-day's movers have not attached this meaning to

[1] *I.e.* including German Austria, and compelling the lesser sovereigns to join by force if needful.

their motion ; the Frankforters, however, have solemnly sworn not to change an iota of their constitution, and we shall be compelled to go along with them, if we go along with them at all. [Laughter and cheers.] So the king, if he becomes Emperor, will have to send a German Imperial Commissioner to Austria and other states, to regulate customs and coinage matters there, to exact oaths and pledges from the local armies, and forbid the Austrian fleet from lying up anywhere except at Fiume or along the Dalmatian coast — for Trieste would be an Imperial harbor. Possibly Austria or a state like Bavaria might not submit to that ; then the Emperer would have to treat the princes there as rebels, and summon part of the "energy" of Bavaria against the house of Wittelsbach [its own] or the "energy" of the Hanoverians against the house of Welf. That is just where the gentlemen of the Destruction Party would like to have us. [Great hilarity on the Left.]

I have indicated no one here in the hall by these words. There are enough outside ! [Laughter.]

The gentlemen of the Extreme Left in Frankfort, whose votes have been bought on the Emperor question by a trade and dicker with principles I can never approve of, desire this. It will not go on long before the Radicals march up to the Emperor with the imperial escutcheon and ask him, "Do you think this eagle was a present to you ?"[1] [Laughter.]

Two gentlemen by the name of Simon — I don't know if they are brothers — have declared in the most emphatic way in the public prints that they will have *only* an entire Germany. Mr. Schaffrath shouted recently in the Saxon Lower House, "The new Emperor *must* create an entire Germany for us !" This magic formula, in which a great deal can be read between the lines, converts this Radical Chamber into a good Imperial one ; and in this sudden transformation lies for me something disquieting. Every means will be used to force Prussia into the part that Sardinia has played in Italy ; to bring us where Charles Albert was before the battle of Novara [March 23, 1849], where victory could only mean the ruin of his monarchy, and defeat a shameful peace.

Submissiveness to Frankfort has already brought us to the marvelous phenomena that royal Prussian troops are defending the revolution in Schleswig against the lawful sovereign,[2] and

[1] From "Der Freischütz."
[2] The King of Denmark.

that our eastern provinces, in a dispute over the Emperor's beard, in a pure *querelle allemande*, are a second time to be ruined by the blockade,[1] while the gentlemen in Frankfort complacently read in the papers about our army's deeds, how far away in Denmark the peoples war with each other.[2]

German unity is desired by everybody you ask about it, as soon as he can barely speak German ; but with this Constitution I do not wish it.

Twenty-eight governments alone have expressed a wish to have it with this Constitution. Yes, twenty-eight territorial governments, which are still sick from the March fever of last year, and have together 6,700,000 inhabitants [Voices from the Right : "Subjects ! "] under their scepter ; from which however 1,300,000 Badeners are to be deducted, since on the part of Baden only a conditional declaration is given out, and even that under the destructive condition that the Grand Dukedom reserves further decision to itself in case other states outside of Austria do not come into the League, which can be assumed as a certainty ; furthermore, 500,000 Holstein-Lauenburgers, since for these the provisional government cannot make such a permanently binding declaration, but only the King of Denmark, who up to this time has given out no declaration.[3] [Great laughter.]

Against the four to five millions remaining stand the subjects of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the four other German kingdoms, with 38,000,000, exclusive of Baden, Holstein, Luxemburg, Limburg, and any number besides. None of these will acknowledge the Constitution. The twenty-eight governments would be very glad to ally themselves with German unity, even under the condition of having another constitution ; and it is solely the over-hasty resolves of the Frankfort Assembly, which hangs stubbornly to this very one, that stand in the way of German unification.

I consider it therefore our task, even if we thereby still further entangle the German Question, to be extremely reluctant, at the moment when Europe is recovering from her revolution drunk, about lending the prop of our assent to the Frankfort

[1] Of the Baltic by Denmark.

[2] An allusion to *Faust*, Part I., lines 514–515.

[3] He had abolished the Succession Law of Schleswig and Holstein to incorporate them, or at least the former, which had a large Danish population, with Denmark ; which brought on their rebellion, supported by Prussia.

lust of sovereignty, which comes just a year too late. [Cry from the Left: "First-rate!"] I believe that by the very fact of our refusing them our assent, Prussia will be in so much better a position to bring about German unity on the path struck out by the Government. The dangers that may confront us in that way I do not fear so long as right is on our side, even should they exceed tenfold the usual volume of a Hecker riot.[1] In the worst case, however, before I see my king stoop to be the vassal of the fellow-believers of Simon and Schaffrath, I want Prussia to remain Prussia. As such it will always be in a position to give laws to Germany, not to receive them from another. Gentlemen! I have, as Representative, the honor to speak for the electoral and capital city of Brandenburg, which has given its name to this province, the foundation and cradle of the Prussian monarchy; and on that account I feel the more strongly beholden to oppose the discussion of a motion which looks toward undermining and overthrowing the edifice of state that centuries of glory and love of the Fatherland have reared, and from the ground up the blood of our fathers has cemented. The Frankfort crown may be very glittering, but the gold that lends reality to its glitter must be gotten first by melting up the Prussian crown; and I have no confidence that the recasting will succeed under the form of this Constitution. [Cheers.]

The Olmütz Surrender No Blot on Prussia's Honor.

(Speech of December 3, 1850.)

[After the rejection of the Imperial crown by Frederick William IV., partly in fear of Austria and Russia, partly from detestation of the theory of popular sovereignty implied in recognizing the competence of the Frankfort Parliament, and belief that he had no right to accept a compliance on the part of the minor sovereigns wrung from them by rebellious subjects, — the revolutionary uprisings in various states in favor of the Frankfort Constitution were put down by the help of Prussian troops. The King, however, again opened negotiations with these sovereigns in April, 1849, to carry out his pet scheme of a hierarchic Germany of sacrosanct princes under Prussian leadership. The governments rescued from insurrection by Prussia did not venture to decline the summons, and sent plenipotentiaries to Berlin, where negotiations began May 16. Austria, then under the haughty and iron will of Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, though still crippled by her revolution, protested against all determinations taken in German affairs without her coöperation; and thereby afforded a safe bulwark to the lesser kings, who regarded the whole scheme as an entering wedge for Prussia to abolish them and absorb their states. Bavaria withdrew outright after a few days; Saxony and Hanover, less able to risk Prussia's ill will, con-

[1] Hecker was the leader of a popular insurrection in Baden.

cluded with it on May 26, the Federation of the Three Kings, — paralyzed from the beginning, however, by their insisting on the concurrence of Bavaria as a preliminary to all future decisions. When Prussia thereupon invited the German princes to a constitutional convention for a German kingdom, and urged the calling of a German Parliament, Saxony and Hanover declared that in their judgment no progress could be made in the formation of the federal state till all the German states outside Austria had acceded to it, and the latter had given her consent. Accordingly they gave no effect to the election call for October 19, 1849; then Hanover formally cut loose. The German Parliament, which despite this convened in Erfurt, March 20, 1850, was under these circumstances nothing but an empty phrase; Bismarck, though a member of the Lower House, sneered bitterly at its "word drill and parliamentary evolutions." The union under Prussian leadership would have been a shadow after the desertion of the other kingdoms, with only some petty principalities remaining; especially as the King had no heart for a Germany that excluded Austria, was invincibly opposed to having the minor sovereigns coerced into joining by their subjects, and had no courage for bold initiatives. Meanwhile Austria had overpowered her revolution, and demanded back the former primacy of Germany; and, for a bludgeon to put Prussia back in its place, revived against Prussia's protest the abolished Confederate Diet, which however was to pass a new and greatly reformed constitution for Germany. The minor kingdoms supported this with zeal; and in the federal convention called at Frankfort-on-the-Main, May 10, 1850, Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg took part. This practically broke up the conference of sovereigns called at Berlin by Frederick William; Electoral Hesse took the lead in refusing to acknowledge the Erfurt constitution, others followed, and by September 2 Austria had a Bundesrath (Federal Senate) containing all four kingdoms (Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Hanover), both Hesses, the Danish duchies, and several smaller states.

Meantime affairs in Hesse brought Austria and Prussia to the very brink of war. The worthless Elector had overthrown the old and well-working constitution by violence, installed the fanatical reactionary Daniel Hassenpflug as premier, and attempted to collect taxes without presenting any Budget. Thereupon nearly the entire civil and military services revolted in a body and refused obedience, and the people refused to pay the taxes. The Elector fled and called on the Federation to reinstate him and punish his subjects; and Bavarian troops flooded the southern portion and instituted dragonnades after the fashion of Louis XIV. Frederick William was as anxious to quell the insurrection as Austria was, but wished it to be done by Prussian troops within the limits of Prussian treaty-guaranteed military roads, so the Elector would have to recognize Prussia as his joint saviour; but the Federal Diet (Austria) ordered the Prussians out of the country, and on refusal, the Bavarians overpassed the military roads, and actually had a slight skirmish with the Prussians, which but for the overwhelming odds against Prussia would have brought on a general war. The Czar Nicholas took Austria's side, however, and peremptorily insisted on Prussia's yielding on this matter and that of Schleswig-Holstein (see note, page 225). Even so, Frederick William put on a bold front, ordered the army mobilized (in fact, merely to be able to say that he gave way because he chose and not because he was forced), and set a warlike programme before his ministry, — carefully explaining that if they did not like it he should submit to their judgment; which was so utterly adverse to his habit as to show that he wished them to disfavor it, which most of them did. Thereupon Baron Von Manteuffel (successor to Brandenburg, who died November 6, 1850) went to Olmütz (Schwartzenberg insisted on Vienna, but this rubbing-in of humiliation was finally withdrawn), and arranged terms for a renewal of the German Federation,

as preliminary to constituting a new form of it which was to make Prussia only a minor member, like the other little kingdoms, of a league controlled by Austria. But complete as Schwartzenberg's victory seemed at the time, and entire the overthrow of Prussia, the one was dust and ashes and the other entirely effaced in a few months: Russia cared nothing for Austrian ambitions in Germany and would not support them, and with her out of the way Frederick William became as inflexible as Schwartzenberg; the new project went to pieces utterly in face of Prussia's absolute refusal to accept second place, and the old Federation with the two equal and mutually distrustful powers resumed its place.

A few days before Brandenburg's death, on November 2, the Prussian Landtag (Diet) was convened, in view of the seemingly impending collision; the King's Speech, with which it was opened on November 21, was very warlike in tone, and roused vehement applause. The Lower House resolved that it reply with an address assuring the King of the support of his people in his endeavors to establish a German Constitution securing external dignity and internal freedom, and that it protest against the revival of "the Federal Diet abolished with universal consent." The address as formulated was to be laid before the full Council December 3. Meantime Manteuffel, on November 29, had signed the Olmütz capitulation. On December 5 the Minister President gave the floor to the reporter of the committee, Representative Von Bodelschwingh (from Hagen), to expound the situation and gloss over the surrender as far as possible. Rep. Von Vincke expressed the anger of the Left in scathing words; he urged the adoption of an amendment to the resolution as drawn up, culminating in the prayer to the King that he make an end of the system which had brought the country into such a fatal posture of affairs. Rep. Riedel, the well-known editor of the "Codex Diplomaticus Brandenburgensis," spoke in the warmest manner for Vincke's motion; he urged the dismissal of the Manteuffel ministry for having parted with the honor of Prussia. Rep. Von Bismarck followed Riedel in defense of the ministerial policy.]

The honorable gentleman, who has before me in this place shed light on the subject that occupies us from the standpoint of an independent or martially disposed civil servant [laughter from the Right], and during whose speech, in a momentary absence of mind it was not fully present to me whether I was in the Hessian or the Prussian Parliament, — I say in a momentary absence of mind, — was set down to speak for the Address. As the event proves, he has not only spoken *against* the Address, but also plead for an amendment brought in to-day and diametrically opposed to the Address. So far as the honorable gentleman has spoken against the Address, I find myself with him on the same ground, but on wholly different grounds.

If the object of the present Address is to reproduce the total import of the people's voice through the organ of its Representatives, my belief is that not one of the proposed drafts, exclusive of the amendments, effects this object. The Prussian people, as we all know, has risen as one man at the call of its King: it has risen in trusting loyalty; it has risen like its fathers to fight the battles of the King of Prussia before it knew — and

mark this well, gentlemen, before it knew — what was to be fought for in those battles; perhaps nobody knew that who turned out in the Landwehr; it has risen in genuine attachment to its King — in genuine attachment to the Constitution, I should say — [Cheers and laughter from all sides. President: "Order, please; the speaker will continue."] I am very happy if for the first time in my life it has fallen to my lot to win the unanimous applause of a legislative body. [Cheers.]

I had hoped to find this feeling of unanimity and confidence again in the sphere of the country's Representatives — in the narrower circles whence the reins of government spread out. A short sojourn in Berlin and a hasty glance at the local doings has shown me that I am in error. The draft Address calls this a *great* time; I have found nothing great here but personal ambition, nothing great but suspicion, nothing great but party hatred. These are three great things that to my mind stamp this time as a petty one, and make our future a gloomy prospect for lovers of the Fatherland. The lack of concord in the sphere I mentioned will be loosely covered up in this Address with big phrases, to which every one can attach his own meaning. Of the confidence that animates the country, — of the devoted confidence, based on the attachment to his Majesty the King, based on the experience that the country has fared well under the ministry which has governed it for the past two years, — I have seen nothing in the Address or its amendments. I should have thought this all the more needful, because it seemed to me imperative that the impression the unanimous uprising of the people had made in Europe should be heightened and strengthened by the harmony of those who formed no part of the defensive forces, at the moment when we are opposing our neighbors in arms, when we are hastening to our frontiers in arms; at a moment when the spirit of confidence reigns even where it formerly seemed to have no place; at a moment when every phrase of the Address that touches on foreign politics hides war or peace in its womb. And, gentlemen, what war? No single-regiment campaign to Schleswig or Baden, no military promenade through disturbed provinces; but a war on a great scale against two out of the three greatest Continental powers [Austria and Russia], while the third [France], hankering for booty, makes ready on our frontier, and knows very well there is a jewel to be found in Cologne Cathedral that would fitly wind up the French revolution and fortify the

rulers there — I mean the French Imperial crown ; — a war, gentlemen, at the outset of which we shall have to abandon part of the outlying provinces of Prussia, in which a great part of the Prussian land will see itself instantly overrun by hostile armies, and which will make our provinces feel the horrors of war to the utmost ; — a war it is to be assumed the Minister of Public Worship, who presides over the servants of religion, peace, and love, will abhor deep in his heart ; [laughter] — a war the Minister of Trade and Commerce must feel sure will annihilate at the start the branches of public welfare intrusted to his charge, and one the Finance Minister can only wish if there is money to burn in the royal treasury. Nevertheless I would not recoil from this war, I would even advise it, if any one could show me the necessity for it, or point out a worthy object to be gained by it and not to be gained without the war. Why do large states make war to-day ? The only solid foundation for a large state, the essence of what distinguishes it from a small one, is public egoism and not romanticism ; and it is not worthy of a great state to struggle for an object it has no interest in. Show me, then, gentlemen, a worthy object of this war, and I will vote for it. It is easy for a statesman, either in the Cabinet or in Parliament, to wind the same war-horn as the populace and so warm himself at his own hearth ; or to make thundering speeches from this platform, and leave it to the soldier who bleeds on the snow to settle whether his system shall bring in victory and glory or not. There is nothing easier than that ; but woe to the statesman who does not look about him now for a ground of war that shall stand the test *after* the war as well. My conviction is that you will view the questions now occupying us in another fashion when you look backwards through a long perspective of battlefields and burning homes, of woes and miseries, of a hundred thousand corpses and a hundred millions of debt. Will you then have the face to step up to the farmer amid the blackened ruins of his home, to the cripple shot to pieces, to the childless father, and say : " You have suffered a great deal, but rejoice with us, the Union Constitution is saved ; [laughter] — rejoice with us, Hassenpflug is no longer minister, our Bayrhoffer [radical leader] rules in Hesse ? " [Cheers from the Right.] If you have the front to say that to the people, then begin this war ; but on many sides — on many a one where I had thought men must see clearly in such glaring light — these questions are identified with Prus-

sian honor, and people think they have found there the lever to send the idlest Prussian hand to the sword hilt; they think they have found the secret of sending the Prussian army to war for the same principle it fought for in 1848 in the streets of Berlin. [Commotion on the Left.]

Gentlemen, I cannot help being surprised to see overflowing to-day with soldierly honor and military sympathies the mouths of the very men who, during the fights of the 18th of March, did not happen with their sympathies and counsel on the spots where the Prussian soldiery was seeking its honor; and who, in the debate of the United Diet over the Address, and in the Address itself, had no better balsam for the wounded soldier heart than the chilly phrase, "Heroic hearts fought on both sides," — on both sides, on the side of the Prussian army and also on the side of that part of the so-called People who withstood it. But, gentlemen, even should you — I will not say from lack of patriotism: any one else may have a different conception of patriotism from mine — should you not disdain to drive the sting deep into the valiant heart of the Prussian soldier at this moment, when owing to a year and a half of perverted politics, whose upholder [Von Radowitz] and in my opinion his system with him has fallen, the Prussian military sentiment is deeply enough wounded already; should you wish to inflame the enthusiasm of the army, so it will run away with Prussian political wisdom like an unhitched horse, — should you try to do this, it will fail you, that Prussian army which on the 19th of March, with the passion of wrought-up victors in its heart and its loaded weapons in its hand, hearkening only to the voice of its military commanders, amid the scorn of its opponents took up the rôle of the vanquished to wage a parliamentary war; it will always remain the *King's* army, and seek its honor in obedience.

The Prussian army, thank God, has no need of demonstrating its courage, and like young university game-cocks, to pick quarrels in order to show it is a fighter. It will not be demanded of us that we quit Hesse: but if it were demanded, I should not consider the honor of the Prussian army injured by it; at any rate, it would be no worse injured by it than the army of any great power in Europe which still lays claim to honor. On this point I would remind you that in 1840, when the war-cry resounded, the Prussian army held it perfectly compatible with its honor that the reserves which had been

called out should be sent home again, as soon as the government had become convinced that its plans in Europe would meet with stouter resistance than the advantage to be gained bore any relation to. I would remind you that last year the victorious Austrian army twice came to a halt before Turin, you might say because ordered to, anyhow in consequence of a threatened declaration of war from the French kingdom; and nobody has dared to cry shame on the Austrian soldiery because of it. I would remind you that Russia last year gave way on treaty claims, on the surrender of Polish and Hungarian refugees, not because it had become convinced of the injustice of its claims, but because it was threatened with war by France and England. I would remind you of the English fleet, which sailed proudly through the Dardanelles, and as soon as England was menaced with war by Russia, promptly sailed back through the Dardanelles, amidst the jubilations of the Russian sailors, without one English seaman holding his honor injured by obedience to the orders of his Cabinet. I have firm confidence, and I believe the larger part of Prussia has it with me, that the ministry which in November 1848 guarded the honor of the Fatherland, that the general on whom the entire army looked with esteem and who stands at the head of the Ministry of War [Von Stockhausen], — that they and their colleagues also know what Prussian honor is and how to guard it.

Prussian honor, according to my conviction, does not consist in Prussia's playing Don Quixote everywhere in Germany for afflicted parliamentary celebrities, who think their local constitutions endangered. I look for Prussia's honor in Prussia's holding herself aloof, above all, from every disgraceful connection with the democracy; in Prussia's not conceding, on the present as on all questions, that anything shall be done in Germany without Prussia's consent; [laughter] in the carrying out of whatever Prussia and Austria consider on independent common grounds to be rational and politic, by both the equally entitled protectors of Germany in common.

Plenty of argument is possible as to what in these circumstances, especially in Hesse and Holstein, is politic and rational. But I believe the majority of us are at one in this: that it is desirable the pettifoggers of a quarrel where I would not burn a charge of powder for both sides should be made an end of; and that the unhappy war in Schleswig-Holstein, in which the

heedless and frivolous politics of 1848 have entangled us, shall be ended likewise. I myself urgently wish, and make a point of, the preservation of the genuine rights of the Schleswig-Holsteiners — a race which has won from me by its warlike valor the esteem I must always deny its efforts to extort its true or pretended rights from the lords of the land by revolutionary force.

I say one may judge variously as to the legal conditions in Hesse and Holstein ; but the opinion of the member for Aachen [Von Vincke] that the condition of things in Hesse is the most legitimate that could exist in any country, I cannot agree with. If it is really true, as the honorable member for Aachen has read in a letter, that Councillor Niebuhr has been sent to Hesse to bring about the dreadful state of affairs that the taxes can be collected again, I wish the mission every success ; and I prefer this last state to the one which the member for Aachen declares by preference legitimate, in which civil and military officials publicly declare war on their superiors and refuse them obedience. In regard to utilizing the military roads, I should almost infer from the utterances here that the notion of a military road is a novelty to many of us. We have — I will try to be perfectly lucid — the utilization of military roads lengthwise ; in itself we are not in the least incommoded if the roads are crossed by somebody else breadthwise. [Laughter.]

Our material interests, the integrity of our boundaries, the security of our home constitution, are thus far attacked by no one ; conquests we will not make. I will not discuss here how regrettable this is, and how somebody would perhaps like to wage a war that has no other ground than the King and war-chief saying, "This country pleases me, and I am going to have it." The question does not concern us ; the King's speech itself disclaims the possibility of conquest. The Address expresses your thanks for it ; so this question for the present is outside the game. The main question, which embosoms war and peace, — the structure of Germany, the ordering of the relations between Prussia and Austria, and the relations between Prussia and Austria and the smaller states, — is in a few days to be the subject of open conferences [at Dresden], and so cannot be the subject of a war *now*. Whoever absolutely insists on war, I must put off with the assurance that it can always be found at the open conferences ; in four or six weeks, if one

must have it. Far be it from me, at a juncture so momentous as this, to hamper the government's freedom of action by giving it advice. If I were to express one wish in opposition to the ministry, it would be that we do not disarm till the open conferences have effected some positive result; then there is still time enough always left to make war, if we really cannot avoid it with honor or do not wish to avoid it. [Applause on the Right.] But to have this House — whether as a diplomatic council as now, or as an advisory war committee of 350 persons — interfere in these matters, I believe would be the one possible mode of blocking the happy outcome to those matters I foresee according to my lights, — an outcome that would make what we have been wrongheadedly struggling a whole year for tumble into our lap without a blow of the sword.

We have seen the ministry bitterly reproached to-day for not being more profuse in its reports on pending questions; we have seen here a military critic who went into such detail that one may well expect our outposts' dispositions for battle to be directed from this platform next. It has been put down as the minimum claim, that in the course of diplomatic negotiations at least a maximum shall be communicated to the Chambers, beyond which the government will not aim in its conclusions with foreign powers. I do not understand how anybody who knows and must know diplomatic affairs can set up such a claim on a ministry; for fear it may not be understood hereafter, that such claims can in no wise be submitted to, I will illustrate the matter by a simple and universally intelligible comparison. Anybody who has once taken part in a horse trade will look out and not tell a third party in the course of it, and perhaps a very loose-tongued third party, what maximum of price he will not go over or what minimum he will not go under; for his minimum would at once become the maximum and his maximum the minimum of the other man. I believe this comparison makes the matter quite clear.

In this way I look about on all sides to see where the *casus belli* can lie, and what the conditions could be that we should impose on conquered enemies, if we were to stand victorious at the gates of Vienna and Petersburg. Shall we stipulate that in case the Baden forces should again march to Prussia, they shall be allowed a certain breadth of way across the Hartz, so they can deploy in sections and not be reduced to single column? I should really be puzzled to find the *casus belli*, had

not the honorable member who a few days ago interpellated the ministry on the banishment of one of the choicest spirits of constitutionalism,[1] openly declared, "No war over military roads or a question of military courtesy is worth while, but a war for principle is worth while." By which I understand, translated into my dialect, "A war is worth while for hard-pressed parliamentary friends in Hesse, Würtemberg, and Saxony, for the restoration of the constitutions which are perhaps liked there, and the individual members of the Chamber better liked than the present ones." I understand by it a war for the propaganda which is carrying forward the struggle from where it was broken off here in Berlin on March 19, 1848. May they be not deceiving themselves, they who believe they can begin such a war and also *end* it under the banner of the Union. Gentlemen! I should have thought we all, and especially that party whose counsels Prussia up to November 1848 had the ill luck to follow, had learned what "playing with fire" means; and that the one who has lit a blaze is in no position to dictate to it, with the formula of some worn-out paragraph, a "thus far and no farther" at the exact spot where the fire is to stop at his wish.

I had hoped that in pursuance of the intimations in the Speech from the Throne, we should adjourn the debates concerning the 26th of May, and the Union relations standing in connection therewith, till we had won for Germany again at least that minimum of unity or perhaps something more — that we had before the proceedings in St. Paul's Cathedral [Frankfort National Assembly] began. [Voice from the Left: "The Confederate Diet!"]

If any one in the name of German unity is pressing ahead toward the parliamentary Union, I forewarn him that he must not confound two notions, German unity and right, and hold forth on them from a German parliamentary platform: for to me the two conceptions lie far asunder. But how German unity is to be looked for in the Union I cannot conceive: it is a singular unity that demands from the ground up, in the interest of this Disunion Federation, the shooting and stabbing of our German fellow-countrymen in the south; which finds German honor in the fact that the center of gravity in all German questions necessarily falls at Warsaw and Paris. Imagine two parts of Germany in arms against each other, without their dis-

[1] Dr. Haym, Editor of the *Konstitutionellen Zeitung*.

junction of force being of such moment that any partisan of either side, even a much smaller power than Russia or France, could throw a deciding weight into the scale; and I do not understand what right any one who will help on such a relation could have to complain because the center of gravity in decisions under such circumstances falls in foreign countries. It is mathematically inevitable, and it is his own fault.

When a while ago I heard Austria called from this platform a foreign country, and if I mistake not, an insolent foreign country, I wanted to ask with what right you hold that Hesse and Holstein do not count as foreign countries to us, if you treat Austria as a foreign country, when it belongs to Germany by the same right? I had supposed the Union, which outside this House and till I returned to Berlin I never heard named by anybody except with a little chuckle of laughter, as a youthful dream, which people recalled with a sense of pleasure that it had luckily remained without evil consequences, — this Union I supposed had fallen with its upholder. The upholder of the Union, the creator of the Constitution of the 26th of May, Mr. Von Radowitz, has withdrawn from the ministry, as I understood it, because the ministry had dropped the former system, acknowledged to be wrongheaded, the Radowitz system. I will not assail the absent; I would gladly have seen Mr. Von Radowitz sitting opposite me as for a year previous. I am convinced he has wished for Prussia's best good, and has only laid hold of the wrong means.

A long time ago I expressed from this place my conviction that the Union had no vitality in itself; that to me it perpetually seemed like a mongrel product of timid sovereignty and tame revolution. Up to this time I have still found nothing to refute this conviction, deeply abiding in the people; and the draft Address embodies no more colossal error than in the passage on the satisfaction with which the people have received the efforts for the Union. For the relinquishment of this principle of the Union, the reproach of inconsistency has to-day been heaped upon the ministry from this place in bitter terms, by the member for Aachen. I would especially remind the gentleman on this point, that he can himself find private persons in such case that they grow inconsistent, and what they formerly deemed wrong, later as a result of circumstances have to deem right. I reproach no one with this; I consider it manly and open to acknowledge one's error, but I do not consider it manly to

make a reproach of it to a man who has abandoned his error. I will only point out further, that it is much easier to keep private relations consistent in one's course than what under altered conditions touches and governs the fate of a country of sixteen million people.

I will not hark back now to the idea of the legality or illegality of the Union Constitution, — we have talked that out sufficiently in Erfurt. I am convinced now as then that it has no legal existence for us, thank God, and that if it did so exist, it would be nothing else than a mediatizing of Prussia, not under the princes but under the Chambers of the small states ; and a war for the Union carried on by Prussia could only remind me vividly of that Englishman who went through a victorious fight with a sentry, so as to be able to hang up in the sentry-box a right he had vindicated for himself and every free-born Briton. Should we nevertheless be driven so far as to make war for the Union idea, gentlemen, it would not be long before the last rags of the Union cloak would be torn off the Union champions by powerful hands, and nothing left but the red lining of this very light garment. Least of all can I believe that the statesman, who in the summer of 1848 could not withstand the demonstrations of friendship from a handful of Berlin proletarians, would be strong enough, if the conflagration were once started, to reject in the conflict with overwhelming force the proffered hands of Polish, Italian, Hungarian, and German democrats.

It would come to this, then : that a statesman was on the right track who sat in this place at the time of the now dissolved Chamber, and on the 31st of October, in the famous "nailed-up" sitting,[1] moved to hasten immediately to the aid of the Hungarian revolution, in the name of Germany, against the heirs of a long line of German emperors. It is a curious modesty that we cannot make up our minds to consider Austria a German power. I can trace no other ground for it than that Austria has the fortune to bear rule over foreign races, subjugated in former times by German arms. But I cannot conclude therefrom that because Slovaks and Ruthenes are under Austrian rule, these are the representatives of the state, and the Germans a purely incidental annex to Slavic Austria ; instead, I acknowl-

[1] Of October 31, 1849; popularly so called because the noisy crowd before the building frightened the Assembly into fastening a cross-bar over one of the doors.

edge in Austria the representative and heir of an old German power, which has often and gloriously wielded the German sword.

Don't imagine my hints of danger are based on chimeras. I appeal to the widely circulated organ of a party that calls itself the Moderate Constitutional or the Moderate Democratic, I don't know which, — the notions converge pretty closely just now, — I mean the *Kölnische Zeitung* [Cologne Gazette], in which Prussia is called on to come to the aid of Magyar and Italian independence. We need not go so far away to penetrate into the secret orgies of the democracy, where Prussia must hear with shame that the effigy of Robert Blum,[1] adorned with the Prussian colors, black and white, will be set up to incite like-minded members of the Prussian Landwehr to swear an oath of vengeance for the martyrs of freedom, before whose images they stand, and who died for the same thing, trying to fight Prussia. This also is from a letter I have read myself.

I have already given warning last year in this place, that Prussia must not be forced into the part which Turin has played in Italy. The duty of the counselors of the Crown is to protect Prussia from the counsels of those who have repeatedly brought it to the brink of destruction. It is their duty to save the Crown from allies more dangerous than the enemy itself; to shield the Prussian banner from being the meeting place of those whom Europe has cast out, and whom I will not indicate more exactly because none of them are present. If the ministry does not succeed in far averting from us this propaganda war, — this war of Principle, — then, gentlemen, nothing else remains for Prussia but to obey the order which summons it to a round of wars, if also to bitter sufferings and shameful overthrow even in victory. But may every one who can hinder this war and does not do it reflect that the blood which will be shed in this war stands to his own account as debtor; may he meet with the curse of every honorable soldier who dies for a cause he condemns and despises in his heart, and may that curse weigh heavy on his soul at the Judgment Day.

But, gentlemen, such a War of Principle — I have not heard that anybody wants it — I admit that it is a long time since I first heard the phrase in this Chamber; — should nobody in the land want such a War of Principle except a majority of the

[1] Saxon popular leader who went to Vienna to encourage the revolutionists, and was executed November 9, 1848.

Chamber, then in my judgment that is a ground not of war with Austria, but of war with this Chamber. Then it would be the duty of the advisers of the Crown to remember that a Chamber is easier to mobilize than an army [laughter], and to ask the people in a new election whether the judgment of their Representatives is approved; [Uproar. President: "Order, please!"] — or whether it will show by its choice that it clings with firm confidence to the ministry, to uphold which — remember that, gentlemen — almost all of us were sent hither a year ago.

The Government's Policy is the King's Policy.

(Speech of June 12, 1865.)

[On June 2 the House of Representatives rejected the bill to raise a loan for naval expenses, and accepted a resolution of Rep. Von Carlowitz that it could not authorize this loan for the Bismarck ministry, which had openly contemned the House's control over appropriations. A few days later the occasion arose for another futile protest. The government in May had requested, in a detailed memorial, an *ex post facto* consent to the expenditures out of public funds for the Danish War, indirectly acknowledging thereby the right of control in the House; the Budget Committee declared the proposition unacceptable. June 13, 1865, the committee's report came before the House. Several amendments were offered, among them one of Rep. Michaelis to the following purport: "The interest of Prussia and Germany demands that a definitive settlement of the status of Schleswig-Holstein be carried forward as speedily as possible; that nevertheless the Elbe Duchies shall be constituted as states only under such measures as shall establish an inseparable union between them and Prussia, which puts in Prussia's hands the defense of the northern boundaries of Germany and the development of a navy commanding respect, with the collaboration of the Elbe Duchies in proportions corresponding to the strength of both sides, and which to this end guarantees the needful preliminary territorial, financial, maritime, and military conditions." Rep. Twesten, appointed the reporter of the committee, preferred the Michaelis motion to the committee's purely negative one, and in his own name — of course he could not speak for the committee — recommended its acceptance. Rep. Waldeck championed the committee report. After him Bismarck took the floor.]

If your committee's report had been of the same tenor as the preliminary statement of the honorable reporter, I should hardly have yielded to the temptation of taking the floor today; when, however, I call to mind the contents of the report, it makes me doubtful whether my memory of the transactions that occurred in this place a year and a half ago, over the authorization of a loan, is entirely correct. I had retained the impression about those doings, that the House of Representatives at that time would have been ready to authorize the costs of the Danish War in the shape of a loan, provided the royal government would have adopted the aims in foreign politics

which the popular House set up for it. Those aims are more closely indicated in two documents among the transactions of the time, which immediately express the sentiments of the House as a body, without my needing to extract them from partly more long-drawn speeches.

In the resolution you framed on refusal of the loan, some of these aims of Prussian policy are indicated negatively: "That this course in Prusso-Austrian politics can have no other outcome than to surrender the Duchies for the second time to Denmark," — this fear has not been realized; "that the royal government, by treating this purely German question as a European one, invites the meddling of the outside world," — neither has this proved true; "that the threatened violence provokes the justifiable resistance of the other German states, and thereby *a civil war in Germany*." Those were the fears which this House cherished, the precipices whose avoidance was demanded of the government, the precipices which were avoided by it. Positively, the House points out its aims in an address sent up to his Majesty the King, with these words: "Prussia and Germany are entitled, and therewith also in duty bound, to acknowledge the hereditary right of Frederick VIII. [of Augustenburg] to free the territory of the German Confederation from the presence of Danish troops, and to establish the joint existence and independence of the Dukedoms."

Gentlemen! This programme is either fulfilled by the royal government, or its fulfillment, so far as it remains in arrears, so far as concerns the installation of Duke Frederick VIII., lies in our power. I have already emphasized this of late: we are fully in position to carry out this part of our programme any day, as soon as the hereditary right of the Duke of Augustenburg is proved to us, which it is *not*, or as soon as we have security that the claims to be made on the Duchies, in the interest of Prussia and of Germany as a whole, will be carried out by the Duke.

In spite of this accordance of the results attained with the aims then put forward by you, even now you disallow afresh the costs of the war. You assign as a motive for this disallowance a retrospective criticism, partly of the government's proceedings, partly the motive that caused you to refuse the loan a year and a half ago. You also make the reproach to the government's proceedings, that the aims which the government has followed have not always remained the same, but have changed. It has already been explained by a previous speaker

on the right [Wagener], that not so much the aims as the means of following out the aims have changed.

The three distinct items intended to express in the committee's report the incoherence of the aims followed by the government, mean to my thinking all three one thing, and that one they fully cover, and fall into accord. As our present aim is indicated the full separation of the Duchies from Denmark, which is definitively attained by the peace of October 30, 1864, and a closer annexation to Prussia in military and maritime relations. Along with this, be it expressly noted in our proposal that originally the authorizing resolution was only "to acquire the good will of the German states to the uttermost that seems attainable under the general political situation," and I believe the two are not in contradiction. What we are now striving for and have partly attained may be just this uttermost. A third, "the declaration given out in London, of securing the peace, in reality to establish a legal and solid status in Schleswig-Holstein, by surety against the return of Danish oppression to the Duchies," — now this indication also fully accords with what we now set forth as our aim. The "security against return of Danish oppression" consists in certain stipulations we impose, which are primarily only to guard us against finding it necessary in a very short time to carry on a costly campaign still again to set the Duchies free.

The committee report lays further stress, as a motive for the former refusal of the loan, on the House having lacked the needful confidence in the persons who direct the policy. Gentlemen! I believe you would have had this confidence, if you had clearly put it before yourselves that the person who directs the foreign policy of the Prussian state is his Majesty the King, as well constitutionally as in matter of fact [sensation]; the minister conducts the policy of the Prussian state according to the fixed, precise, and special direction of his Majesty the King.

Had you made this clear to yourselves, then, I say, you would have had that confidence, and this confidence would not have deceived you. For the results you wished are attained, only not by the roads you wished to see taken: that is the capital reproach I find laid upon us in this retrospective criticism. You say that by your road, moreover, a wholesale disturbance of European peace could have been prevented; that it could have been prevented also if we had taken part with the German Confederation instead of with Austria. That

is possible; but it seemed to the royal government not probable to such a degree as the avoidance of war on the road we took, and anyway I have the result to plead that by our road it has been avoided.

You cast the further reproach on this road, that it has given us a joint proprietor in Schleswig-Holstein. But that ordered by you would have given us thirty-two joint proprietors [laughter and commotion on the Left], and on top of these same thirty-two that we now have, and indeed not with the same equal title, but with the supremacy of presidential power and the leadership of the majority of the Confederation against Prussia; the whole center of gravity would lie not between Berlin and Vienna and Kiel, it would lie in Frankfort, and the Duchies would probably find themselves at this moment under the administration of Messrs. Könneritz and Kieper [Confederate commissioners for Holstein].

It has been set forth by a previous speaker — if I mistake not, by the honorable reporter — that we have missed an opportunity to place ourselves at the head of the middle and petty states of Germany. If the honorable reporter, like me, had been ambassador eight years long to the Confederate Diet in Frankfort, he would not have set up this possibility as one so easily attainable. He would, like me, be convinced that the majority of the middle and petty states would not voluntarily and readily have subordinated themselves to a Prussian leadership, to a Prussian action, without being constrained and restrained, without detriment to Prussia in drawing the consequences from that action. The relation would have been the inverse of the one suggested: Prussia would have taken part in this whole campaign under the lead of the Confederate majority and the Confederate resolutions.

Though the contents of the report have wrung these few words out of me, I still consider it fruitless to conjecture and criticise further over the past. The question upon which I should have expected here an utterance of the House, even more than the financial, is the political, the question of the present and the future. This question now, the one that for twenty years has stood in the foreground of German political interests, that question at this moment awaits solution. You, gentlemen, through the government's proposal, are put in a position to deliver yourselves on it; you have the opportunity to speak — I might say you are *en demeure* [in duty bound] to

advise. The nation has a right to learn what the opinion of its national bodyguard is on the matter. You have the chance to speak; diplomatic scruples do not stand in your way, and besides you have not cared much for them on former occasions. If, nevertheless, with this pressing challenge to give counsel, you keep silence on the subject now, it does not become me to impugn your motives for so doing by my criticism. If I were to judge the temper of the entire House by the utterances of Representative Waldeck, I must assume that you are afraid either to come in conflict with public opinion, if you say out what is in your hearts, or that if you do not come in conflict with public opinion, you may strengthen a government you would rather not, which does not belong to your party. I cannot think this is the sentiment of the majority among you. For you cannot deceive yourselves on this point: that you — in the department of foreign policy at least — that you cannot separate the government appointed by the King from the Prussian policy toward the outer world; you have neither the power nor the right to do so. There is in fact no other Prussian policy than that which the government appointed by the King carries on. Resist that policy, and you are resisting the policy of your own Fatherland in the Confederation toward the outer world that faces the Fatherland. ["No, no," and commotion, especially on the Left.]

I believe that against the plain cold logic of this proposition, no practical objections can be sustained. I repeat that I do not prejudge that purpose as the conscious view of the majority of this House. I should not have used the expression if I had not been entitled to do so by the previous speaker. That speaker expressly said: "What do the perplexities of the Prussian government matter to us? Why should we strengthen it, perhaps by a vote? Why should we lend ourselves to be diplomatically utilized by this government, which denies our right over appropriations?" In short, if you follow the advice of the last speaker, you will use your legal right of refusing a loan to extort concessions from the government in other departments. I believe there is no doubt this was the last speaker's meaning. That it is not the view of *all* among you, the motion of Representative Michaelis and his associates proves. I have not much objection to make to the substance of this motion, although I could have wished it more practical: it meets the reproach of insufficient clearness, and not wholly with injustice.

We have laid our programme fully and clearly before you in the dispatch of February 22; and I believe, gentlemen, — unless you wish, in the manner that one of the previous speakers has suggested, to actually *abdicate* in the sphere of foreign politics, — that the royal government has a right to expect an utterance from you to this purport: Will you stand up for this programme of the government, will you uphold the government, will you have the government advance at every hazard on the road marked out by this programme; or do you wish the programme changed, do you wish it lessened, do you wish it strengthened? Hereon the government, the country, has the right to demand an expression from you.

I must give a word of consideration still to the other amendment, offered by Representative Wagener and his companions. We have already pronounced ourselves in our bill, to the effect that if only the question of *pertinence* were decisive, this programme would be very much to the purpose, especially in the interest of the Duchies. I consider it, of a certainty, vastly more judicious for the Duchies to become a member of the great Prussian partnership than to set up a new little state with almost intolerable burdens. But if this programme, this motion, is to be carried into practice, then these very same burdens must be assumed by the Prussian Treasury. We could not receive the Duchies into the Prussian Confederation under any form, and still demand the Prussian war costs from them, or let them settle the Austrian war costs, or even let them remain under the inequality of debts which amount to double as much per head in Schleswig-Holstein as in Prussia. We must put them on an equality with the entire Prussian citizenship. The government cannot give its voice for the assumption of such weighty burdens when it sees the refusal of the national representation itself to assume them. A policy in that direction can only be considered in earnest by the government, when it is sure the national representation is ready to assume the burdens involved in it. We cannot begin such a policy and afterwards split on the rock of a refusal of the money, as Representative Dr. Waldeck has placed with full assurance in our view. But in any event, the idea of "annexation," as it is currently called, even if it does not come to actual performance, has had its usefulness. The readiness of the Crown Prince of Augustenburg and the people of the Duchies to grant such conditions as Prussia

thought imperative to demand, was not in accord with my experience, and up to this time never present to such a degree as the honorable reporter believed he could picture it.

I remember especially that last summer I had the honor to speak in person with the Crown Prince of Augustenburg, and his Highness was so far away from the most moderate and equitable conditions, that when I unfolded them, he answered: "What have you come after the Duchies for, anyway? We didn't call you in; things would have fallen out better for me without Prussia."

This refusal to grant such conditions as might impose burdens on the population, especially in knight service, I do not view as the product of any irritation over certain newspaper articles, or over the policy of the royal government as a whole, but as the natural outcome of that easy-going indolence, averse from all action, which even the reporter has pointed out as the born share of small states, and which I lately took the liberty of characterizing as the state principle "resting on the basis of the Phæacians," who wanted to eat and drink and be protected. This resolve not to assume any sort of burden was present in the highest degree; it diminished in the same proportion the annexation idea came into view; it vanished entirely under the stress of this idea and the fear of violence. They have approached our wishes, but they have still not come so far that a conclusion can be reached. That with this refusal to make moderate concessions to Prussia, — yes, even those wholly indispensable to the interests of Germany, — the idea of annexation should emerge more and more and gain in prospect, lies in the nature of things. For if the reasonable conditions we demand are refused, and thereby a conclusion is hindered, it is certainly hard to see ahead to what complications such a refusal may lead in the long run and with altered European relations. But it leads to this, that naturally the measure of our cupidity takes a very much wider jump than is fixed at this moment by our discretion. [Cheers from the Right.]

[At the close of the prolonged debate, Rep. Twesten as reporter took the floor again. In the course of his speech, he opposed to the statement of the Minister President as to his conversation with the Crown Prince of Augustenburg the utterances of certain official newspapers, that the question had not been of a divergence from the Prussian demands, but in essentials the question of a partition of Schleswig and the surrender of North Schleswig to Denmark. He further adopted as his own the reproach cast up by Rep. Loewe, that the government was seeking to shelter the faults of its policy behind the person of the King, from which only the greatest injury to the Crown could arise. Bismarck rejoined.]

The honorable reporter has made some allusions in respect to the conversation with the Crown Prince of Augustenburg brought up by me to-day, which deviated from what I said, or even went beyond it. I make answer that his Highness was not in a position to treat with me concerning the partition or delimitation of Schleswig, because that did not depend on the Crown Prince. It was, to be sure, at the time when we could still not foresee with certainty that we should obtain all Schleswig. Having regard to this lack of clearness in relations, the Crown Prince furnished more extensive securities for the case of our obtaining the whole than for the case of our having to leave some part of Schleswig in the hands of Denmark. But in both cases, I repeat, the securities were wholly insufficient, and remained far in arrears of what would now be granted us even by Austria.

As the honorable reporter, in conclusion, has referred to an utterance of Representative Loewe, that the ministry intend to shoulder on his Majesty the King the responsibility for the faults it has committed in policy, I do not comprehend what utterances of mine can have given rise to this misunderstanding. The matter of fact that his Majesty the King himself directs the policy of Prussia, which is his constitutional right, — gentlemen, it exists! Then shall I tell you untruth about it? I report to his Majesty the King, and on that report his Majesty orders what shall be done. Should something be commanded that in my conviction would be incompatible with the true welfare of the country, I should give in my resignation. My staying at my post shows you, therefore, that I assuredly consider the policy ordered by his Majesty the King compatible with the welfare of the country, and serve him with readiness ; but the fact remains always there, that the King of Prussia directs its policy according to his own individual will, and I rejoice that it is so. [Cheers from Right.]

I have not thrown off the responsibility for our *faults*, however, but I have claimed the profit of a bold and coherent policy — I should not speak so vaingloriously of it if it were my own policy — this *profit* and your confidence I have claimed for his Majesty the King. Whether that means shouldering our faults on the Crown, cowering behind the throne, and thereby covering up our own responsibility, I leave you to judge. Should faults be committed, and I be a party to them, then you may expect me to say, "*Quand même*" [Cost what it may], and

answer for it nevertheless. But should it ever come to bearing the consequences of such faults, then I can assure Representative Loewe that he will find me, come the worst that may, *before* the throne ; whether I shall find *him* there then is doubtful to me. [Cheers from the Right, hisses from the Left.]

[The government's proposal and the motions of Reps. Michaelis and Wagener were rejected, and the committee's adopted. This was plain notice that no terms could be made with the House except by an express constitutional submission the government would not submit to ; on June 17, therefore, the Minister President closed the sittings of the Diet in the name of the King, with a speech in which, after a sharp criticism of the hostile resolutions of the House of Representatives, he gave expression to the hope that the day might not be far distant when the nation, as already through a thousand voices that found utterance of their own motion, so through the mouths of their legal representatives, would give thanks and acknowledgment to its King.]

The Bill of Indemnity.

(Speech of September 1, 1866.)

[The Austro-Prussian war of 1866, which brought to Prussia not only a popularly unexpected accession of land and people, but also its due leadership in North Germany, led in Prussia itself to a vast revolution of opinion, which had been slowly maturing as it became evident that the government had firmness to use its new military machine for the aggrandizement of the country. The chief objection of the Liberals to the great military expenditures had been the hopelessness, born of many retreats before Austria or Russia or the Confederate Diet, of their being utilized for giving Prussia a higher position. The army had now brilliantly approved itself in two wars, and the government had satisfied the most exacting demands of Prussian patriotism ; there could be no further motive for an irreconcilable policy toward the government when the latter showed itself willing to reënter constitutional paths, which indeed under its own interpretation it had never left. The elections on July 3 brought in a host of new members more than willing to end the contest now so objectless. On the other hand, some Hotspurs in the Conservative ranks counseled the King to employ the absolute authority which the Crown was now enjoying to enhance the power of the kingdom, and the monarch himself leaned to that view. Count Bismarck, however, thought it more advantageous to hold out the hand of reconciliation to the sulkers standing aloof, and by formal acknowledgment of the principle of "Budget-right" to win their collaboration in the common task of strengthening the kingdom from within. That the bill for *ex post facto* legalization of the expenses incurred without authorized budget in 1862–1865 should not be looked on as a humbling of the Crown beneath the House of Representatives, was Bismarck's care ; and on the date above given he expressed the government's wish for peace in the following speech.]

The more sincerely the royal government wishes peace, the more do its members feel the duty of refraining from entrance upon retrospective criticism, be it for attack or defense. We have on both sides in the past four years defended our stand-

points copiously, with more or less bitterness or good nature; neither has been able in the four years to convince the other; each has believed he was acting rightly when he acted as he did. A treaty of peace in foreign relations, moreover, would scarcely ever be brought to pass if demand were made that it should be preceded by the confession from one of the two sides: "I now admit that I have acted unjustly." We wish for peace, not because we are driven off the field in this domestic battle, — on the contrary, the tide is flowing at this moment more in our favor than for years before; nor do we wish it in order to evade a possible future impeachment on the basis of a future bill of pains and penalties: I do not believe we shall be impeached; I do not believe that if it does happen we shall be condemned, and be that as it may — many reproaches have been cast on this ministry, but never yet that of cowardice! [Laughter.]

We wish peace, because in our judgment the Fatherland needs it at the present moment in a higher degree than before; we wish it and seek it especially for the reason that we believe it is to be had at the present moment; we should have tried for it earlier if we could have hoped to have it earlier; we believe it is to be had because you will have recognized that the royal government is not so much a stranger to the problems which you in your majority were wrestling with as perhaps you have thought for some years past; not so much a stranger as the silence of the government on many points it had to be silent on may have entitled you to believe. [Cheers.] On this ground we believe that peace is to be had, and we seek it honestly; we have held out our hand to you on it, and the motion of the committee gives us the assurance that you will clasp the hand. Then the problems that remain for us to solve, we shall solve in common with you; I do not exclude in any way from these problems, improvements of domestic conditions in fulfillment of the promises made in the constitution. [Loud cheers from all sides.] But only in common shall we be able to solve them, for on both sides we serve the same Fatherland with the same good will, without distrusting the sincerity of the others. [Cheers.]

At this moment, however, the problems of foreign policy are still unsolved, the glittering achievements of the army have only increased after a fashion the stake we have in the game, we have more to lose than before, but the game is not yet won;

the more firmly we hold together internally, the surer we are to win it. If you look about you in the foreign world, if you glance through the Vienna newspapers, and even the ones that will be accepted as expressing the sentiments of the imperial government, you will find the same expressions of hate and of anti-Prussian agitation that were to be read there before the war, and which contributed not a little to make the war a necessity for the imperial government; from which the imperial government could not have drawn back if it had wished. Look on the behavior of the peoples in South Germany, as they are represented in the armies; there certainly the proper degree of reconciliation, and of recognition of a common problem of united Germany, is certainly not present so long as Bavarian troops fire at Prussian officers assassin-wise out of railroad carriages. Look at the attitude of the individual governments toward the new arrangements to be framed: it is one of content with some, of reluctance with others; certain it is, however, that you will scarcely find a power in Europe that has furthered the constituting of this new collective German life in a good-tempered way, unless it has needed in its own fashion to share in this constituting; even if it were only to not shut off one of the more powerful confederates, as Saxony, from the possibility of being able to play the same part as in the last war. [Cries of "Very true."]

So, gentlemen, our problem is not yet solved; it demands the unity of the collective nation as a fact and as an impression.

If it has often been said, "What the sword has won the pen has lost," I have full confidence that we shall now hear, "What sword and pen have won is not annihilated by this tribune!" [Loud applause.]

[On September 3, the grant of indemnity was carried by 230 to 75, and domestic peace was established in Prussia.]

Alsace-Lorraine a Rampart against France.

(Speech of May 2, 1871.)

[After the accession of Alsace-Lorraine as a result of the Franco-Prussian War, the problem of its organization and government while being Germanized became a burning one. Its bitterness of French feeling made it difficult to manage as an entity, and to consolidate it with one of its South German neighbors or with Prussia would probably involve internecine German quarrels. Naturally, the question of definitive organization was remitted to the future as far as possible; and up to the time when the new imperial constitution went into effect (January 1, 1874), the district was governed directly by the Crown and the Bundesrath

(Federal Council). On May 2, 1871, the bill for the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine with the German Empire came to a first reading. Prince Bismarck opened with the following speech.]

I have only a few words to say in introducing the bill now before you. On its details the debate will give me an opportunity to express myself; but the leading principle, I think, is hardly open to a difference of opinion, — I mean the question whether Elsass and Lothringen shall be incorporated with the German Empire. The form in which it will have to be accomplished, especially the form in which it is to be initiated, will of course be matter of your resolutions, and you will find the confederated governments ready to carefully weigh all proposals divergent from ours that shall be made in this regard.

On the principle itself, I think no difference of opinion will be present, for the reason that it was not present a year ago, and during this year of war it has not come to light. If we cast our minds back a year, — more exactly, ten months, — we can say to ourselves that Germany was one in the love of peace; there was hardly a German who did not wish peace with France, so long as it was to be had with honor. Those morbid exceptions who may have desired war in the hope that their own Fatherland would succumb — they are not worthy of the name, I do not count them Germans! [Cheers.]

I still maintain that the Germans wished for peace with unanimity. But they were just as unanimous when war was forced upon us, when we were constrained to catch up some means of protecting ourselves, that if God should grant us victory in this war, which we were resolved to wage manfully, we would seek for a guarantee to make the recurrence of a like war improbable, and defense easier if it did occur. Every one recalled that under our fathers for three hundred years there had been hardly a generation which had not been forced to draw the sword against France; and every one said to himself that if on former occasions, when Germany belonged to the victors over France, the possibility of giving Germany a better fortress against the West had been neglected, it lay in the fact that we had won the victory in common with Confederate allies, whose interests were not just ours. Every one was therefore determined, in case we now, standing alone, and backed purely by our own weapons and our own right, should win the victory, to work in serious earnest to leave behind a solid future to our children.

The wars with France had in the course of centuries, since owing to the welter of Germany they nearly always fell out to our disadvantage, shaped a geographico-military bound-mark that in itself was full of temptation for France and full of menace for Germany ; and I cannot more strikingly characterize the situation in which we found ourselves, especially in which South Germany found itself, than was once done to me by a sagacious South German sovereign, when Germany was forced to take part with the Western powers in the Eastern war, without having, in the conviction of its governments, a subsistent interest in carrying on the war. I may give his name — it was the late King William of Würtemberg. He said to me : "I share your opinion that we have no interest in mixing ourselves in this war, that no German interest is at stake in it worth the pains of spilling German blood for. But if we should fall out with the Western powers over it, supposing it goes that length : count on my vote in the Bundestag up to the time when it comes to the breaking out of war — for then the matter takes on another aspect. I am resolved as honestly as everybody else to keep the engagements I have undertaken. But beware of judging men other than as they are. Give us Strasburg, and we shall be united for all eventualities ; but so long as Strasburg is a sally-port for a continually armed power, I have to be afraid that my country will be overrun with foreign troops before the German Bund could come to my aid. I would not hesitate a moment to eat the bitter bread of exile in your camp ; but my subjects will write to me that they are to be crushed by contributions in order to work a change in my resolve — I do not know what I should do, I do not know whether all the people would remain firm enough. But the crucial point lies in Strasburg ; for so long as that is not German, it will always put an obstacle in the way of South Germany's indulging itself with German unity, a German national policy without reserve. So long as Strasburg is a sally-port for a constantly mobilized army of a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand men, Germany remains in the position of not being able to march across the Rhine in due season with just as strong an active force — the French will regularly be there before us."

I believe this case, drawn from life, tells the whole story. I have nothing to add to it.

The wedge which the corner of Elsass thrust into Germany

at Weissenburg separated South Germany from North Germany more effectively than the political line of the Main; and it required a high degree of resolution, of national enthusiasm and devotion, in our South German confederates, in face of this close-lying danger to which they were exposed under a skillful conduct of the campaign by the French, to not waver an instant from seeing their own danger in North Germany's, and fall to with a will in order to go forward with us in a body! [Cheers.] That France in this commanding position, in this outlying bastion that Strasburg formed against Germany, was ready at any time to yield to the temptation as soon as domestic affairs made a foreign outlet needful, we have seen for ten years long. ["Very true!"] It is notorious that as late as the 6th of August, 1866, I had the experience of seeing the French ambassador enter my room to put before me in curt language the ultimatum of surrendering Mainz to France or expecting an immediate declaration of war. ["Hear! Hear!"] I was of course not doubtful of the answer for a second. I answered him, "Very well, then it is war!"[1] [Cheers.] He journeyed to Paris with this answer; in Paris they changed their minds after a few days,[2] and I was given to understand that these instructions were extorted from the Emperor Napoleon while he was sick. [Laughter.] The further attempt in relation to Luxemburg, and the further questions, are well known; I shall not hark back to that. I think I do not need to show, either, that France has not always had enough strength of character to withstand the temptations the possession of Elsass brought with it.

As to the question what securities are to be obtained against this — they must be of a territorial nature; the guarantees of foreign powers cannot help us much, for such guarantees sometimes have to receive as codicils curiously enfeebling declarations. [Laughter.] One would have supposed all Europe would feel the need of checking the frequent struggles between two great cultured peoples in the midst of European civilization, and that it was not far to see that the simplest means of checking them was to strengthen the undeniably pacific part of both in its defenses. I cannot say, however, that this idea was

[1] Neither Benedetti's demand nor Bismarck's refusal was as roughly worded as this gives the idea; the substance of the conversation, however, is not falsified. Benedetti closed the interview with Bismarck under the conviction that a cession of German territory could not be had without war. — KOHL.

[2] By a letter to the minister, Lavalette, on August 12, 1866, Napoleon III. renounced any compensation through the cession of German territory. — KOHL.

in the first instance everywhere found obvious. [Laughter.] It was sought after by other expedients; it was widely proposed that we should content ourselves with the costs of the war and with the demolition of the French fortresses in Elsass and Lothringen. I have always opposed this, for I consider it an unpractical means for the maintenance of peace. It is the constituting of a legal incumbrance on foreign soil and property, of a very oppressive and vexatious burden to the feeling of sovereignty and independence in the one it befalls. The cession of fortresses would be hardly felt more sorely than such a command of a foreign country not to dare build within the sphere of one's own sovereignty. The demolition of the unimportant place of Hüningen [1] has perhaps been oftener used to excite French passion than any loss of territory France had to suffer on its conquest in 1815. I have therefore set no value on this means; the less, that, according to the geographical configuration of the outpushing bastion, as I took the liberty of pointing out, the starting-point of the French troops would always have lain close to Stuttgart and Munich, as now. It came to this, that it must be moved farther back.

More than that, Metz is a place whose topographical configuration is of such a kind that art needs to do very little there in order to make it a strong fortress, and in order that what it has done upon it, if it were obliterated, which would be very costly, might nevertheless be very speedily restored. So I have judged this expedient also inadequate.

Another means would have been — and that would be recommended even by the inhabitants of Elsass and Lothringen — to erect in that place a neutral state, such as Belgium and Switzerland. A chain of neutral states would then have been established from the North Sea to the Swiss Alps, which would certainly have made it impossible for *us* to attack France by land, because we are accustomed to respect agreements and neutrality, ["Very good!"] and because we should be separated from France by this intermediate space; but France would have been nowise impeded in the plan conceived but not carried out in this very last war, of sending its fleet on occasion to land troops on our coasts, or landing French troops among

[1] Hüningen, which Louis XIV. acquired by purchase in 1680, and erected into a strong fortress, was forced to capitulate in 1815. At the order of the Archduke John the fortifications were demolished, and the second peace of Paris forbade their rebuilding. — K.

allies to let them penetrate among us. France would have received a protecting girdle against us ; but we, so long as our fleet was not able to cope with the French, should not be covered by the sea. This was one ground, but only of the second rank. The foremost ground is, that neutrality in general is only solid when the population is resolved to keep for itself an independent neutral position, and to uphold its neutrality in case of need with military force. Belgium has done so, Switzerland has done so ; neither of them would have needed it against us, but as matter of fact, their neutrality has been preserved by both. Both *wish* to remain independent neutral states. This supposition would not hold good in the immediate future with the new neutrals-to-be, Elsass and Lothringen ; on the contrary, it is to be expected that whoever might be its sovereign, the strong French elements of this neutral state who will long remain in the land, who would cling to France with their interests, sympathies, and memories, would resolve, in a new French-German war, to reannex themselves to France, and the neutrality would be just a mere phantom, noxious to us, useful to France. Nothing else remained, therefore, but to bring this tract all complete, with its strong fortresses, under German control, in order to protect itself as a strong rampart of Germany against France, and in order to set back the starting-point of a possible French attack by a number of days' marches, if France, either by its own increase of strength, or by the possession of allies, should again throw down the glove to us.

To the realization of this idea, the satisfaction of this imperative need for our security, there opposed itself in the foremost rank the refusal of the inhabitants themselves to be separated from France. It is not my business here to investigate the causes that have made it possible for an originally German population to be so deeply attached to a country with foreign speech, and a government not always beneficent or indulgent. Some part of it lies in the fact that all those special traits which distinguish Germans from Frenchmen are embodied precisely in the Alsatian people to a high degree, so that the population of this region in respect of capability and love of order, I dare to say without assumption, have formed a sort of aristocracy in France ; they were better fitted for office, more trustworthy in service. The officers in the military, the police, the officials in the civil service, were Alsatians and Lorrainers in a proportion far transcending the ratio of the population ; there were a million and a half of Germans

who were in a position to utilize, and as a fact did utilize, the qualities of the German among a people that has other qualities, but not precisely these; they had from their special traits a preferred position, which made them forget much legal unfairness. Moreover, it lies in the German character that every stock vindicates for itself some kind of superiority, especially over its nearest neighbors: behind the Alsatians and Lorrainers, so long as they were French, stood Paris with its brilliancy, and France with its centralized greatness; he faced the German citizen with the feeling, "Paris is mine," and found in that a source for a feeling of particularist ascendency. I will not go back over the broader grounds, that every one is more easily assimilated to a great state organism which gives his capacity full play, than to a nation in shreds, even if racially related, such as formerly exhibited itself to an Alsatian on this side the Rhine. It is a fact that this refusal was there, and that it is our duty to vanquish it by patience. We have in my judgment many means for so doing; we Germans as a whole are in the habit of ruling more benevolently — sometimes a trifle awkwardly, but in the long run it nevertheless turns out — more benevolently and humanely than the French statesmen do [laughter]; that is an advantage of the German nature, which in the German hearts of the Alsatians will soon be homelike and recognizable.

We shall moreover be able to grant the inhabitants a much higher degree of municipal and individual freedom than the French arrangements and traditions ever could. If we view the Paris commotion of to-day [the Commune], it will prove true of that, what is not doubtful of any commotion which has a certain continuity, that alongside all the unreasonable motives which cling to it and influence individuals, a kernel of something more rational lies at the heart: else no agitation could acquire even the degree of strength which that of Paris has momentarily acquired. This rational kernel — I do not know how many people adhere to it, but in any case the best and most intelligent of those who momentarily fight against their fellow-countrymen — I may indicate by one word: it is the German city order; if the Commune had this, then the *better* of their adherents would be contented — I do not say all. We must distinguish how the matter stands: the militia of violence consists predominantly of people who have nothing to lose. In a city of two millions there is a great number of so-called *repris de justice* [discharged convicts], persons who

with us would be marked as under police surveillance, persons who employ in Paris the interval they have between two seasons in the penitentiary, and who find themselves in considerable numbers there, persons who everywhere where there is disorder and plundering are ready to help themselves. It is just these who have given the outbreak the character of a menace to civilization, by which it casually distinguished itself before its theoretical aims were more closely investigated, and which in the interest of humanity is now, I hope, among the vanquished, but which certainly also is just as likely to relapse. Besides this scum, such as is found copiously enough in every large state, will be the militia I mentioned, composed of a number of followers of the European national republic. The figures have been given me which the foreign nationalities there are concerned with; of which there dimly remains to me only that about eight thousand Englishmen have to be in Paris for the purpose of carrying out their plans, — I presume a great part of them are Irish Fenians, who will be designated by the term "Englishmen," — as well as a great quantity of Belgians, Poles, Garibaldians, and Italians. They are people to whom the Commune and French liberties are practically indifferent; they are striving after something else, and to them, of course, this argument was not applied, when I said, There is a rational kernel in every commotion. [Laughter.]

Such wishes as surely they are well entitled to in the large communities of France — compared with their past public law, which allowed them but a slight measure of activity, and yet according to the traditions of French statesmen granted them the utmost communal freedom that can be obtained — make themselves in a high degree perceptible with the German character of the Alsatian and Lorrainer, who strives after more individual and communal sovereignty like the Frenchman; and I am convinced that we can allow the population of Elsass, without injury to the united empire, considerably freer play in the sphere of self-government, — from the ground up, — which will gradually be so broadened as to approach the ideal that every individual, every smaller narrower circle, shall possess the degree of liberty that on the whole is compatible with the order of the organized public body. To attain this, to come the nearest possible to this end, I consider the task of all rational political science; and it is much more attainable with the German arrangements under which we live than it ever can be in

France, with the French character and the centralized constitution of France. I believe therefore that with German patience and German kindliness, we shall succeed in winning over the natives there — perhaps in a shorter time than is now expected. There will always remain elements there, however, which are rooted in France with their whole personal past, and which are too old to still tear themselves loose from it; or which by their material interests are necessarily connected with France, and for the snapping of the ties that knit them to France can find compensation with us either not at all or but tardily. So we need not flatter ourselves with very quickly reaching the goal of having conditions in Elsass like what they are in Thuringia, in respect of German feeling; but then we need not doubt, either, of attaining even in our own lifetime the goal we aspire to, if we fulfill the days that on the average are given to men.

How now to approach this problem more closely, — in what form, to begin with, — that is the question which first devolves upon you at this time, gentlemen, but yet not in a decisive way or one binding on the future. I would beg you in these discussions not to take the standpoint that you are to make something valid to all eternity, that you can frame for yourselves right on the spot a firm notion of the shape of the future, as perhaps it will be after a number of years. No human foresight, in my judgment, extends so far. The relations are abnormal; they *must* be abnormal, — our *whole* problem was so, — and they are not merely abnormal in the way we have won Elsass, they are also abnormal in the person of the winner. A federation composed of sovereign princes and free cities, which makes a conquest it must retain for the needs of its own defense, which thus finds itself in *common* possession, is a very rare phenomenon in history; and if we except isolated enterprises of the Swiss cantons, — which however had no intention in any case of assimilating to themselves with equal rights the territories conquered in common, but that of administering them as common provinces for the benefit of the conqueror, — I hardly believe anything like it can be found in history. I should also believe that precisely on account of this abnormal condition and abnormal task, the exhortation not to overrate the far-sightedness of the sharpest-eyed politician in human affairs had fallen upon us. I at least do not feel able at this moment to say with full assurance how the situation will be in Elsass and Lothringen three years hence. To be able to calcu-

late that, one must see into the future. It depends on factors whose development, whose demeanor and good will, are not at all in our power and cannot be regulated by us.

This is what we lay before you: merely an *experiment*, to find the correct beginning of a road as to whose end we still need instruction ourselves through the developments, through the experiences, we shall create. And I would therefore beg you meanwhile to be willing to travel that empirical road, which the governments have gone over, and to accept the conditions as they stand, and not as perhaps would be desirable. If one knows nothing *better* to put in the place of something that does not entirely please him, he always does better, according to my conviction, to allow the gravitation of events its course, and meanwhile take the matter just as it stands; but it stands thus, — that the confederated governments have won these territories in common, that their common ownership and their common administration is something to be taken for granted, which can be modified according to our needs and the needs of the partners in Elsass and Lothringen. But I would urgently beg you to save up still, just as the confederated governments do, your judgment as to how the exact shape can once more become definitive. If you have more courage to forejudge the future than we have, we will readily meet you halfway, as we can assuredly perform our task only in common; and the very precaution with which I make known to you the conviction of the confederated governments, and with which the conviction has been formed, shows you at once the ready and willing mood we are in to let ourselves be taught, if we can be given any kind of a better proposition, especially should it be approved as better at the hand of experience, even of a short experience; and if I make known this good will on our side, I am sure it is just as present a purpose with you, on this common road, with German patience and German love to all, in particular to the people of our newest land, to find and at last to reach the rightful goal. [Hearty cheers.]

[The bill was referred to a committee, and came on May 20, greatly amended, to a second reading before the Reichstag. The principal changes, which substituted the coöperation of the Reichstag in legislation for the dictatorship of the Emperor and the Chancellor through the period of transition, were opposed by the Chancellor at the third reading on the 25th of May; he succeeded in having the reported bill sent back for another reading. By the personal intervention of the Chancellor, a compromise between the opposing views was reached, so that a bill correspondingly altered was passed by the Reichstag June 3.]

"We will Not Go to Canossa!"

(Speech of May 14, 1872.)

[The Kulturkampf (Civilization Struggle, or that of the spirit of progress against obscurantism — a term invented by Virchow) was not at first an assault of the state upon ecclesiastical rights, but a defense against the hostile encroachments of Catholic individuals or parties. To prevent these sporadic acts of mutual hostility from growing into irreconcilable warfare, the Emperor William decided, in April, 1872, to send a special envoy to the Holy See, believing that it could be induced to separate its religious interests from the struggles for political power of the Center party in the German Empire. The idea was almost absurdly futile, as the Papacy could not disavow its most earnest adherents; but its good faith is made evident by the selection of Cardinal Prince Gustav zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, — for though he was a loyal German and notoriously not in sympathy with the Ultramontanes, yet as Bismarck wrote to Count Arnim, the German ambassador in Paris, on April 28, it was obvious to any one without prejudice that a cardinal would not be a useful instrument of hostile designs against the Papacy. But in Rome the choice of the cardinal, to the German government's surprise, met with a cold rejection. On May 2 the Pope communicated to the German chargé, Von Derenthall, through Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary of State, that sensible as he was of the consideration of his Majesty the Emperor, he regretted that nevertheless he could not authorize the acceptance of so delicate and weighty a function by a cardinal of the Roman Church. The news of this rejection was publicly bruited abroad from Rome before any official answer had been sent to the Emperor's communication; the organs of the Center were loudly exultant, regarding a lukewarm adherent as the worst of enemies, and the vast Protestant majority were correspondingly enraged at the snub to the Emperor and the rebuff to conciliatory offers. Representative Von Bennigsen made himself the spokesman of popular feeling. On May 14, 1872, in the discussion on the 19,350 thalers for the Roman embassy included in the Foreign Office estimates, he sharply criticised the Pope's procedure, and submitted whether in respect of the latest occurrences the post should not be abolished for the future. Without directly moving its abolition, he expressed the hope that the government now or in future would declare the appropriation for the embassy superfluous. On this, Bismarck spoke as follows.]

I understand that with this Budget appropriation, the idea may spring up that the costs of this embassy are no longer requisite because it is no longer a question of protecting German subjects in the districts concerned. I am glad, however, that a motion to abolish this post was not made, for it would have been unwelcome to the government. The tasks of an embassy consist on the one hand of the protection of their countrymen; on the other hand, however, also of harmonizing the relations in which the imperial government stands to the court at which there is an accredited ambassador. Now there is no foreign sovereign who, by the tenor of our legislation up to this time, would be qualified so extensively to exercise

rights approaching sovereignty, and subject to no constitutional responsibility, within the German Empire, by virtue of our legislation. It is therefore of substantial interest to the German Empire how it stands toward the supremacy of the Roman Church, which exercises this influence among us, so unusually embracing for a foreign sovereign — how it stands toward it in a diplomatic way. I hardly believe that an ambassador of the German Empire, considering the tone of feeling now authoritative in the Catholic Church, would succeed by the most skillful diplomacy, by *persuasion* — of comminatory action, as might happen between two secular powers, there can of course be no suggestion here — but I will say by persuasion, in exercising an influence which a modification of the attitude taken on principle by his Holiness the Pope toward secular things would be able to effect. I consider it, according to recently expressed and publicly promulgated dogmas of the Catholic Church, impossible for a secular power to arrive at a concordat, without that secular power effacing itself to a degree and in a manner which the German kingdom at least cannot accept. ["Very true ! "] Have no anxiety : *we will not go to Canossa*,[1] either bodily or spiritually ! [Loud cheering.]

But notwithstanding, no one can hide from himself that the attitude of the German Empire — I have not here the task of inquiring into the motives and the fault of one side or the other, but only the task of defending a Budget appropriation — that the temper within the German Empire as to the limits of the confessional peace is a stormy one. The governments of the German Empire seek assiduously, seek with the entire solicitude which they owe to their Catholic as to their evangelical subjects, for the means of getting in the friendliest manner possible, in a manner to shock as little as possible the confessional relations of the empire, out of the present condition of things into one more acceptable. This of course can hardly be effected otherwise than by way of legislation, and indeed by way of a general imperial legislation [cheers], for which the governments will be constrained to claim the assistance of the Reichstag. [Cheers and " Hear ! hear ! "]

That this legislation, however, must go forward in a way to save the freedom of conscience entire, in the most deliberate,

[1] Where the Emperor Henry IV. humiliated himself before Pope Gregory VII., January 25–27, 1077.

most delicate manner, that the government must take careful pains to prevent all needless aggravation of its tasks which may proceed from incorrect reports or the lack of correct forms, you will grant me; that the governments must take pains to carry out the rectification of our inner peace in the way to spare most fully the confessional feelings, even such as we do not share, you will grant me. To this end is required before everything, that on the one side the Roman Curia shall always be as well informed as possible of the intentions of the German governments, and better informed than it has been up to this time. I consider as one of the most prominent causes of the present disturbances in the confessional sphere the inaccurate representations, distorted either by personal agitation or by worse motives, of the state of things in Germany and the intentions of the German governments, which have come to his Holiness the Pope.

I had hoped that by the selection of an ambassador who had the full confidence of both sides, first in regard to a nice love of truth and worthiness of credit, then in regard to the placability of his disposition and behavior — that the selection of such an ambassador as his Majesty the Emperor had hit upon in the person of a well-known prince of the Church would be welcome in Rome, that it would be understood as a pledge of our intentions of peace and of meeting them halfway, that it would be hailed as a stepping-stone to a compromise; I had hoped that in it would be perceived the assurance that we would never demand from his Holiness the Pope anything else than what a prince of the Church, bound also to his Holiness the Pope by the most intimate relations, might say, report, and speak out, that the forms would always remain those in which one prince of the Church moves relatively to another, and that all needless friction should be prevented in a matter which is difficult enough of itself. Many fears over this appointment have been united on the evangelical and liberal side, which in my judgment are grounded in the main upon an incorrect estimate of the position of an envoy or ambassador. An ambassador is substantially, however, only the vessel which first obtains its full value when filled by the instructions of its sovereign. That the vessel should be an agreeable and welcome one, however, — one which by its nature, as they said of the ancient crystals, cannot receive poison or venom without instantly proclaiming it, — that is certainly desirable in such delicate relations as these are. That we

had hoped to attain. Unfortunately, on grounds which have not yet been explained to us, this intention of the imperial government has been hindered of successful execution by a curt refusal on the side of the papal Curia.

I can truly say that such a case does not often occur. It is customary that when a sovereign has fixed upon his choice for an envoy or ambassador, he then out of courtesy addresses the inquiry to the sovereign the envoy is accredited to, whether the latter is *persona grata:* it is extremely seldom the case, however, that this inquiry is answered in the negative, since it always implies an annulment of a nomination already made; for what the Emperor can do as to such a nomination, he did in advance, before asking the question. He has so nominated before he asks; the negative answer is thus a command to annul the action taken — is a declaration, "You have made a wrong choice!" I have been foreign minister for close on ten years now, I have been for twenty-one years in the business of high-grade diplomacy, and I think I do not deceive myself when I say this is the first and solitary case I have experienced ["Hear! hear!"] when such a question has been answered in the negative. I have often had it happen that opinions were expressed against ambassadors who had already served for a long period, that a court in a confidential way has expressed the wish that a change in the person might take place; then, however, this court had behind it many years of experience in diplomatic intercourse with that person, had the conviction that his personality was unsuitable for securing the good relations wished for by that court, and then expressed in the most confidential form — usually in the autograph writing from sovereign to sovereign, with specifications — why this was so, and even then in a very cautious manner it is seldom or never definitely commanded. There have been individual cases in the recent past, at least *one* highly flagrant one, when the recall of an envoy has been demanded; but as I said, the refusal of a new nominee is not in my memory as an experience of mine.

My regret over this refusal is an exceedingly acute one. I am not entitled, however, to translate this regret into the colors of resentment; for the government owes it to our Catholic fellow-citizens not to be weary of searching for the path in which the settlement of the boundaries between the spiritual and the secular powers, which in the interest of our domestic peace we absolutely need, can be found in the most indulgent way, and

one least irritating confessionally. I shall therefore not allow myself to be discouraged by this occurrence, but go forward to collaborate with his Majesty the Emperor, to the end that a representative of the empire may be found for Rome who shall enjoy the confidence of both powers, if not to the same degree, at least to a sufficient degree. That this task is rendered materially harder by what has happened, I certainly cannot conceal. [Cheers.]

[Rep. Windthorst made an attempt to criticise the action of the German government, and to justify the rejection of the cardinal by the Curia. He termed the Pope the lawful lord of the cardinal, and laid the blame of the occurrence at the door of the German government, which in misconception of this papal lordship had nominated an official of the Pope to a position which only a subordinate of the Emperor could occupy. Prince Bismarck sharply scored down the claim of the Ultramontane champion, and emphasized the fact that the government had resolved, "in opposition to the claim which individual subjects of his Majesty the King of Prussia set up, to spiritual station and that there *may* be laws of the land which are not binding on *them*, to hold firm the full unified sovereignty, the sovereignty of legislation, with all the means at its command." The appropriation for the embassy was passed.]

"The Old Man's" Exhortation to the Conservatives.

(Speeches of March 29 and May 18, 1889.)

[The Emperor's message of November 17, 1881, had introduced the great social question of state insurance for the laboring classes against old age and sickness, which both the Emperor and Bismarck had keenly at heart, as a social beneficence and a political safeguard. It took years to draft out even a presentable scheme for this most complicated reform; at length, on the sixth anniversary of the message, the Home Office published a tentative draft for criticism. In April, 1888, a bill founded on this was laid before the Reichstag, and referred to the proper committee, which in July again published a draft based on the results of its threshing out. The criticisms showered on it from theoretical and practical circles were utilized in a third and last draft, of embracing compass and 150 paragraphs, which was debated on the first reading, December 6, 7, and 10. The Social Democrats and German Liberalists (Deutschfreisinnige-partei) objected to the whole principle, and prophesied only an intensification of class hatred; all other sections were friendly to the principle, though finding much fault with the exact system proposed. The bill went into committee, which debated it in 41 sittings, and recommended it with large alterations by 22 to 5. March 29, 1889, the second reading in the Reichstag began. The Opposition circulated the report that Bismarck no longer cared to have it go through, which created much uncertainty, and was partly true and partly false. The alterations in his plan had taken out of it for him what he thought its chief merit, the free and unburdened grant to the laborer from the public resources of a provision for his times of helplessness: to load it with a contribution from the laborer himself, he considered open to the charge that the government was

enriching itself by these pickings from the laborers' pockets for a decade before it returned anything to him; he wished to reach their hearts at once by a gift that had no taint of anything but pure good feeling for the needs of the poor. But he knew the proverb that "the best is the enemy of the good," and had no wish to see even an installment of the great reform definitively shelved; he therefore consented to have the contributions of employee and employer fixed at the same share, and the government only charged with a yearly addition of fifty marks to each annuity. By his order, the Home Secretary, Von Boetticher, contradicted on March 29 all such reports as above. During his statement Bismarck made his appearance, and confirmed his utterances by the following declaration.]

If I take the floor on this matter, after the competent and exhaustive statement of the previous speaker, I am led to it only by the casual fact that the previous speaker has expressed himself in my presence on my position toward the matter, and if I should be silent on it, it would look as if I were not fully in accord with the previous speaker in regard to what he has said about me. To meet them halfway is my duty to the matter and the previous speaker both; that the — I can call it nothing else than "suspectedness," whose existence he has hinted at, should be also contradicted by me, seems to me a necessity. It is hardly intelligible to me how this report can have arisen. I have reflected to some extent on what I can possibly have done and said to give occasion to it; I have been able to discover nothing of the sort. I must brand it as a pure and impudent invention. I certainly did not believe at the beginning of this winter that we should have the prospect of dismissing this comprehensive measure *this* winter, not this session. I believed that it would not be argued out. That it would be brought in, was perfectly clear to me: how could I be doubtful on that, as Imperial Chancellor? it cannot be brought in at all without me. But I believed we should have a sort of tie-race, and the proposal would have to be brought in still again next year. Whether I have ever given this out as an expression of my judgment, I do not know; but it would have been the only thing that could have given an occasion or a pretext for circulating the hinted falsehood about my position on the matter. I have thus openly underrated the industry of the gentlemen concerned, and especially of my honored colleague who has just spoken, as perhaps those who have drawn the conclusion from my taking no share in the committee discussions that I stand coldly toward the matter, have undervalued my industry and my working capacity. I think the public organs of my political friends exaggerate when they say of me that as

I rapidly age, I meet incapacity for work halfway. [Great laughter.] I can still do something, though not all, of what I have done earlier. [Laughter.]

If I perform the tasks of a foreign minister of a great country, and even perform them satisfactorily, in my old age, then I shall always still be doing a man's work, which counts in other countries as a full man's work [hearty cheers] and a meritorious work. If I am successful at it, by extending our foreign policy in concord with all confederated governments and with his Majesty the Emperor, and the enjoyment of confidence from foreign governments, I look on that meanwhile as my first, my *primo loco*, duty. In all other respects I can be more easily replaced. But the amount of confidences and experiences I have been able to acquire for myself in some thirty years of foreign policy, — those I cannot bequeath and those I cannot transfer.

Especially in these questions now before us, I am far more than replaced by my colleague Herr Von Boetticher. That which he has done and discharged in this matter, I should not myself have been able to discharge, even had it been possible for me to devote myself exclusively to this affair. [Vigorous cheering on both sides of the House.] Every one has his own department, and in this department I ungrudgingly view the deserts of my colleague as greater than mine. [Repeated loud cheering.]

But I still have so much desert also in this matter, that I view it almost as an insult when people would believe of me that now, at the moment of decision, I would leave it in the lurch. I take the liberty of vindicating for myself the origination of this whole social policy, ["Hear! Hear! Bravo!" from the Right] including this last settlement of it we are now dealing with. I succeeded in winning for this matter the love of the late Emperor William. He has pointed it out as his fairest triumph; which he would again have done, and which he would have wished to live still to see, if this care for the needy could have been consummated under his government. The now reigning Emperor has made it one of his first utterances to adopt implicitly this chosen policy of his sainted grandfather. How could I now go so far as to fly in the face of this work called into life under my initiative, just before its consummation, even to the point of fighting it! That means to completely betray and abandon, not only the memory of the old Emperor, but even

the service of my present master. [Cheers from the Right.] In sober truth, it is an almost insulting imputation that is laid on me in this.

It is not possible for me to go into the details here; and besides, for me it would be *ultra crepidam* if I tried to do so after the minute and exhaustive exposition of the previous speaker. I should not have taken the floor, on the whole, if in my presence this doubt of my position on the matter had not been publicly given tongue. I cannot more directly contradict it than by meantime on my part begging the gentlemen to accept the proposal by the greatest possible majority, — which does not exclude members from voting down separate items *per majora*. I at least have no preconceived views on such details in the scheme as leave the collective aim untouched and uninjured; and am entirely ready to join the majority of the Reichstag and the confederated government on them. But for the adoption of the bill in its entirety I intercede with full conviction, and with the urgent entreaty that you on your side will agree to it. [Vigorous cheering.]

[The Reichstag dispatched the second reading in seventeen sittings, from March 30 to May 11; the third reading began May 17. The vote had been about evenly balanced on the second, the Opposition had made inroads on the Conservatives and National Liberals, and now redoubled their efforts hopefully. The Polish and Alsatian sections were set against it; still more discouragingly, Rep. Holz of the Right, a West Prussian landowner, who had voted for the bill even on the second reading, now announced a change to the negative, basing it on a vote of the West Prussian Central Agricultural Union. He denied that the bill had any connection with the agricultural interest, because there were very few invalid professionals on the land, and the victims of accident were sufficiently cared for by accident insurance; and he especially reprobated the severe penal provisions against the employer for neglecting to insure his laborers. The debate was continued on the 18th, with vigorous speeches pro and con; the Guelf Langwerth von Simmern spoke against the bill on grounds of principle, the Conservative Staudy on practical considerations. The divergence within the Conservative ranks induced Bismarck to make a warm appeal to their national feeling, in the following speech — practically the last which he delivered as Chancellor.]

I have already, on taking the floor the last time, laid stress on the fact that my non-participation in the debates over details was due, not to lack of personal interest, but to lack of strength for satisfying in their entirety my tasks from all sides. It has become a necessity with years for me to narrow on principle the circle of my activities. I have believed, as I lately remarked, that I must retain before all things the leadership of foreign

affairs, and also the leadership of domestic policy, in their main drift, in Prussia as well as the empire; for me it is a task outside the circle thereby drawn to make speeches here of which I am perfectly sure they will not win a single vote in the definitive division, even if I spoke with the tongue of an angel. The gentlemen know already to-day quite well what they will vote for and what they will vote against; and all the eloquence that will be interchanged here, even the seeming bitterness and hostility that will be interchanged, are nevertheless calculated for other latitudes, and not for influence over any one who is entitled to vote in this hall.

I perceived, as I came in here, with a certain satisfaction, that my honored colleague at my right [Von Boetticher] has still time and strength for the attempt to convert a Guelf, and win him for a policy friendly to the empire. [Laughter.] I have hearkened, not with the sarcastic repose of age, but with sincere satisfaction, to the vitality that still remains in my colleague [cheers and laughter]; but I do not share the illusion under whose mastery he has exhausted his strength, which however I urgently wish may be spared for the future, against Herr Von Langwerth — not exhausted, but spent for the time.

It has not surprised me in any way that the *Social Democratic* party is against this law. If — my knowledge of how the land lies rests on a parliamentary correspondence of last evening — if one of the members of the Liberalist party has said that our inability to win the Social Democrats with this proposal follows from their appearance against it, I should retaliate to this that the speaker — I believe it was Representative Dr. Barth — absolutely confounds two things, the Socialist leaders and the Socialist masses. ["Very just."]

The *masses*, who are dissatisfied with something, with something which even the Social Democracy would not be able to remedy, vote for the Social Democracy in the elections because they wish to give precise expression to their discontent by an anti-governmental division. The gentlemen stand on other ground whose entire importance, whose ascendency, rests on the masses led and misled by them remaining discontented. These naturally reject the law, because it always — it will not conciliate the Social Democracy in its entirety, yet is a step on the road; and it is a source of content with our own conscience that we are trying to mitigate just discontents as far as possibility offers and the Reichstag allows us, a quieting of our

conscience in case it helps nothing but we have to fight. None the less, we do not deceive ourselves on the point that we are not in quiet discussion with the Social Democracy as with a party of compatriots : it lives in war with us, ["Very true !"] and it will strike just as the French do, as soon as it feels strong enough. And to get this strength ready — not with the great party, but the leaders — is certainly the whole task of their policy ; and all that can damage, can hinder, can check this strength from striking, from stirring up civil war, from reëstablishing the "measured tread of the battalions of labor," they will naturally contest; thus also they will be obstructive that is, to every movement taken for the sake of the state toward meeting the sufferings of the poor halfway — *that* lessens the discontent, and they make use of discontent. So it was naturally foreseen that they would vote in the negative.

I have not wondered, either, that the gentlemen of the *Liberalist party* should vote in the negative. In the quarter century and more that I have been in this place, I have never yet had the concurrence of these gentlemen in anything ["Oho !" from the Liberalists] — unless perhaps I except, a long time ago, the last concurrence to the last touch that was put to our military system. Whether you voted then out of love to the empire and to show a lessening of your dislike to my person, or allowed your concurrence or your silence to happen from the necessities of your party factions, [cries from Left : "Bah !"] gentlemen, "bah" is not the question, — permit me to speak with entire plainness, — whoever says "bah" to me I call a brassy fellow. [Cheers from the Right.] I will not attempt to ask the gentleman — you will not hear the truth ; but I am here to tell you the truth : I will not let myself be insulted, for I will insult back. [Cheers from the Right.] "Bah" — I do not know what that relates to ; so I cannot retaliate to it. I look on it as a general expression of hate, whose object has for years been here in this place for the gentlemen who sit there. As a Christian, I can suffer it ; but as Chancellor, so long as I stand here, I resent it, and will not allow it to be said to me without retorting it.

Do you know, outside of your partly tacit, partly expressed concurrence with our military proposals, an organic determination of any sort, from the start of the imperial constitution up to the proposals of to-day, in which the Liberalist party — or, as it called itself formerly, the Progressive party [Fortschrittspartei]

— came to meet the government in anything ; in which they showed an endeavor to ask themselves the question, Do we strengthen the empire by this or not? It may have asked itself this ; but if it has answered this question for itself in its inner forum — which side it has then decided for, the strengthening or not, that I leave for the judgment of history to determine.

That the *Guelf* gentlemen are against the proposal, proceeds from other grounds than the opposition of the Progressive party. I do not say of the Progressive party that they do not wish the empire, but they do not wish the empire fitted out with this constitution, nor with these men at the head. If the gentlemen of the Progressive party were at the head themselves, I believe they would exert themselves most vigorously to make the empire stronger in its internal fabric ; and I believe they would put up with less opposition than we put up with.

If the *Poles* reject a proposal, they merely bear testimony by so doing that it may help toward the consolidation of the German Empire ; that the French friends who by over-hasty resolve of the Reichstag have been allowed in its midst [cries of "Hear ! Hear ! "] to take part in the legislation of the collective empire — surely we did not make war for that, to inoculate ourselves with fourteen Frenchmen — that they are against it is just as natural, and as the honorable Representative Von Kardorff quite rightly remarked, we have to learn from our enemies; the opposition of these gentlemen shows us that there must be a kernel of something in this law that is useful to the German Empire.

I should not have spoken at all of the self-evident nature of this opposition and its predictability, but that even on the *Conservative* side an opposition has been practiced against the law, partly as a whole and partly in regard to its application, which I do not find compatible with the mission of the Conservative party. I would answer every Conservative who breaks out here against the law, in the language of the poet —

> "It long hath been a grief to me,
> To see thee in such company."[1]

It wants very little — *les extrêmes se touchent* — that hyper-Conservatives — I have gone through it often already in my

[1] "Faust," "In Martha's Garden."

life — should be, on occasions when they are angry, but slightly distinguishable in political effect from Social Democrats. [Laughter.] I might cry out to the gentlemen, in memory of the soil of their Fatherland and even the party they stand for: How can you in this fashion give room, on the side of the Conservative party, to individual spite, to chagrin, to local interest, regarding a question that so touches the entirety of the empire to its innermost depths as this does here! I was distressed, in the report of yesterday's sitting, to see our opponents furnished out of a Conservative mouth with evidence that in such things the property interests, the local and the personal interests, are the ruling ones, in the first rank; and that of the great interests of the empire, of the national and the Christian interests, there is no further talk whatever.

This, gentlemen, is no Conservative childbirth; and he who ranges himself on this platform of petty parish policy, of local patriotism, of provincial patriotism, — he I believe, fulfills but partially, with much shade and little light, the obligations that a summons as Representative to the Reichstag lays upon him.

The honorable Representative Holz, the only one of the Conservative party whose speech I know — the Honorable Representative Von Staudy has spoken to-day, but I had not time to— [Cries: "Imperial party!"] Well, I call the Imperial party a Conservative party. ["Very true!" from the Right.] I had never up to now made any distinction, and I repeat emphatically, I am sorry if this difference is to be accentuated. Even in the narrower Conservative party there are still always gradations, which are not fully in accord with each other; and even if we take them still more narrowly, we shall find, as is characteristic of Germans in the independence of their personal opinions, that among six Conservatives, two are always of other opinions than the other four, and do not waive their opinion. This is a clear token of the primal German nature of the Conservatives. The whole German state of moral rags and tatters is caused by this excess of independence. To be a Liberal — oh yes, one is swimming straight with the current then [laughter], and they do it. The Frenchman is certainly much more governable than the German. Our entire Liberalism leans somewhat to that side. In Liberalism, you see, there is quite naturally a dictatorship: whoever does not go in harness is either thrown overboard, or in his group he is oratorically tongue-lashed till he joins. There is no such tyranny

in the Conservative party, in which I not only count the Imperial party, but also two other groups, large groups in this House, which I call Conservative; there is a straight Germanic independence in them, and therefore they are harder to govern, but still in the long run amenable to reason too.

The honorable Representative Holz has alluded to the slight sympathy for the law in his election district. But, gentlemen, we ought not to accept this argument here. Every one can quote sympathies in his election district: every one who is actually elected by the majority — I have been a Representative too — can create them in his election district if he goes there and makes a speech. Furthermore, the Representatives are here to vote according to their estimate of what is useful for the common weal of the empire as a whole, and not according to the votes in their election district. ["Quite true!"]

Herr Holz has further pointed out, as a chief ground of his refusal, the fear that other provinces, the western provinces of our Fatherland, might gain more advantage from this law than the eastern. Now this rests at bottom on a kind of grudge that I should not wish to consider applicable to the treatment of great questions, — just like the grudge between agriculture and manufacturing. Both in my judgment go hand in hand, and the empire as a whole will suffer no injury from the welfare of its western provinces. I believe, however, the honorable Representative is in error throughout in his fears.

It has been repeatedly made a grievance on this matter, that it has been given out from the government council board that the law will not be understood. Now I will not say just that. The gentlemen of the House have all juristic training enough to understand the law; but they are not all intimate enough with practical life to deduce the correct results from this law. The honorable Representative has drawn a false conclusion. The flight to the western provinces has already begun long ago, and I believe, so far as the eastern provinces and their inhabitants understand it, is long since felt. You find thousands of Poles among the striking laborers in Westphalia today; you find them with the laborers in Schleswig; you find westward emigrants that go from Silesia as far as the Rhine. This has all taken place already; and I do not believe the German has the hypochondriac apprehension that he is changing his home from the imminence of death or old age. He goes off where his wages are better: he does not consider that

the costs and the obligations he is to bear in that place will also be greater than at home. He sometimes returns; on the whole, I should sum it up that he is better amused in the western provinces, but he prospers no better there.

I believe the emigration of the agricultural working class, also, is still not so strong toward the western provinces as toward the large centers, the great cities. ["Very true!" from the Right.] On the farming question I can speak from my own experience, although for the last twenty years my public employment has allowed me to bring hardly any but the more dismal experiences of farm management into full view for myself. None the less, in the meantime I have come to know these affairs pretty closely. I have people who at first, led by their military connections, preferred to remain in the place where they had served, at Berlin, and afterwards came home to me with stiff hospital bills; and that for the second time. Then I have questioned them: "What is it that draws you so to Berlin? Lodgings, treatment, everything is hardly so good as at home." Finally I have made the discovery; the solitary ground, which the people tell me with a sort of blush as a settler: "Well, you see, a place where there's open-air music, and a man can sit and drink beer in the open air — well, a man hasn't any of that in Varzin." [Laughter.] Now that is one draw that takes people to the great cities. A quiet, law-abiding, honest man, but who would not stay at home, — he went away again, — cited this to me at last as his motive; and it is certainly necessary, for the understanding of our inward domestic conditions, to make such matters clear to ourselves.

That there will be a great rush and crush for the westward in consequence of this law, I consider a totally unjustified and erroneous view. A "greater dissoluteness of life," a "greater stimulus to conviviality" in life, is not present in the west. On the contrary, I believe the dissoluteness of life among the villagers in the west is sometimes a much slighter thing than with us in the east, under the so-called patriarchal conditions.

Then the honorable Representative says, "The formerly very precious Lohren motions are unacceptable to me, because they make too great differences in the contributions; anyway, the new resolutions have increased the pecuniary burdens over the original government proposals." I was a member of the Conservative party at the time when it was called the Stahl group. In it we never put ourselves in opposition to the gov-

ernment on pecuniary questions, however, but we only asked ourselves, "Which arrangements are suitable to uphold the continuity of our development, the stability of our state, the stability of our monarchy, and which not?" Into such skinflint figurings over pecuniary questions [laughter] the then Conservative party never let itself enter — aside from the fact whether this skinflint figuring is correct; and I consider it extraordinarily incorrect, as it is here drawn out. ["Very just!"]

The speaker of yesterday said the contributions amount to seven marks a year for a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent, employing year in and year out a hundred men. Now I ask every landlord here, how can a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent employ a hundred men year in and year out? [Laughter. "Very true!"] It is an absolute impossibility. I have owned property of pretty much this extent, and farmed it myself: I found in so doing that when I had strong distillery and intensive management, I got along with thirty, thirty-two, or thirty-six men, or even something less; but when I had no distillery and no strong potato culture, twenty to twenty-five men were quite enough. So this calculation is about two hundred per cent. overstated, according to my estimate. [Laughter.]

Herr Holz speaks of a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent. Now, ground rent varies, you know, — I will exclude maximum and minimum amounts, — on an average between fifty pfennigs and two marks.[1] If the property is a middling soil, fifty pfennigs an acre will pay ground rent for it; and in that case, with a ground rent of five to six hundred marks, a thousand to twelve hundred acres will be ample. If it is a property of heavy soil, which one mark pays ground rent for, then five to six hundred acres will be ample for it. Now how, on a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent, without having a large intensive manufacturing business, will you employ a hundred men year out and year in? And a man needs on the average, for his living, at least a hundred thalers a year, or three hundred marks. The speaker's hundred laborers will spend for him on that basis 30,000 marks, from the beginning on. How can he raise altogether — and mind, 30,000 marks annually, not as a lump sum — how can he raise that altogether off a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent? I have experiences on this point also

[1] Per acre; *i.e.* from 12½ cents to 50 cents.

which fully entitle me to characterize this figuring as absolutely inaccurate.

He then adds, "The great mass of proprietors have only twenty to thirty thousand marks of their own in their possession." Well, that is certainly a distressful state of things, which along with these bad times of agriculture, these fluctuating conditions generally, does not prove to be enduring, let us make such laws as we will. Such a property, which pays five hundred marks ground rent, will nevertheless be worth probably fifty times the ground rent of the net sum, or say 250,000 marks. Now if I own a property of 250,000 marks, of which 220,000 do not belong to me, I cannot blame the law if I come short on such a risky undertaking. The owner in question would have to not buy the property, or sell it judiciously, and with his remaining 30,000 marks, if he actually had so much left, embark in another business. That sounds hard and unfeeling; but I am not struck by the argument which keeps pace with it, that the owner of so large a property has generally but twenty or thirty thousand marks of his own, when he pays six hundred marks ground rent. You can count as little on such extreme cases as on employing a hundred men year in and year out on five hundred acres of middling soil.

The honorable speaker has further said, "Work is far more sought after in West Prussia, owing to the westward emigration, than the offers will take up."

Well, that may very likely be. All the properties in the eastern districts that do not lie near some industrial enterprise are suffering from that. Now just what fails in West Prussia for the development of industry is merely capital. There is at hand in West Prussia in extraordinary abundance, that substitute for coal, liable to no strikes, which one can generally, I believe, obtain for himself. The total unused water power that exists in West Prussia, no one knows except he has once traveled through the regions that separate Pomerania from Prussia. The same is the case in the whole empire; and if you wish to cut loose from coal, from the possibility that the population of twenty square miles may be able to plunge the whole empire into disaster by refusal to work on some one Thursday — when you try to cut loose from that, you must push forward as practically as possible the development of water power; then the strike of the period has no importance; and to some resource against calamities of the sort they have

threatened us with in our day, we must apply our minds. We ought to make it impossible for the little minority of inhabitants in the coal districts to put us any day in the condition the agricultural interest might perhaps put us into if they should cut off our bread. Coal has in many provinces become as necessary as bread is in all; and in my judgment precautionary measures must be taken by the state that coal may not suddenly in three days be withdrawn from mankind, that every little household with its cooking, every washerwoman with her washing, every other sort of industry, may not be brought to a standstill.

I touch on this only in passing, as connected with the West Prussian water power which lies dead there. A remedy by that means, however, is possible only in ten to twenty years; we must think up a quicker one.

Now here I come to the pecuniary question for the landlords themselves. The honorable Representative says, "Invalids from accident are provided for by accident insurance, invalids of the professional classes there are none on the land." This is decidedly not correct. I might say the gentleman has not yet lived long enough on the land to become acquainted with matters. He says, "Invalids will be bred here by this law for the first time." And in another place, "No relief is gained as to the poor rates, because these are not concerned with the old, but with widows and orphans."

Well, what do they do with the old in West Prussia? The Siculi put them to death; but in our Christian and civilized age that is no longer possible. An old man who cannot work must nevertheless live and be fed somehow, if there is to be any talk in general about patriarchal conditions. My experiences are certainly based in the main on Pomerania, and not on West Prussia. This whole law will hardly involve anything else than a relief as well to the landed estates as to the landlords. ["Very true!" from the Right.] Anyway, what already lies on decent properties the state will take over; the severe legal obligation of the poor rate has confined itself so far to the requirement that the man shall have a roof over him and be fed with dry bread. But over and above that, it is very carefully provided for on all our good Pomeranian estates that I know of, that no one shall suffer want. In the communities it is sometimes different; but even there I cannot accuse the good Pomeranian farmers. The farmer's wife says,

"The man shall not say he didn't have better meals with us than with the porter;" and if the set is boarded around, as usual among the poor, they feed them well; the people are mostly fat and well fed. This the communities will in part be rid of through the law.

That none become invalids on the land — well, the gentleman can never have seen any sick people; most invalids do not become so from accident, but from sickness, — some sort of consumption from catching cold, or from hereditary ailments, — so that a man in his thirtieth or fiftieth year already comes on the maintenance charge. I must here affirm, out of my very much longer experience, an emphatic testimony against these deductions of the honorable Representative. We have these invalids on the land, and thus far we care for them perhaps more amply than they will be cared for hereafter. I am not speaking of myself, — I am well enough off so it can be no burden to me: but among all my neighbors I have never yet found that an old man had to go begging; that would be a disgrace to the proprietor and the property from which he came. For any one to resort to suicide from lack of food, as happens in the large cities, is I believe entirely unheard of in the country. The overburdenment from our legal obligations will in great part be taken off us by this law. I do not ask it on that ground: I ask it first and foremost as a receipt for our readiness to carry out the programme of the imperial message, approved by the whole country, and for our readiness to come to the aid of the helpless and needy among our fellow-men.

If I have taken the floor again to-day, it was chiefly from the fear that I might, under given circumstances, by way of calumny, be represented *per nefas* as among those who, if the bill shall be rejected, have contributed to it by their holding back. So I speak for it again to-day out of pure anxiety [cheers from the Right] lest I might be found among the people who will be placed, I believe, in the most unpleasant situation at all future elections, those who have rejected the bill. That is my judgment, — I may of course be mistaken, but I have spent a longer time among these things than most of you, and I have had the experience, taking it by and large, that my judgment was oftener right than wrong. I should not wish this piece of unfinished legislation to remain open in the elections. There, I am persuaded, everything there is in it, with the incredible mendacity that many elections are conducted

with, will be ripped to pieces and worried apart from its connection and represented in the way the opposition party would behave at its most disgraceful pitch. If the law, however, is concluded upon between now and then, I do not believe this question will have any further influence on the elections. I have still other grounds beside this; and I would note again here the expressions of Herr Holz, so that if later these determinations should be extended to widows and orphans, we may nevertheless first make trial with the less costly resolution how the whole turns out; then we can perhaps come to that, — it is by no means closed up yet. If however it shall be rejected root and branch, *a limine*, then neither the old people will be eased in the poor relief, nor the widows and orphans. Further, I still expect from the entire law a useful operation for the empire as a whole.

I lived long enough in France to know that the dependence of most Frenchmen on the government immediately in power — and which has always the advantage even if it rules badly, but nevertheless in the last resort depends on the country — stands in essential connection with the fact that most Frenchmen are bondholders of the state, ["Very true!"] in small, often very small sums; I will not speak of *portiers* that are already rich people beside the poor, who have small holdings of state bonds. The people say, "If the state comes to harm, then I lose my bonds;" and if it is forty francs a year, one does not wish to lose it, and he has an interest in the state. That is simply human nature. I have had times when I still thought it possible to have foreign paper in my possession; but later I found that this possession, other things being equal, misled me from sound judgment on the policy of that government whose paper I owned; and it has now, I believe, been fifteen years since I parted on principle with all foreign paper. I wish to interest myself solely for my own country, and not for outside paper.

If we have 700,000 small stockholders who draw their incomes from the empire, among those very classes who at present have not much to lose and erroneously believe they may gain much by a change, I consider that an extraordinary advantage, even if they have only a hundred and fifteen to two hundred marks to lose, still the metal checks them in their buoyancy; be it ever so trifling, it holds them upright. You will not deny that; and I believe that if you can create for us

this benefit of more than half a million small shareholders in the empire, you will teach not only the government — it is not needed there — but also the ordinary man, to look on the empire as a beneficent institution.

Therefore I would not willingly view the matter from a West Prussian standpoint solely, but from the common policy.

In the complaints over section 139, with its fines and the like, I join ; if I were a Representative, I should vote to have these provisions stricken out of the law.

But if we now lay the whole matter one side, it vanishes from the scene. For who tells us whether we shall have time and leisure for it after a year? I interested myself for the Holstein canal six years long, from 1864 up to 1870. From 1870 to 1880 I have never again recovered my breath so far that I should have been able to think about the canal. Who tells you, then, that we shall still be in a position after a year to busy ourselves with these questions God has at the moment still given us leisure for? I at least could not express that confidence unconditionally.

I am sorry that I must keep harping on Herr Holz,—I have not the honor of knowing him personally, but what the other gentlemen in the Opposition have said is entirely indifferent to me, because, as I said, I could say what I wished on this. I am very grateful that they have mostly had the goodness to listen to me ; but that what I have said can make any impression on them, I do not believe. I must turn to the Conservative party, with the prayer that in order to a resolute mutual action, they will really march forward as a unified party, which gathers here for once around the state and its own principles, and which does not — I will use no hard terms which occur to me — pursue self-willed sectional struggles, whose motives I leave wholly unjudged. Thus to the Conservative party, as their " Old Man," so to say, — I was formerly a member, I am so no longer, I can belong to no party, — I address the prayer, " Don't make such jumps ! " [Laughter.]

The small workshop, in the judgment of Herr Holz, is not agreed. Now, we cannot absolutely settle the legislation of the empire according to the small workshop. We can take note of the small workshop in all its interests, but on so complicated an affair of a hundred and fifty or Heaven knows how many paragraphs — I don't know — we cannot put into the hands of

the small workshop an authoritative judgment for the whole empire: we must judge that ourselves, without asking the workman for his judgment; perhaps he will be thankful to us for it later on.

In the east, the employee still sees in his employer more than the man who counts out the pay for his employment; he sees in him his helper in need, and the one who takes care of him. Now, will he also see that in him later, when it gradually gets around — and the Social Democrat who votes against it now will be sure and see to that; he will say to him: "The business has fallen through on account of the opposition of the Conservatives, especially your landlord has voted against it; you would have now a pension of a hundred and fifty marks — and that is just as much as a disabled soldier gets under the same circumstances — if Herr Von So-and-So had not been against it"? I would beg you, however, not to rely unquestioningly on obtaining popularity by it, at the elections or otherwise.

Now, gentlemen, I am thus addressing my speech to-day especially to the Conservative party, in which I reckon also the Imperial party, and — I trust the gentlemen will not take it ill of me — the National Liberals and the Center. [Cheers and "Very good!"] I consider the parties just named as Conservative in the general tendency of their majority; that is, as parties which desire to uphold and protect the state and the empire, not only on the whole and in general, but also in particular applications. Only with the gentlemen do I have to explain myself, with the others I have to fight: that is another matter.

But I would especially beg the Conservative gentlemen, on their side, to cut loose absolutely from the society of Social Democrats, Poles, Guelfs, Elsass French — and also from the society of Liberalists! [Hearty cheers.]

[The general discussion was ended May 20; the special discussion took May 21 to 23; May 24 the bill was passed by 185 to 165.]

IN THE DOMAIN OF THE CROWS.

By JONAS LIE.

(Translated for this work, by Olga Flinch.)

[Jonas Lauritz Idemil Lie is the third of the great writers — coming next after Björnson and Ibsen — who have made Norway renowned in this century. He was born in 1833 at Eker, a small town in the south; while he was a lad his father, a lawyer, moved to the northern port of Tromsö, and he became familiarized with the coast and sea life which has made his best field of work in literature. He entered the naval academy, but had to quit from near-sightedness; went through the University of Christiania, and gained a good practice as a lawyer, also gaining repute as a poet by a volume of poems in 1866. Ruined by a financial panic, he removed in 1868 to Christiania and engaged in literature. The government, after his work had shown his caliber, granted him a traveling stipend and later the poets' pension, and he was enabled to see varied life and foreign countries; he has lived mostly abroad, and some of his most notable work, even of Norwegian scenes, was written in Italy. He has progressed, like so many other writers of this age, from romanticism colored by reality to realism of the grimmest sort uncolored by anything. His work includes "The Seer of Apparitions," a novel (1870); "Tales and Sketches from Norway" (1872), written in Rome; "The Bark *Failure*" and "The Pilot and His Wife" (1874), the latter his most famous novel; "Fanfulla" and "Antonio Banniera," Italian tales, and "Faustina Strozzi," dramatic poem with lyric interludes, all in 1875; "Thomas Ross" (1878), "Adam Schrader" (1879), both tales of city life; "Rutland" (1881) and "Press On" (1882), sea stories; "The Slave for Life," one of his best, and "The Family at Gilje" (1883); "A Maelstrom" (1884); "Eight Stories" (1885); "The Commodore's Daughters," a strong and typical story (1886); "Married Life" (1887); "Evil Powers" (1890); "Troll I. and II." (1891–1892), marine horror tales; and "Niobe" (1893). He has also written the comedies "Grabow's Cat" (1880), and "Merry Women" (1894).]

There was once a crow that lived all alone up on the farm ridge.

A bit of fence was left over from a torn-down workman's home, and there it sat on the stake, so that no one could see it because of the trees all around; but the position afforded it a wide view of all the farmland about, and over everything else, far and near. It held its black head on one side, because it had only one eye to look and take aim with.

But with that one eye it saw and discovered so much of what happened in the world, that it was really wonderful.

And if sometimes it grew so ragingly angry and furious that it hopped about pecking the stake, it was not long before the eye shone and glistened again with the fun of it. For it saw how the crows jumped about and flew madly now in answer to one call, now in answer to another, and equally certain

of the cause were they each time. Now the real thing was surely coming!

When the flock came from Schwartzenland it always divided; some settled here on the ridge and others flew over pastureland, groves, and marshes to bailiff's fields on the other side of the stream.

And there they might live their own life, as far as the ridge crow was concerned; she did not care one way or another.

But every once in a while she had to jump down on the stake and see what they were doing.

They sat two and three together on the outskirts of the wood, and nodded their beaks, and the tails of their coats bobbed up and down, and they chatted and gossiped instead of attending to their living and looking after the eggs and the young ones in the nest. And then they blamed the hawk when anything happened. It was rather fun, too, to watch a meeting between two who knew of the same nest and were on their way to rob it, how they kept an eye on each other, greeted politely, and made as if they were out on another errand.

There they all thieved for a living.

The ridge crow saw many things, and she could have said a word or two about who it was who went out nights with her thick-beaked youngsters and cleaned the farmland of fresh, newly sown seed, and who then in the morning so unselfishly led out the rest of the flock. And also about who was the hawk that went from east to west and ate both young ones and eggs when the parents had answered the call to meeting in the crow grove.

And then sometimes she had her fun out of preventing things in a quiet little way.

If they collected in large or small crowds on the barn roofs or on the church steeple, the ridge crow knew perfectly well what was up, and that some unfortunate crow had again been in the bailiff crow's way, and was now to be plucked for it.

For the bailiff crow was the wisest and most experienced, and in all dangers most courageous of all crows. She and none other knew the only right way to Schwartzenland, and the one who dared to stand up with another opinion had to pay for it. Moreover she was the mildest and the most peaceful of all.

But in the spring, when they returned from Schwartzenland, the ridge crow had a call from one of the oldest of her

grown children. He complained bitterly that he could not make his way in the world.

In everything that a crow ought to be able to do, he had showed himself over and over again the ablest. Twice he had predicted the weather, and it had been proved that the bailiff crow had chosen the wrong day for the flight; but, of course, it would not listen to any objection. And after all he could not get as much as one of the smallest watchman's posts in the neighborhood.

Now that they were about to fill a post at the lookout station, the bailiff crow had been about letting a word fall here and there that one could not carefully enough guard the community against the superficial and the too brilliant. Sure, trustworthy characters had to be selected. So that the outlook was closed up there too.

The ridge crow merely sat still and listened and blinked. And then it gave the young one an advice that would mend that matter.

Next Sunday he was to fly over to the pine grove, where the bailiff crow had its nest, and beg very politely for permission to pick up one of its lost feathers. And when it asked what he wished to do with that, he was to say that there was more wisdom in that one feather than in all the other crows put together, and that he wished to consult it at the lookout post to find out which way the wind blew.

And thus it happened that at the next meeting the ridge crow's son was appointed chief watch and sentinel crow.

But the new watch crow was out early and late, and brought back tidings through fog and mist from such distances that everybody marveled.

There was a caw-caw, and a collection of the curious, as if in front of a post office, every time it came back with fresh news and tales.

And the bailiff crow nodded its head and the heavy beak slowly and with weight, as if to say that this was what it had known all along and expected of the one who had one of its feathers as a guide.

But in spite of all the watch crow predicted in the way of weather, birds of prey, and danger, it never once said that it had its inspiration and guidance from the feather.

Then the bailiff crow sat down on its nest in the pine grove and meditated on what it had done. It pecked and dug, and

plucked its feathers with the beak, and scratched the back of its head with the claws, and thought and thought. A son of the ridge crow was equal to a little of everything.

It pecked the bark so that the branch trembled, — now it was sorry it had taken up that crow, praised it, and raised it to such prominence.

And when after that the watch crow came with news, the bailiff crow shook its head in so doubtful a way that any one could see it did not particularly trust him; whereupon it called another crow and flew away without hearing the watch crow out.

But to one who belonged to the council of three in the crow grove the bailiff crow confessed its doubts, as to whether the new watch crow did not see a little too much. Vain spirits were not the right kind for practical posts. And it might perhaps be better if one gave up employing him on the important distant posts.

And what the bailiff crow had said was repeated everywhere, where two and three sat together on a stump.

They swayed their bodies, and stuck their beaks up into the air, and moved nearer to each other to hear well. Whereupon they all agreed that the prominence and praise given to the ridge crow's son might need a little consideration.

The flocks grew larger and larger in righteous offense.

And there was general satisfaction on all roofs and branches, when one day he was actually called back from the sentinel post and placed at an inferior sentinel post near the church.

There he might sit and use those eyes of his looking as far as he was able to.

The ridge crow saw very clearly that something was up, by the way they all collected on the roofs.

And sure enough one evening the son came and complained that now he might be said to be barely more than an ordinary tower watch.

But the ridge crow weighed this, and shook its head, and considered, and looked at the field, as if for a worm. Then it tipped its head quietly on one side.

"Praise the bailiff crow diligently," said she, "cry out its praise from the church tower, and gather all the feathers it loses, then you may finally become King of Poland."

But the young crow was not of that mind.

And while he sat there on the tower roof and did his duty

as watch, and nearly wore out his claws shifting and trying to get a hold on the slippery tin, he had time to think over a thing or two of which no other crow had thought.

And in this way he found out that there ought to be yearly meetings to decide who would make the best guide for the flock, instead of following blindly after one and the same wise crow for a hundred years. And then that they would have to have new and well-trained spies on the lookout for hunters, for now men had a way of shooting without smoke or noise.

And he sang this out from the tower, that it might be known at once.

But all at once the bailiff crow flew up from the pine grove with a caw-caw, and complained that all this screaming from the tower gave it a headache, and disturbed it in its sleep. Such new and untried stuff was very dangerous matter for proclamation.

Then order was given that the tower crow had to stick closely to the old dignified watch call; and if he could not do that, he would lose his place.

But at the next meeting the young crow suddenly flew into the center of the circle, and that in front of all the oldest crows.

He had news to tell, news so great, that none had been greater since the foundation of things.

He had looked so long now at the way the trees were being marked and at the measures the builders took of the tower, that he was very certain that the church was to be torn down, and the crow grove to be cleared.

And now the important thing was to dispose of all the old nests.

The oldest crows were so frightened that they bored their claws too far into the bark and made hoarse noises, the young ones cawed and shrieked one louder than the others.

Then the bailiff crow opened its beak slowly, and everybody else was silent.

They ought to remember that the dance in the crow-grove had gone on, through the lives of all their ancestors, for hundreds and hundreds of years.

It took a careful look at the tower, and said that according to its firm conviction they might all feel secure for at least a hundred and fifty or sixty years. Later than that one could of course not be so very certain. But one had to beware of wild and irresponsible individuals, who ran about with new-fangled

notions and lies. Newsmongers that excited and disquieted the people ought to be judged in the court and punished.

Then it lifted its body, scratched its tail feathers with the claws to put its coat tails to right, flapped its wings slowly and flew away.

After that it was all the young crow could do to get away with its life. If it had not been for the fact that the law demanded peace at the meeting, he would have been pecked to death.

Moreover he lost his position as tower watch. And on the flight south he was degraded to the last ranks, and both despised and maltreated.

But when they returned from Schwartzenland the bailiff crow began to circle about, and when the rest of the army saw that, it did likewise. They could see neither spire nor building, nor tower, and the crow grove with all the nests was nothing but hewn-down stumps.

Then there was a caw-caw, and a circling flight that sounded like the wind sighing around the old place.

And after that the crow sat on its pine stump all day long, and picked its feathers, and saw out of the corner of its eye how they all collected around the young crow down there among the stumps. They put their heads together behind knolls and ditches so that only the tail feathers stuck out, and went about shaking their beaks in a conceited way, and hopped sideways by the row, whenever the young crow stirred from his place.

It was not well that the young crow should go about idle in this way, and get the masses to follow him, thought the bailiff crow. Better get him out of the way, somehow.

Then it saw to it that the young crow got an appointment in the line of outposts, to watch the huntsmen in the major's large wood.

Every time they hunted over the wood ridge and the marshes, and the dogs were let loose, the young crow was detailed to watch. And he had to go so near that he could feel the shot tickling his feathers.

But the better he watched, the more he was employed, and the nearer he had to go to the guns.

And one day things came to such a pass that the young crow, shot in the wing, had all it could do to fly down and seek shelter on the farm ridge.

Then the ridge crow saw how things stood, and knew that this would end in his certain death.

He was shot in the wing now, but there was one who would look to it that he would go near enough to have the shots lodge in the breast next time.

Perhaps it was time it stirred about a little and took up the battle with the world, thought the ridge crow.

The next morning the bailiff crow had no sooner lifted its head from the wing, after its night's sleep, than it saw the ridge crow in the pine stump opposite.

At first it thought it was an optical illusion, because it had looked straight into the sun.

But sure enough, there sat the ridge crow, and blinked and looked out of its one eye.

It looked so strangely good-natured and pleased.

The bailiff crow stopped prinking. It took a firm hold with the claws, turned, and breathed hoarsely, and the neck feathers stood up. It was not sure that the other one might not be making fun of it.

"Caw-caw," greeted the ridge crow.

But the other one shook itself and turned its back.

"I have been sitting now for so many years, all alone over there on the ridge, and have had nothing to do but look at you and your pine," began the ridge crow. "From early morning till late in the evening, I have seen and made note of all your wise doings, so I thought I ought to come over and call on you, and thank you for the much learning gained."

Then the bailiff crow turned at once and gave it a friendly welcome, for it might have seen more than was desirable.

"I should so like to know how the hawk drinks our eggs," said the ridge crow, "and if it knows enough to pick a hole in both sides of the egg, so that one may judge at once whether a hawk or a crow has been at the nest."

Then the bailiff crow looked piously surprised. It screamed out that anything so unbelievable as that a crow should rob crow eggs and drink the blood of its own brethren, it had never heard before in its life.

But the ridge crow sat and half smiled with its head on one side, and raised itself once in a while to get a better look into the nest.

Then the bailiff crow grew very uneasy. It stuck beak and

head far into the bottom of the nest, and picked and pecked, and was very busy cleaning up for the day.

Meanwhile it wondered and wondered how best it could get rid of this visitor. For it understood that it was not for nothing that the other one came over to find out how one could eat crow eggs.

But the ridge crow blinked very good-naturedly with its head on one side, and said that perhaps the bailiff crow remembered how it had passed judgment on her, the ridge crow, and had her eye pecked out, the time she had advised the new direct road which they now all took in their flight.

Well, that was long ago and entirely forgotten, nodded the ridge crow. Now it sat all alone up there on the ridge and merely looked at the world. But probably it saw all wrong with that one eye. For every time it was reminded that the hawk was in the nests again, it looked from the ridge up there exactly as if a large crow flew up from this very pine.

Then the bailiff crow's feathers almost stood straight out.

Suddenly it hopped up on the edge of the nest and scratched the back of its head.

Now it remembered something, it screamed out, and that was that the ridge crow's son, as a reward for its great merit and because he was wounded in the service, on this very day at the meeting would be promoted to lieutenant in the spy regiment.

But the ridge crow merely sat and looked as if nothing had been said.

Then the bailiff crow made an ugly noise with its beak, and asked if the ridge crow had not heard that it said captain.

The ridge crow sat and looked the same. It merely lifted itself a little once in a while to get a better look into the nest.

Then the bailiff crow cawed in so ugly a way that it grated and squeaked 'way down in its throat; had the ridge crow not heard that it said colonel?

Oh, yes, now the ridge crow heard. It blinked most pleasantly and thanked very much.

When it was well out of the way, the bailiff crow hopped about so that the branches trembled, and pointed its beak and pecked at the bark.

It flew high up into the top of the pines and cawed in so ugly a fashion that it was heard all over the woods. But for

the rest of the day it sat quite subdued and quiet on the edge of the nest and meditated.

Then for the remainder of the week it flew about making calls.

When it heard that eggs were missing, and that it was thought the hawk had taken them, it shook its head suspiciously, and turned its heavy beak toward the ridge and begged them to be on their guard.

And to some it hinted that one might have one's own thoughts about the reason why the ridge crow kept so to itself over there on the ridge. It might have its good reasons for not wishing for too near neighbors.

Then one after another began to suspect that there were strange things in the air, and sat still and watched.

Once in a while they rose high to look over on the farm ridge.

The bailiff crow happened to say that the robber would have to be one who was very familiar with the conditions; it shook and twisted its head more and more suspiciously.

And greater and greater was the number that flew up and looked over the farm ridge. When one of them caught another doing it, it made believe not to notice.

But there were crows that walked about two and two, so hidden in the meadow that one could barely catch sight of the heads bobbing up and down in the grass.

It had to be one who was insatiably greedy. And one who rested so high up that it could overlook everything.

And then it could be none other than —

They shook themselves, and nodded, and pointed over toward the ridge. And they walked up and down, passing each other in the stubble field, and shook their tails and stuck their beaks high in the air every time they turned and met.

At last the name slipped out. And they flocked together, blacker and more shrill in their screams. There was one proof after another that it was a crow and not a hawk. Finally they even drew out large feathers which they had found near the plundered nests.

Then the bailiff crow grew very alarmed and excited. It instantly insisted on keeping the feather itself well guarded.

And now it was high time that a jury was called.

The ridge crow ought to be hacked and plucked to death, without delay or witnesses.

For feathers are circumstantial evidence, decided the bailiff crow.

And so the ridge crow was asked by two representatives of the law to meet before the next change of the sun before the assembled crows, south of the major's woods.

The next day seven flocks, each of a hundred and led by one, flew over the tree-tops toward the woods.

The bailiff crow had asked to be excused. It felt too old to be present at so ugly and affecting an execution.

Some of the crows flew low along the fields, and sat down once in a while and looked at the setting sun, and sharpened their beaks. They would not leave a scrap or a feather of the ridge crow, considering all the eggs and young ones it had stolen in such a sly way for years past.

Others stretched their necks and screamed and cawed vengeance from the sky until the air fairly rang.

Finally they all circled over the major's woods, ready to call the meeting.

But there sat the ridge crow already on a stump. It looked as if nothing were the matter, and glanced comfortably up, as if it wondered what they were up to now.

This was too audacious.

And there was a caw-caw, that threatened to rend the heavens.

They rushed down on it from every direction and began plucking it without waiting for law or judgment, feather after feather.

This was for the eggs, and this for the young ones, and this for its falseness, and this for its slyness.

And pluck, pluck it went; now it was feather and now it was flesh.

There was such a crowd, that they fell and fluttered over each other in large bunches and struck out blindly.

Suddenly the ridge crow spread the thin tail feathers it had left.

It announced mysteriously that it had a little word to say before it died. And then the crowd concluded it might make the punishment worse to drag it out a little.

They were rather curious also, and would like to be able to relate at home what its dying words had been. For the dying is sure to make a true prediction.

So they settled down, a quiet and threatening circle, on the

fields and stumps around the crow, beaks and heads closely crowded as far as eye could see.

But the ridge crow, naked as it was, sat and looked at them and blinked its one eye. Now it had spent many a year there on the ridge thinking and thinking, and certain it was that the crows were the wisest of all birds.

But one thing it could not understand. And that was that in their wisdom, they had not noticed that every time they went to meeting the robber was sure to be after those nests of theirs.

Then they looked at each other.

Suddenly they all crowed and flew up at once, so that the sky grew black and their wings made a fresh breeze.

And they rushed home like shades in the air, with beak and tail stretched out and the feet drawn up flat.

But there was a sight. Nest after nest emptied and cleaned out, so that the shells lay about and the whites were running from them.

And nothing left of the young ones but a little down.

They found more and more plundered nests.

But far away in the back woods they came upon the robber himself.

There sat the bailiff crow on the edge of a nest in the very height of feasting. It was drinking an egg that spilled out over its beak so that it could not see.

But before it had looked up, it was plucked and picked and hacked, and torn so that the feathers flew.

And that was the end of the bailiff crow in that neighborhood.

But the very same evening they all flew up to the farm ridge to the ridge crow.

They wanted to choose her son for their leader.

The ridge crow turned its naked, plucked neck and thanked them very much. The one eye looked shining and clear.

It really had to marvel, it said, how cleverly they had seen through the bailiff crow.

Certainly the crows were the wisest of all birds.

Then there was a caw-caw, and inauguration feast in the crow grove, with a great deal of noise and followed by a dance.

But the ridge crow sat and looked at it all with its one eye, and prinked and preened the few feathers it had *left*.

A LIFE'S ENIGMA.

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

[Björnstjerne Björnson, the great Norwegian novelist and poet, was born at Kvikne in 1832, son of a parish priest. His childhood was passed in the midst of a district full of wild scenery and romantic legendary associations. At seventeen he entered the University of Christiania, and at once wrote a play entitled "Valborg," which was accepted by the Christiania Theater, but which he withdrew before its performance and never printed. Without completing his course, he left the university and went into journalism; and in 1857 he published his first novel, "Synnöve Solblakken," and the play "Between the Battles," and removed to Bergen as director of its theater. Receiving from the government a traveling stipend in 1860, he spent the next two years abroad; since then, unlike Ibsen and Lie, his two great compatriots, he has lived mainly in his own country, though passing much time in Paris, and in 1880–1881 lecturing in the United States. Besides his literary activity, he has been prominent in politics, and the leader of Norwegian republicanism; and his work has shown the effect of this, progressing from pure art to polemics and ethical and purpose writing. His songs and lyrics, independent or scattered through his plays and novels, are the chief modern treasure of Norway in this branch, one of them being accepted as the Norwegian national song. His chief long poems are "Arnljot Gelline," a dramatic song-epic upon an early Norse freebooter, and the cantata "Light." Of his other works to middle age, the chief are "Arne" (1858), "A Happy Lad" (1860), "The Fisher Maiden" (1868), and "The Bridal March" (1873), novels; and the plays "Lame Hulda" (1858), "King Sverre" (1861), "Sigurd Slembe" (1862), a great trilogy on a mediæval contestant for the throne, "Mary Stuart of Scotland" (1864), "The Newly Married Pair" (1865, a problem play), and "Sigurd the Pilgrim to Jerusalem" (1872). His later work includes the problem plays (several of them highly successful) "The Editor" (1874), "A Bankruptcy" (1875), "The King" (1877), "Leonarda" (1879), "The New System" (1879), "A Glove" (1883), "Beyond One's Strength" (1883), with a later sequel, and "Geography and Love" (1885). The author is said to consider "The King" as the most important of his works; it imagines an attempt of an idealist king to transform monarchy so as to conform it to modern needs. Among the novels of this later period the chief are "Flags are Flying in Town and Harbor" (1884), and "In God's Way" (1889).]

"Why sit here?"

"Because it's high and pleasant."

"But it goes so deep down, it makes me quite giddy, and the sun shines so dazzling on the water; let's go a little further."

"No — not any further."

"Just back, then, as far as that green inclosure — it was so pleasant there."

"No, I say, not there, either;" and he flung himself down, as if he either could not, or would not, go further.

She remained standing, with her eyes intently fixed upon him.

"Aasta," then he said, "now you must explain to me why it was you were so much afraid of that foreign skipper who came in just in the dusk of the evening."

"Didn't I think that was it!" she whispered, and seemed to wish to avoid the matter.

"Yes, you must tell me before you go, else I shall never come again."

"Botolf!" she exclaimed; and she turned, but still remained standing.

"It's true," he continued, "I promised you I wouldn't ask any questions, and I'll still keep my word if you like; but then things must come to an end between us."

She burst into tears, and came over to him, with the sun shining full upon her slender little figure, small hands, and soft golden hair, wherefrom the kerchief had fallen. He sprang up: —

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "you know very well when you come looking like that at me, I always give in to you. But I know, too, that the longer this thing goes on, the worse it gets. Can't you understand that, though I may promise you a hundred times not to wish to know about your bygone life, I never have any peace? I can bear it no more." His face, too, did indeed bear a look of long-continued suffering.

"Yes, Botolf, you did indeed promise me to let that thing rest — that which I can never, never tell you about. You promised me solemnly; you said you didn't care about it, if you could but have me. Botolf!" she exclaimed again, sinking to her knees before him upon the heather; and she wept as though her very life were in peril, and so looked at him through her fast-falling tears, that she seemed at once the loveliest and most miserable creature he had ever seen in all his days.

"Oh, dear me!" he exclaimed, rising, but then directly sitting down again, "if you did but love me well enough to have confidence in me, how happy we two might be!"

"If *you*, rather, could but have a little confidence in *me!*" she implored, coming nearer him, still upon her knees, and looking yearningly into his face. "Love you! Why that

very night when your ship had run into ours, when I came up on the deck and you stood there in command, I thought I never had seen anybody so brave and manly; and I loved you from that moment. And then when you carried me over into the boat when the ships were sinking, I once more felt what I thought I never should feel again — a wish to live." She wept in silence, with her hands clasped together resting upon his knee. "Botolf!" then she exclaimed, "be good and noble; be as you were when you first took me! — Botolf!"

"Why do you urge me so?" he replied almost harshly. "You know very well it can't be. One must have a woman's whole soul; though for a little while at first, perhaps, one is content without."

She drew back, and said hopelessly: —

"Ah, well, then, my life can never come right again! O God!" and once more she began to weep.

"Trust me with the whole of your life, and not merely a part of it, and it will all come right so far as I am concerned."

He spoke cheerfully, as though to encourage her.

She did not answer; but he saw she was struggling with herself.

"Master yourself!" he urged; "run the risk of doing as I wish. Things can't be worse than they are, at any rate."

"You'll drive me to the very worst," she said piteously.

He misunderstood her, and continued: —

"Even if you have to confess the greatest crime to me, I'll try to bear up; but this I can't bear."

"No; and neither can *I!*" she exclaimed; and she rose.

"I'll help you," he said, rising; "day by day I'll help you, when I only know what this thing is. But I'm quite too proud to be with a woman I don't fully know about; and who, perhaps, belongs to somebody else."

A bright flush came over her face.

"For shame! If you talk of pride, I'm a good deal prouder than you are; and I won't have you say such things. So, stop!"

"If you're so very proud, then, why do you leave room for my suspicions?"

"God help me! I can bear this no longer!"

"No, nor I either; I've made a vow it shall come to an end this day."

"How cruel it is," she wailed out, "to go on worrying and tormenting a woman who has trusted herself so fully to you, and has begged and prayed of you as I have been doing." She was near again beginning to weep, but with a sudden change of feeling she exclaimed, "Yes, I see how it is, you think by provoking and exciting me, you'll get things out of me!" she looked at him indignantly, and turned aside.

Then she heard him say slowly, word by word: —

"Will you, or will you not?"

"I will *not*," replied she, stretching out her hand; "no, not if you give me all we can see from here!" She went from him, her bosom heaved, and her eyes wandered to and fro, but mostly looked towards him, now sternly, next sorrowfully, then sternly again. She leaned against a tree and wept; then ceased weeping, and turned to her former mood.

"Ah, I knew very well you didn't love me," she heard next, and became in a moment the most humble and penitent of creatures.

Twice she tried to answer, but, instead, she flung herself down upon the heather, and hid her face in her hands.

Botolf came forward and stood over her.

She knew he was there, and she waited for him to speak, and tried to prepare herself for whatever he might say; but not a word came, and she grew yet more disturbed, and felt obliged to look up. She sprang to her feet instantly; Botolf's long, weather-beaten face seemed to have become sunken and hollow, his deeply set eyes staringly prominent, and his whole figure monstrous; and it stood over her with some strange influence that suddenly made her see him once more upon the ship just as she saw him on the night of the wreck; but now his strength was boundless, and it was all turned against her.

"You have been untruthful with me, Aasta."

She turned away, but he followed her, and continued: —

"And you have made me untruthful too; there hasn't been perfect truthfulness between us a single day ever since we have been together."

He stood so near that she could feel his hot breath; he looked straight into her eyes till she felt quite giddy; she knew not what he might the next moment say or do; and so she closed

her eyes. She stood as though she must either fall or rush away; the crisis was coming.

In its prelude of deep silence, Botolf himself became afraid. Still, once more he began in his former strain: —

"Make everything clear; make an end of all this miserable trickery and concealment — do it here — now."

"Yes," she answered, but quite unconsciously — "so *I* say — do it here — now!"

He gave a loud cry, for she rushed past him, and flung herself over the steep. He caught a glimpse of her golden hair, her uplifted hands, and the kerchief, which spread out, slipped off, and floated slowly down after her by itself. He heard no shriek, and he heard no fall into the water below; for it was very far down. Indeed, he was not listening; for he had sunk to the earth.

Out from the sea she had come to him that night at first; into the sea she had now passed away again; and with her the story of her life. In the midnight darkness of that silent deep lay all that was dear to him, should he not follow? He had come to that place with a firm determination to make an end of the thing that tormented him; this was not the end, and now it could never come; the trouble was, indeed, only now in reality beginning. Aasta's deed cried out to him that he had made a terrible mistake, and had killed her. Even if his misery should become ten times greater, he must live on to find out how all had happened. She, who was almost the only one saved on that fearful night, had been saved only to be killed by him who had saved her. He, who had gone voyaging and trafficking about as if the whole world were nothing but sea and mart, had all at once become the victim of a love which had killed the woman of his choice, and must now kill him. Was he a bad man? He had never heard any one say so, neither had he ever felt it himself. But what if, after all, it were so? He rose; not, however, to cast himself over the steep, but to return to the valley; no man kills himself just when he has found a great enigma which he wishes to solve.

But the enigma of Aasta's life could never be solved now. She had lived in America ever since she had been grown up; and she was coming from there when the ships ran into each other. In what part of America should his quest begin? From what part of Norway she had at first come he did not positively

know; and he was uncertain, even, whether her family name had not been changed since then. And that foreign skipper? Who could he be? Did he know Aasta, or was it only she who knew something of him? To question thus was like questioning the very sea, and to journey forth to investigate was like plunging into its depths.

Surely he had made a terrible mistake. A woman penitent on account of some guilty thing would have found relief in confessing it to her husband; and one still impenitent would have sought refuge in some evasion or other. But Aasta had neither confessed anything, nor had recourse to any evasion, but had sought refuge in death when he had so tormented her. Such conduct showed no signs of guilt. But why not? Some folks had a great dread of confessing anything. Aasta, however, had no such dread; for she had already confessed there was something about her life which she could never tell him. Perhaps, then, the greatness of her guilt made confession impossible. But she could not have had the burden of any great guilt upon her; for she was often joyous — nay, even full of fun. She was hasty and impetuous, it is true; but she was also very full of tender feeling and kindliness. Perhaps the guilt was some other person's and not hers at all! Why, then, had she never told him so? If she had only done this, all would have come right. But supposing there were no guilt, either on her side, or on that of anybody else, how then? But she herself had said there was something she could never tell him. And then, how about that foreign skipper she was so afraid of? How was it? In the name of goodness, how was it? Ah, had she been still alive he would still have tormented her! This thought moved him deeply, and made him reproach and despise himself beyond measure.

Still he began again: perhaps she was not so guilty as she herself believed; or perhaps not so guilty as others might have thought. How often did we do wrong quite innocently, and only through ignorance, though so few could understand that! Thus Aasta had thought that he who was always so full of suspicions would not understand it. Out of one clear, simple answer he would have found matter for a hundred suspicious questions; and so she had chosen to confide herself to Death rather than to him. Why could he never leave her in peace? She had fled from the things of her past life, and sought refuge with him; and then he, forsooth, must constantly drag them

forward and fling them in her face! She was truly attached to him, and showed him all love and tenderness; what right had he, then, to concern himself about her past? And if he had any such right, why did he not say so in the beginning? Whereas, the more her affection had grown, the more his disquiet had grown likewise, — when she, not merely through admiration and gratitude, but also through love, had become wholly his own, *then*, forsooth, he must begin to wish to know all about what she had done and been in days gone by. The more, too, she had pleaded for herself, the worse he had thought of her, and the more he had insisted that there was something he ought to be told. Then, for the first time, arose the question, Had *he* told *her* everything? Would it really be right for husband and wife to tell each other everything? Would all be understood if it were told? Most certainly not.

He heard two children playing, and he looked around. He was sitting in the green inclosure Aasta had spoken of a little while ago, but he had not been aware of it till now. Five hours had passed; he thought it was a few minutes. The children had most likely been playing there for long; but he heard them now for the first time.

What! was not one of them Agnes, the clergyman's little daughter of eight years, whom Aasta had loved even to idolatry, and who was so like her! Good Heavens! how like she was!

Agnes had just set her little brother upon a great stone, where he had to be in school, while she was schoolmaster.

"Say now just what I say," she commanded: "Our Father."

"Ou' Farver."

"Who art in Heaven."

"'Eb'm."

"Hallowed be Thy name."

"'Arvid be name."

"Thy kingdom come."

"No!"

"Thy will be done."

"No; s'an't."

Botolf crept away; not, however, because the prayer had touched him; indeed, he had not marked that it was a prayer; but while he looked at and listened to the children, he became, in his own eyes, a horrible wild beast, unfit to come near either

God or man. He dragged himself behind some bushes, so that the children might not discover him; he was more afraid of them than he had ever been of any one in all his life. He slunk off into the forest, far away from the high-road.

Where should he go? To the now empty house he had bought and furnished for Aasta? Or should he go somewhere further away? It mattered nothing; for wherever he thought of going, he saw Aasta standing there. It is said that when folks are dying, the last object they see is pictured upon their eyes; so, too, when a man awakes to consciousness after doing a wicked deed, the first object he sees is pictured upon his eyes, and he can never get rid of it. Thus, when Botolf now saw Aasta, she no longer appeared to him as she had upon the mountain-slope so short a time before, but she seemed to be a little innocent girl — in fact, to be Agnes. Even the picture he retained of her figure while she was sinking down the steep was that of Agnes, with her little hands uplifted. In whatever direction he turned his thoughts and remembrances of the suffering woman whom he had so suspected, they were met by this innocent child whom he had just heard repeating the Lord's Prayer. In every scene of his life with Aasta — from the night of the shipwreck to this Sunday morning — the child's face appeared. The thought of this mysterious transformation so preyed upon him, in both mind and body, that in the course of a few days he became unable to take his necessary food, and a little while after was compelled to keep his bed.

Soon every one could see he was approaching death. He whose mind is burdened by some great life-enigma acquires a peculiar manner, through which he himself becomes an enigma to others.

Even from the day Botolf and Aasta first came to live in that parish, his gloomy taciturnity, her beauty, and the loneliness of the life of both, had been the subject of frequent gossip among the neighbors; and now, when Aasta all at once disappeared, the talk increased until the most incredible things said were the best believed. Nobody could throw any light upon the matter; for none of all those who lived upon the mountain ridge, or the shore beneath, or who were accustomed to go there, had happened to be looking towards the steep just when Aasta flung herself over. Neither did her corpse ever drift to land, itself to give evidence.

Even while Botolf was yet alive, therefore, no end of strange

spiritualistic stories were told about him. He became dreadful to see as he lay there with long, sunken face, red beard, and unkempt red hair, growing tangled together, and large eyes looking up like some dark tarn in a deep mountain-hollow. He seemed to have no wish either to live or to die ; and so the folks said there was a fight for his soul going on between God and the devil. Some said they had even seen the evil one, surrounded by flames, climb up to the windows of the dying man's chamber to call to him. They had seen the evil one, too, they said, in the form of a black dog, go sniffing round the house. Others, who had rowed past, had seen the whole place on fire ; while others, again, had heard a company of devils, shouting, barking, and laughing, come up from the sea, pass slowly towards the house, enter through the closed doors, rush furiously through all the rooms, and then go down once more beneath the waves, with the same awful row as they made in coming out. Botolf's servants, men as well as women, left immediately, and told all these tales to everybody. Hardly any one dared even to go near the place ; and if an old peasant and his wife, to whom the sick man had shown some kindness, had not taken care of him, he would have lain utterly untended. Even this old woman herself was in terror when she was with him ; and she used to burn straw under his bed to keep off the evil one ; but though the sick man was nearly scorched up, he still kept alive.

He lay in terrible suffering ; and the old woman thought at last he must be waiting to see some one. So she asked him whether she should send for the clergyman. He shook his head. Was there any one else he would like to see ? To that he made no answer. The next day, while he was lying as usual, he distinctly pronounced the name, "Agnes." Certainly, this was not in reply to the old woman's question of the day before ; but she fancied it was, and she rose gladly, went out to her husband, and bade him harness the horses with all speed, and drive over to the parsonage to fetch Agnes.

When he reached there, everybody thought there must be some mistake, and that it was the clergyman who was sent for ; but the old man insisted it was the little girl. She herself was indoors, and heard the message, which frightened her greatly ; for she, among the rest, had heard the tales about the devil, and about the company of devils rushing up out of the sea. But she had also heard that there was some one whom the sick

man was waiting to see, and must see before he could die; and she did not think it anywise strange that that one should turn out to be herself, whom his wife had so often fetched over to the house before. Agnes's sisters told her, too, that one must always try to do what dying folks wish; and that if she prayed nicely to God, nothing could do her any harm. She believed this, and let them dress her to go.

It was a cold, clear evening, wherein she could see long, dark shadows following, and hear echoes of the harness-bells sounding far off in the forest; on the whole, she felt it was rather dreadful, and she sat saying her prayers, with her hands folded together inside her muff. She did not see the devil anywhere, neither did she hear any company of devils rushing up out of the sea while she rode along the shore; but she saw many stars above her, and light shining straight before her upon the mountain-peak. Up around Botolf's house all seemed dismally quiet; but the old peasant woman came out at once, and carried Agnes indoors, took off her traveling dress, and let her warm herself at the fire. Meanwhile, the old woman told her she need not be anywise afraid of the sick man, but must just go in to him with good courage, and say the Lord's Prayer to him. Then, when Agnes had got warm, the old woman took her hand, and led her into the sickroom. Botolf lay there with long beard and hollow eyes, and he gazed at her intently; but she did not think he looked dreadful, and she was not afraid.

"Do you forgive me?" he whispered.

She supposed she ought to say "yes," and she said "yes," accordingly.

Then he smiled, and tried to raise himself in the bed, but his strength failed, and he remained lying.

She began at once to say the Lord's Prayer; but he made a movement as though to bid her pause, and pointed to his breast. So she laid both her hands there; for this was what she thought he intended her to do; and he directly laid one of his clammy, ice-cold, bony hands upon her little warm ones, and then closed his eyes. When she found he did not say anything after she had finished the prayer, she did not venture to remove her hands, but just began to say it again.

When she had said it for the third time, the old woman came in, looked, and said: —

"You can leave off now, my dear, — he's gone!"

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

THERE was a little parish, Endregaardene by name, lying all alone, with lofty mountains, around. It was flat and fertile, but intersected by a broad stream, coming from the mountains, and widening into a lake, which bounded the place on one side, and gave it an outlook far away.

It was up this lake the man came who first settled in the valley. Endre was his name ; and the present inhabitants of the parish were his descendants. They were a gloomy race ; and some folks used to say this was because Endre had fled hither on account of having done some bloody deed ; others said the gloom was owing rather to the surrounding mountains, which shut out the sunshine at five o'clock in the afternoon, even in midsummer.

High above the place, upon a lofty mountain-top, there hung an eagle's nest. It could be seen by all when the mother-bird was sitting, but it could be reached by none. The father-bird used to go sailing over the valley, now swooping down upon a lamb, now upon a kid ; and once he even carried off a little bairn ; so the folks felt that their things could never be safe so long as the nest remained. There were traditions that once in old times there had been two brothers who had reached it, and pulled it down ; but nowadays nobody felt equal to the task.

Whenever two folks met in Endregaardene they used to talk of the eagle's nest, and to look up at it. Everybody knew when the old eagles returned in each new season, and where they had last been swooping down to make their raids, and who had last been trying to reach their mountain stronghold. All the young fellows, too, used from their childhood to practice climbing mountains and trees, and wrestling, in the hope that they might thus become able one day to follow the two brothers of the tradition.

At the time of our little sketch, the chief of the young fellows was one named Lejf, who did not belong to the family of Endre. He was a curly-haired lad, with little eyes ; and was skilled in all kinds of active games, and very warm-hearted

towards the women folks. He was wont while yet very young to declare that he would one day climb to the eagle's nest; but the old people said that he had better not talk quite so loudly about that.

This provoked him; and he had barely reached manhood before he determined to make this long-talked-of attempt. It was a bright Sunday morning early in the summer, at just the time when the eaglets were likely to be hatched. The folks were gathered together in a great crowd beneath the mountain to watch the daring fellow; the older ones trying to dissuade him, the younger urging him onward. But he listened to naught save his own wayward will; and after pausing only till the mother-bird had left the nest, he gave a spring, and caught hold on a branch of a tree growing upon the mountain-side several feet above the valley, and drew himself up by it. The tree was rooted in a deep rift, which he crossed, and then began to climb farther. Little pebbles loosened beneath his feet, and fell rolling down, followed by mould and dust; all else was still, save that a low, constant sighing came from the stream beyond. Soon the mountain-side projected further forwards; and for some moments he hung only by one hand, feeling with his feet after the footholds which he could no longer find with his eyes. Many of the folks, especially the women, turned away, and said he would never have attempted such a thing if he had had a father and mother alive. He found a hold, however, and then felt after another with his hand, next after yet another with his foot; that gave way, and he slipped but then again held fast. The folks below heard each other's breath.

Then a tall young girl rose from a great stone where she had been sitting all by herself. According to the parish talk, she had been betrothed to Lejf ever since she was a bairn, although he did not belong to the family of Endre. She stretched her arms upwards, and cried aloud: —

"Lejf, Lejf, how *can* you do so?"

All the folks turned towards her; and her father, who stood close by, looked at her sternly, but she no longer knew him.

"Come down, Lejf!" she cried again; "I — I love you so much — and there's no good in going up there!"

The folks marked him hesitate; but it was only a very few moments, and then he went on climbing. He had now good hold both for hands and feet, and so for a while he got along well; but soon he seemed beginning to grow weary, for he

often paused. A little stone which came rolling down seemed like a forerunner, and all the folks followed it with their eyes the whole way. Some could bear the thing no longer, and went home. But the girl still stood there, high upon the stone, all by herself, wringing her hands, and gazing upwards. Lejf again took a fresh hold with one hand ; it gave way ; he took a second hold with the other hand ; that gave way also.

"Lejf!" shrieked the girl, so that the mountain echoed, and all the folks joined in her cry.

"He's slipping!" they shrieked, men and women both, stretching up their hands towards him.

And slip he did, indeed, bringing with him sand, stones, and mould—slip, still slip, yet faster. The folks turned away ; and behind them they heard something fall down the mountain-side, and come heavily on the valley like a great mass of wet earth.

When, at last, they were able to look round again, they saw Lejf lying there, mangled beyond all recognition. The girl lay across the stone ; and her father carried her away.

The young folks who had so strongly urged Lejf to undertake his dangerous task dared not now even lay hold on him to give him help, for he had become frightful to see. So the older ones were obliged to come forward. The eldest of them said, as he laid hold on Lejf :—

"It was very wrong. But," he added, looking upwards, "it's all for the best, though, that some things hang so high they're not within reach of everybody."

TO-COMES.

By HENRIK IBSEN.

[1828– .]

(Translated by Edmund Gosse.)

In the sunny orchard closes,
While the warblers swing and sing,
Care not whether blustering autumn
Break the promises of spring;
Rose and white the apple blossom
Hides you from the sultry sky;
Let it flutter, blown and scattered,
On the meadows by and by.

Will you ask about the fruitage
In the season of the flowers?
Will you murmur, will you question,
Count the run of weary hours?
Will you let the scarecrow clapping
Drown all merry sounds and words?
Brothers, there is better music
In the singing of the birds!

From your heavy-laden garden
Will you hunt the mellow thrush?
He will pay you for protection
With his crown-songs' liquid rush!
Oh! but you will win the bargain,
Though your fruit be spare and late,
For remember, Time is flying,
And will shut your garden gate.

With my living, with my singing,
I will tear the hedges down!
Sweep the grass and heap the blossom,
Let it shrivel, bare and brown!
Swing the wicket! Sheep and cattle,
Let them graze among the best!
I broke off the flowers: what matter
Who may revel with the rest!

"Next," that wretched word —
It makes the shareholders of pleasure bankrupt!
If I were only Sultan for an hour,
A running noose about its coward neck
Should make it bid the joyous world good-bye! —
"What is your quarrel with the hopeful word?" —
This — that it darkens for us God's fair world!
"In our next love" and "when we marry next,"
At our "next mealtime" and in our "next life," —
'Tis the anticipation in the word,
'Tis that that beggars so the sons of Joy,
That makes our modern life so hard and cold,
That slays enjoyment in the living Present.
You have no rest until your shallop strikes
Against the shingle of the "next" design,
And, that accomplished, there is still a "next,"
And so in toil and hurry, toil and pain,
The years slip by and you slip out of life, —
God only knows if there is rest beyond.

Norwegian Peasant Girl

By Hans Dahl

A TALE OF THE SEA.

By ALEXANDER KJELLAND.

[ALEXANDER LANGE KJELLAND, the leader of the younger Norwegian school, which seeks cosmopolite culture and realism in place of local life and patriotic impulse, was born at Stavanger in 1849. The son of a wealthy ship-owner and merchant, he studied for the law at the University of Christiania, but engaged in manufacturing till 1881. Spending much time in Paris and saturating himself with modern French literature, he has assimilated both its style, its clarity, and its pessimistic realism, as also its democratic spirit; his antagonism to conservative ideas caused the government to refuse the traveling stipend customarily given to a writer of talent. His chief works are "Garman and Worse," his first (1885), life in a small Norwegian port; "The Laboring Class" (1881), a Zolaish study of how the upper classes corrupt the lower; a notable Christmas story, "Else" (1881); "Skipper Worse" (1882); "Snow," "Jacob," etc.; dramatic dialogues, as "Betty's Guardian" (1887), "The Professor" (1888); and several volumes of short stories, some classic.]

ONCE there lay in a certain haven a large number of vessels. They had lain there very long, not exactly on account of storm, but rather because of a dead calm; and at last they had lain there until they no longer heeded the weather.

All the captains had gradually become good friends; they visited from ship to ship, and called one another "Cousin."

They were in no hurry to depart. Now and then a youthful steersman might chance to let fall a word about a good wind and a smooth sea. But such remarks were not tolerated; order had to be maintained on a ship. Those, therefore, who could not hold their tongues were set ashore.

Matters could not, however, go on thus forever. Men are not so good as they ought to be, and all do not thrive under law and order.

The crews at length began to murmur a little; they were weary of painting and polishing the cabins, and of rowing the captains to and from the toddy suppers. It was rumored that individual ships were getting ready for sailing. The sails of some were set one by one in all silence, the anchors were weighed without song, and the ships glided quietly out of the harbor; others sailed while their captains slept. Fighting and mutiny were also heard of; but then there came help from the neighbor captains, the malcontents were punished and put ashore, and all moorings were carefully examined and strengthened.

Nevertheless, all the ships, except one, at last left the harbor. They did not all sail with like fortune; one and another

even came in again for a time, damaged. Others were little heard of. The captain of one ship, it was said, was thrown overboard by his men; another sailed with half the crew in irons, none knew where. But yet they were all in motion, each striving after its own fashion, now in storm, now in calm, towards its goal.

As stated, only one ship remained in the harbor, and it lay safe and sound, with two anchors at the bottom and three great cables attached to the quay.

It was a strange little craft. The hull was old, but it had been newly repaired, and they had given it a smart little modern figure-head, which contrasted strangely with the smooth sides and the heavy stern. One could see that the rigging had originally belonged to a large vessel, but had been very hastily adapted to the smaller hull, and this still further increased the want of proportion in the brig's whole appearance. Then it was painted with large portholes for guns, like a man-of-war, and always carried its flag at the mainmast.

The skipper was no common man. He himself had painted the sketch of the brig that hung in the cabin, and, besides, he could sing — both psalms and songs. Indeed, there were those who maintained that he composed the songs himself; but this was most probably a lie. And it was certainly a lie that they whispered in the forecastle: that the skipper had not quite got his sea-legs. Young men always tell such stories to cabin-boys, in order to appear manly. And, besides, there was a steersman on the brig, who could, on a pinch, easily round the headlands alone.

He had sailed as steersman for many years of our Lord, ever since the time of the skipper's late father. He had become as if glued to the tiller, and many could scarcely imagine the old brig with a new steersman.

He had certainly never voyaged in distant waters; but as his trade had always been the same, and as he had invariably been in the company of others, the brig had sailed pretty fortunately, without special damage and without special merit.

Therefore, both he and the skipper had arrived at the conviction that none could sail better than they, and hence they cared little what the others did. They looked up at the sky and shook their heads.

The men felt quite comfortable, for they were not used to better things. Most of them could not understand why the

crews of the other ships were in such a hurry to be off ; the month went round all the same, whether one lay in port or sailed, and then it was better to avoid work. So long as the skipper made no sign of preparation for sailing, the men might keep their minds easy, for he must surely have the most interest in getting away. And besides, they all knew what sort of fellow the steersman was, and if such a capable and experienced man lay still, they might be quite sure that he had good and powerful reasons.

But a little party among the crew — some quite youthful persons — thought it was a shame to let themselves be thus left astern by everybody. They had, indeed, no special advantage or profit to expect from the voyage, but at last the inaction became intolerable, and they conceived the daring resolve of sending a youth aft to beg the captain to fix a date for sailing.

The more judicious among the crew crossed themselves, and humbly entreated the young man to keep quiet: but the latter was a rash greenhorn, who had sailed in foreign service, and therefore imagined himself to be a "regular devil of a fellow." He went right aft and down into the cabin, where the skipper and the steersman sat with their whisky before them, playing cards.

"We would ask if the skipper would kindly set sail next week, for now we are all so weary of lying here," said the young man, looking the skipper straight in the eyes without winking.

The latter's face first turned pale blue, and then assumed a deep violet tint ; but he restrained himself, and said, as was his invariable custom : —

"What think you, steersman?"

"H'm," replied the steersman slowly. More he never used to say at first, when he was questioned, for he did not like to answer promptly. But when he got an opportunity of speaking alone, without being interrupted, he could utter the longest sentences and the very hardest words. And then the skipper was especially proud of him.

However short the steersman's reply might seem, the skipper at once understood its meaning. He turned towards the youth — gravely, but gracefully, for he was an exceedingly well-bred man.

"You cursed young fool! don't you think I understand these things better than you? I, who have thought of nothing but being a skipper since I was knee-high! But I know well

enough what you and the like of you are thinking about. You don't care a d—— about the craft, and if you could only get the power from us old ones, you would run her on the first islet you came to, so that you might plunder her of the whisky. But there will be none of that, my young whelp! Here we shall lie, as long as I choose."

When this decision reached the forecastle, it awoke great indignation among the young and immature, which, indeed, was only to be expected. But even the skipper's friends and admirers shook their heads, and opined that it was a nasty answer; after all, it was only a civil question, which ought not to compromise anybody.

There now arose a growing ill-humor — something quite unheard-of among these peaceable fellows. Even the skipper, who was not usually quick to understand or remark anything, thought he saw many sullen faces, and he was no longer so well pleased with the bearing of the crew when he stepped out upon deck with his genial "Good-morning, you rogues."

But the steersman had long scented something, for he had a fine nose and long ears. Therefore, a couple of evenings after the young man's unfortunate visit, it was remarked that something extraordinary was brewing aft.

The cabin-boy had to make three journeys with the toddy-kettle, and the report he gave in the forecastle after his last trip was indeed disquieting.

The steersman seemed to have talked without intermission for two hours; before them on the table lay barometer, chronometer, sextant, journal, and half the ship's library. This consisted of Kingo's hymn-book and an old Dutch "Chart-Book"; for the skipper could do just as little with the new hymns as the steersman with the new charts.

The skipper now sat prodding the chart with a large pair of compasses, while the steersman talked, using all his longest and hardest words. There was one word in particular that was often repeated, and this the boy learned by heart. He said it over and over again to himself as he went up the cabin stairs and passed along the deck to the forecastle, and the moment he opened the door he shouted: —

"Initiative! Mind that word, boys! Write it down — initiative!"

In-i-ti-a-tive was with much difficulty spelt out and written with chalk on the table. And during the boy's long statement

all these men sat staring, uneasily and with anxious expectancy, at this long, mystic word.

"And then," concluded the cabin-boy at last — "then says the steersman: 'But we ourselves shall take the —' what is written on the table."

All exclaimed simultaneously, "Initiative."

"Yes, that was it. And every time he said it, they both struck the table and looked at me as if they would eat me. I now think, therefore, that it is a new kind of revolver they intend to use upon us."

But none of the others thought so; it was surely not so bad as that. But something was impending, that was clear. And the relieved watchman went to his berth with gloomy forebodings, and the middle watch did not get a wink of sleep that night.

At seven o'clock next morning both skipper and steersman were up on deck. No man could remember ever having seen them before so early in the day. But there was no time to stand in amazement, for now followed, in quick succession, orders for sailing.

"Heave up the anchors! Let two men go ashore and slip the cables!"

There was gladness and bustle among the crew, and the preparations proceeded so rapidly that in less than an hour the brig was under canvas.

The skipper looked at the steersman and shook his head, muttering, "This is the devil's own haste."

After a few little turns in the spacious harbor, the brig passed the headland and stood out to sea. A fresh breeze was blowing, and the waves ran rather high.

The steersman, with a prodigious twist in his mouth, stood astride the tiller, for such a piece of devil's trumpery as a wheel should never come on board as long as *he* had anything to say in the matter.

The skipper stood on the cabin stairs, with his head above the companion. His face was of a somewhat greenish hue, and he frequently ran down into the cabin. The old boatswain believed that he went to look at the chart, the young man thought he drank whisky, but the cabin-boy swore that he went below to vomit.

The men were in excellent spirits; it was so refreshing to breathe the sea air, and to feel the ship once again moving

under their feet. Indeed, the old brig herself seemed to be in a good humor; she dived as deep down between the seas as she could, and raised much more foam than was necessary.

The young sailors looked out for heavy seas. "Here comes a whopper," they shouted; "if it would only hit us straight!" And it did.

It was a substantial sea, larger than the others. It approached deliberately, and seemed to lie down and take aim. It then rose suddenly, and gave the brig, which was chubby as a cherub, such a mighty slap on the port cheek that she quivered in every timber. And high over the railing, far in upon the deck, dashed the cold salt spray; the captain had scarcely time to duck his head below the companion.

Ah, how refreshing it was! It exhilarated both old and young; they had not had a taste of the cold sea-water for a long time, and with one voice the whole crew broke into a lusty "Hurrah!"

But at this moment the steersman's stentorian voice rang out: "Hard to leeward!" The brig luffed up close to the wind, the sails flapped so violently that the rigging shook, and now followed in rapid succession, even quicker than before, orders to anchor. "Let fall the port anchor! Let go the starboard one too!"

Plump — fell the one; plump — went the other. The old chains rattled out, and a little red cloud of rust rose upon either side of the bowsprit.

The men, accustomed to obey, worked rapidly without thinking why, and the brig soon rode pretty quietly at her two anchors.

But now, after the work was finished, no one could conceal his astonishment at this sudden anchoring, just off the coast, among islets and skerries. And still more extraordinary seemed the behavior of those in command. For they both stood right forward, with their backs to the weather, leaning over the railing and staring at the port bow. Some had even thought they had heard the captain cry, "To the pumps, men," but this point was never cleared up.

"What the devil can they be doing forward?" said the rash young man.

"They think she struck on a reef when we shipped the big sea," whispered the cabin-boy.

"Hold your jaw, boy!" said the boatswain.

All the same, the cabin-boy's words passed from mouth to mouth; a little chuckle was heard here and there; the men's faces became more and more ludicrously uneasy, and their suppressed laughter was on the point of bursting forth. Then the steersman was seen to nudge the skipper in the side.

"Yes; but then you must whisper to me," said the latter.

The steersman nodded, and then the skipper turned to the crew and solemnly spoke as follows: —

"Yes, this time, fortunately, everything went well; but now I hope that each of you will have learnt how dangerous it is to lend an ear to these juvenile agitators, who can never be quiet and let evolution, as the steersman says, pursue its natural course. I yielded to your wishes this time, it is true, but not because I approved of your insane rashness; it was simply that I might convince you by — by the logic of events. And see — how did things go? Certainly we have, as by a miracle, been spared the worst; but now we lie here, outside our safe haven, our old anchorage, which we have forsaken to be tossed about on the turbulent waters of the unknown and the untried. But, believe me, henceforth you will find both our excellent steersman and your captain at our post, guarding against such crude, immature projects. And if things go badly with us in days to come, you must all remember that it is entirely your own fault; we wash our hands of the matter."

Thereupon he strode through the men, who respectfully fell back to let him pass. The steersman, who had really whispered, dried his eyes and followed. They both disappeared in the cabin.

* * * * * * *

There was much strife in the forecastle that day, and it grew worse after. The brig's happy days were all over. Dissension and discontent, suspicion and obstinacy, converted the narrow limits of the forecastle into a veritable hell.

Only skipper and steersman seemed to thrive well under all this. The general dissatisfaction did not affect them; for they, of course, were not to blame.

None thought of any change. The crew had done what they could, and the skipper, on his part, had also been accommodating. Now they might keep their minds at rest. The brig lay in a dangerous place, but now she would have to lie — and there she lies to this day.

UNCLE REUBEN.

By SELMA LAGERLÖF.

(Translated for this work from the Swedish, by Forrest Morgan.)

[Selma Lagerlöf, the foremost artist and most richly imaginative romancist among recent Swedish writers, was born about 1870. She rose to immediate fame by "Gösta Berling's Saga" (1894), a flood of Swedish peasant life and tradition poured out with prodigal fertility and set in the framework of a legendary tale; it has the faults of too much crowding of matter, almost to the point of being cluttered and rather formless, but this is redeemed by the largeness of her intellectual grasp, the depth of her sympathy, the abounding poetry of her descriptions, and the wealth and soar of her imagination. The next year she followed it with "The Invisible Chain," a collection of which the longest is "The Spirit of Fasting and Petter Nord," the deepest in thought is the seemingly light yet profound story below, and several others are worthy companions. In 1898 appeared "The Miracles of Antichrist," in which, by a marvel of sympathetic intuition, she does for the legends of Sicily clustering about Mount Etna, and its beliefs and feelings, what "Gösta Berling" did for rural Sweden.]

Once upon a time, nearly eighty years ago, there was a little boy who went out to the market-place and played top. This little boy was named Reuben. He was not more than three, but he swung his little whip as bravely as anybody, and made the top spin so there was a pleasure in it.

On that day, some eighty years since, it was very beautiful spring weather. The March month had come, and the town was divided into two worlds: one white and warm, where the sunshine prevailed, and one cold and dark, where the shadow lay. The whole market belonged to the sunshine except a narrow strip along one row of houses.

Now it chanced that the little boy, brave as he was, grew tired of spinning his top and looked about him for some resting-place. Such a thing was not hard to find. There were no benches or seats, but every house was furnished with stone doorsteps. Little Reuben could not bethink himself of anything more suitable.

He was a conscientious little chap. He had a dim notion that his mother would not wish him to sit on strange people's steps. His mother was poor, but for that very reason it must never look as if one would take anything from others. So he went and sat on their own doorsteps, for they too lived on the market-place.

The steps lay in the shadow, and it was very cold there. The little fellow rested his head against the railing, drew up his legs, and made himself as comfortable as ever in his life. For a little while yet he watched how the sunshine was dancing out in the market-place, how the boys ran and spun their tops — then he shut his eyes and went to sleep.

He certainly slept a full hour. When he woke he was not feeling so well as when he went to sleep; instead, everything felt so dreadfully uncomfortable. He went in to his mother and cried, and his mother saw that he was sick, and put him to bed. And in a couple of days the boy was dead.

But that does not bring his story to an end. For it happened that his mother came to mourn for him straight from the depths of her heart, with a sorrow that defied years and death. The mother had several other children, many troubles occupied her time and thoughts, but there was always a room in her heart where her son Reuben made his home entirely undisturbed. He was permanently alive for her. If she saw a group of children at play in the market-place, he was running about there too; and when she went bustling around the house, she believed fully and firmly that the child was still sitting and sleeping out on those perilous stone steps. Certainly none of the mother's living children were so steadily present in her thoughts as the dead one.

Some years after his death little Reuben had a sister, and when she grew old enough so she could run out in the market-place and play top, it chanced that she too sat down to rest on the stone steps. But the mother instantly felt as if some one were pulling her by the skirts. She came out at once and gave the little girl so hard a gripe, as she lifted her up, that the child remembered it as long as she lived.

And as little did she forget how strange was her mother's face, and how her voice quivered as she said: "Do you know that you once had a little brother named Reuben, and he died because he sat on those very stone steps and caught cold? You don't want to die and leave mother, do you, Berta?"

Brother Reuben soon became as living to his brothers and sisters as to his mother. She was such that they all saw with her eyes, and they were shortly as well able as herself to see him sitting out on the stone steps. And naturally it never occurred to any of them to sit there. Yes, whenever they saw any one sitting on a stone step, or a stone railing, or a stone

by the roadside, they always felt a twinge in their hearts and thought of Brother Reuben.

Moreover, it came about that Brother Reuben was always set highest of the entire brood when they talked among themselves. For all the children knew, of course, that they were a bothersome and wearing lot, who only gave their mother care and worry. They could not believe their mother would mourn much over losing any of them. But as their mother actually did mourn for Brother Reuben, why, it was certain that he must have been much better than they were.

It was not seldom that one of them had the thought, "Oh, if any of us could give mother as much pleasure as Brother Reuben!" And yet no one knew anything more of him than that he had played top and caught cold on the stone steps. But he must surely have been remarkable, since mother had such a fondness for him.

Remarkable he was, too: he gave his mother the most joy of all her children. She became a widow, and toiled in care and want; but the children had so stout a faith in their mother's sorrow over the child of three, that they were persuaded if he had only lived the mother would not have grieved at her misfortunes. And every time they saw their mother weeping they believed it was on account of Brother Reuben being dead, or else on account of themselves not being like Brother Reuben. Pretty soon they were cherishing inwardly a stronger and stronger desire to compete with the little dead one in their mother's affections. There was not a thing they would not have been willing to do for their mother, if she had only been willing to think as much of them as of him. And it was on account of that longing, I think, that Brother Reuben was the most useful of all his mother's children.

Just think, when the eldest brother earned his first coins by rowing a stranger across the river, and came and gave them to his mother without keeping back a penny! Then his mother looked so happy that he swelled with pride, and could not help betraying how inordinately ambitious he had been.

"Mother, now am I not as good as Brother Reuben?"

The mother looked scrutinizingly at him. It seemed as if she were comparing his fresh, glowing countenance with the pale mite out on the stone steps. And mother would of course have liked to answer yes, if she could; but mother could not.

"Mother thinks a great deal of you, Ivan, but you will never be what your brother Reuben was."

It was insurmountable; all the children perceived it, and yet they could not help trying.

They grew up into capable men and women, they pushed forward to wealth and consideration, while Brother Reuben sat still on his stone steps. But he still had the start; he was beyond catching up with.

And at every advance, every betterment, as by degrees they succeeded in offering their mother a good home and comfort, it had to be reward enough for them that their mother said, "Ah, if my little Reuben could have seen that!"

Brother Reuben followed his mother through her whole life, even to her death-bed. It was he who robbed the death pangs of their sting, because she knew that they were bearing her to him. Amid her worst sufferings the mother could smile at the thought that she was going to meet little Reuben.

And so died one whose faithful affection had exalted and deified a poor little child of three.

But neither did that bring little Reuben's history to an end. To all his brothers and sisters he remained a symbol of their hard-working home life, of their love for their mother, of all the touching memories from the years of struggle and hardship. Something warm and fine lay always in their voices when they spoke of him. There was feast and holiday around the little three-year-old.

Thus too he came to glide into the lives of his brothers' and sisters' children. His mother's love had raised him to greatness; and the great — they act and teach, influencing generation after generation.

Sister Berta had a son who came into close contact with Uncle Reuben.

He was four years old the day he sat down on the curbstone and gazed into the gutter. It was flooded with rain water. Sticks and straws were voyaging with adventurous whirls down the shallow channel. The little fellow sat and looked down with that tranquil pleasure that people enjoy in following others' adventurous careers, while themselves are in safety.

But his peaceful philosophizing was broken off by his mother, who, the moment she saw him, could not help thinking of the stone steps at home and of her brother.

"O my dear little boy," said she, "don't sit there! Do

you know your mamma had a little brother who was named Reuben, and was four years old as you are now? He died because he sat on just such a curbstone and caught cold."

The little youngster did not like being disturbed in his pleasant thoughts. He sat still and philosophized, while his yellow curly hair tumbled down into his eyes.

Sister Berta would not have done it for any one else, but for her dear brother's sake she shook her little boy quite sharply. And so he came to learn respect for Uncle Reuben.

On another occasion this fair-haired little man chanced to fall when out on the ice. He had been thrown down just for spite by a big naughty boy, and there he staid behind and cried just to show how ill used he was, all the more that his mother could not be far off.

But he had forgotten that his mother was nevertheless, first and last, Uncle Reuben's sister. When she saw Axel sitting on the ice, she came up, not at all with anything soothing or comforting, but only with that everlasting —

"Don't sit so, my little boy! Think of Uncle Reuben, who died when he was five years old, as you are now, because he sat down in a snowdrift."

The boy stood up at once when he heard Uncle Reuben spoken of, but he felt a chill clear into his heart. How could mamma talk of Uncle Reuben when her little boy was so afflicted! Axel had as lief he should sit and die where he pleased, but now it seemed as if this dead being wanted to take his own mamma from him, and Axel could not bear that. So he learned to hate Uncle Reuben.

High up the stairway in Axel's home was a stone balustrade which was dizzyingly glorious to sit on. Deep beneath lay the stone floor of the hall, and the one who sat astride up there could dream that he was borne along over abysses. Axel named the balustrade after the good steed Grane. On its back he sprang over blazing moats into enchanted castles. There he sat, proud and bold, with his heavy ringlets flying from the fierce onset, and fought St. George's fight with the dragon. And so far it had not occurred to Uncle Reuben to want to ride there.

But of course he came. Just as the dragon was writhing in his death pangs, and Axel sat there in exalted certainty of victory, he heard his nurse shout: "Little Axel, don't sit there! Think of your Uncle Reuben, who died when he was eight

years old, just as Axel is now, because he sat and rode on a stone railing. Axel must never sit there any more."

Such an envious old duffer, that Uncle Reuben! He could not bear it, of course, that Axel killed dragons and rescued princesses. If he didn't look out, Axel would show that he could win glory too. If he should jump down to the stone floor here below, and smash himself to death, he would feel himself quite overshadowed, that barefaced liar.

Poor Uncle Reuben! The poor little good boy who went and played top out in the sunshiny market-place! Now he was to learn what it was to be a great man. He had become a scarecrow, which his own time set up for those to come.

It was out in the country, at Uncle Ivan's. A good many of the cousins were gathered in the beautiful garden. Axel was there, brimful of his hatred for the great Uncle Reuben. He merely wanted to know if the latter pestered anybody except himself; but there was something that daunted him from asking. It seemed as if he would be committing a sacrilege.

Finally the children were by themselves. No big people were present. Then Axel asked if they had heard Uncle Reuben spoken of.

He saw that there was lightning in their eyes, and that many a small fist was clenched; but it seemed the small mouths had been taught respect for Uncle Reuben. "Hush, for all sakes!" said the entire throng.

"No," said Axel, "I want to know if there is anybody else he nags at, for I think he is the worst nuisance of all uncles."

That one daring word broke the dams that had held in the wrath of those hectored child-hearts. There was vast clamor and outcry. So must a crowd of Nihilists look when they revile an autocrat.

Now was drawn up the great man's register of sins. Uncle Reuben persecuted all his brothers' and sisters' children. Uncle Reuben did whatever he liked. Uncle Reuben was always the same age as the one whose peace he wanted to disturb.

And they had to keep up respect for him, though he was most evidently a liar. Hate him in their hearts' most silent depths they might; but slight him or show him irreverence, that would not do.

What an air the grown folks put on when they talked about him! Had he ever done anything so wonderful, then? To sit

down and die was no very remarkable thing. And whatever achievement he had performed, it was certain that now he was misusing his power. He set himself against the children in everything they wanted to do, the old scarecrow. He drove them from midday naps in the grass. He had found out their best hiding-places in the park and forbidden them to go there. Only just lately he had undertaken to ride horses bareback and drive on the hay-cart.

They were all sure the poor thing had never been more than three. And now he assailed big fourteen-year-olds and pretended he was their age. It was altogether provoking.

It was an incredible thing, what came to light about him. He had fished for bleak from the bridge piers; he had rowed in the little punts; he had clambered into the willows yonder, that hang out over the water, and are so nice to sit in; yes, he had even lain and slept on the powder firkins.

But they were all certain that there was no escape from his tyranny. It was a relief to have spoken out, but in no way a remedy. You could not raise a revolt against Uncle Reuben.

You would never have believed it, but when those children grew big and had children of their own, they at once began to make use of Uncle Reuben, the same as their parents had done before them.

And their children in turn—the youth, namely, who are now growing up—have learned their lesson so well, that it happened one summer out in the country that a lad of five came up and said to his old grandmother Berta, who was sitting on the landing of the steps while she waited for the carriage:—

"Grandma had a brother once that was named Reuben."

"You are quite right, my little boy," said grandmother, and stood up at once.

That, to all the younger ones, was such a sign as if they saw an old Jacobite bow before King Charles's portrait. It gave them an intimation that Uncle Reuben must always remain great, however much he misbehaved, merely because he had been so greatly loved.

In these days, when all greatness is questioned so critically, he has to be used more moderately than of old. The limits for his age are lower; trees, boats, and powder firkins are safe from him, but nothing of stone that will do to sit on can escape him.

And children, the new-time children, behave toward him in quite a different way from their predecessors. They criticise him openly and undisguisedly. Their parents no longer understand the art of inspiring dull, frightened obedience. Small boarding-school girls discuss Uncle Reuben and wonder if he is anything but a myth. A youth of six proposes that some one by way of experiment shall prove that it is impossible to catch a fatal cold on a stone step.

But this is a mere passing mood. This generation in its innermost heart is as much convinced of Uncle Reuben's greatness as the one before it, and obeys him as that did.

The time will come when these scoffers will go down to the ancestral home, try to find the old stone steps, and raise a memorial there with a golden inscription.

They joke about Uncle Reuben now for a few years; but as soon as they are grown, and have their own children to bring up, they will become persuaded of the great man's use and need.

"Oh, my little child, don't sit on those stone steps! Your mother's mother had an uncle who was named Reuben. He died when he was your age, because he sat down to rest on such stone steps as those."

So will it be as long as the world lasts.

HE WAS TOO GOOD.

By AUGUST BLANCHE.

(Translated for this work from the Swedish, by Olga Flinch.)

Last Monday I came across the following announcement in the death column :—

"Frederick Vilhelm Öfverström, pastor of Katarina parish, attorney to the state in the office of national debts, died quietly and peacefully in Stockholm, etc."

The shock which this gave me called up an almost fifty-year-old memory. It was not very long since I had seen him, and I did not even know he was ill. Ahead of me in years, as in much else, he preceded me into the grave.

One day he came after me on the street — it must be at least forty-five years ago — and asked : —

" May I come to-morrow morning early and study my lesson in your book? "

" Have you no books yourself, then? "

" No, I always go to some one of my classmates every morning to study."

I had heard of so-called board days for poor school children and young students. I don't know if Öfverström had any such days, but he certainly needed them. I have never seen him bring a piece of bread for his school luncheon, but he got a little piece from everybody, and he ate it as readily as he absorbed his lesson. Meanwhile, without owning a book of his own, he learned both for himself and the rest of us. He was our dictionary, and was often blamed for it by the teachers, whose great favorite he was nevertheless. But it was of no use ; he continued to prompt us during recitations.

" Öfverström is impossible — he is too good ! " said the teachers.

He was no fighter, as were most of us. Even the bitterest insults he answered merely with a slight smile.

" Öfverström is impossible — he is too good ! " said the boys.

I called on him once, and knocked for a long time on a dark hall door in the back of a house in Regeringsgatan. Finally the door was opened slightly. The smell of damp pressed cloth met me, and through the steam I saw a man sitting on a tailor's table, — that was Öfverström's father. Öfverström came out now, himself.

" I am not placed so that I can receive you," he said, pushing me out into the hall in an embarrassed way.

" Not placed so that he can receive a boy nine years old," I thought. " Can it be possible that I am a more important person than I imagined? " I continued in my thoughts, when I heard a woman's voice from the room : —

" Oh, I suppose it is a new ABC student he is going to stuff learning into. Vilhelm is always too good."

I did not renew the call. When I entered the preparatory school, Öfverström was already head of the " uppers." If I remember right, he had skipped a whole year in the lower division. At the graduation exercises, I heard Olaf Wallin, later Archbishop, pronounce these words : —

" Boys ! If you want to get on in the world, and win the

respect of your fellow-men, take example of Öfverström; he is the personification of industry and high principles."

I don't know how many followed the advice, but I venture to say that those got farthest who followed least. A year later I met him again, tutor of the boys of a prominent state official. When I left, the father of the boys said to me: —

"I consider myself fortunate to have secured such a tutor for my children; but he is the most unpractical human being I have ever seen, where his own good is concerned. He is equally happy whether he has a coat to his back or has none. He is too good, and one does not get very far that way. He will remain about where he is now."

"Too good — there we are again," I thought. "Of course he will remain where he is now. The personification of industry and high principles will be left, like the wallflowers at our balls."

Öfverström would probably never have gone to the university if he had not been a necessity for others, of course. A dozen students clubbed together and kept him at Upsala, that they might rely on him for their "pro exercitio" and "pro gradu." It succeeded admirably. One of them got through with *non sine laude*, another with *cum laude*, a third with *laudatur*, and so on. But Öfverström himself! He was very near being expelled, because his real mission at the university was discovered.

"Has any one ever seen the like of it!" said a professor. "He only comes to Upsala to help out laggards — a nice one!"

It was at least a variation of the old theme.

Meanwhile he made the most of the opportunity, and in his spare time he prepared for his degrees in theology. They kept an eye on him at examinations on account of his goodness. He stood pale and bent as usual, but answered all questions right, with a few words. They would have liked to "pluck" him, but in that respect he was firm.

One day I went home with him to his lodgings in Upsala. He rented a room from a poor officer's widow, who took students for fourteen dollars a month. The food and particularly the price suited him. On the stairs we met the widow's daughter, a pretty girl. Öfverström blushed and looked like the incarnation of awkwardness. When a learned and clever man blushes and becomes awkward in the presence of a young girl, one may be very certain that he has fallen in love, fathoms

deep; but it is a love that dares nothing for itself. It lives on the hope of a yes, and fears at the same time the possibility of a no, and so the poor man hangs between heaven and earth, until he is burned to a crisp.

"How do you like Öfverström?" I asked the widow's daughter, a couple of days later.

"Who? Oh, you mean that modest man with the patched boots, who always thanks me for my 'toasted knights,' as if he thought I made them myself."

"Toasted knights" is the name of a dessert, made of sugared toast dipped in whortleberry jelly, a dessert which was only served Sunday in Upsala.

"He is a very intelligent man," I assured her, "and as good as gold."

"Yes, I dare say, and even a great deal too good; but too much or too little spoils everything," said the girl, not in the least impressed.

One may see from this that it may be an advantage to be of a more average goodness.

Öfverström served in the bishop's council in Stockholm, and was attorney in the spiritual court, under several administrations; for he never considered himself fit for other than subordinate positions. He sought and obtained a perpetual curacy in one of the poorest parishes of the town, on the principle that "birds of a feather flock together." By his great economy, — the necessity of the boy and the habit of the man, — and particularly by his faithful work under changing administrations, he laid by a neat little capital, from which he generally lent to poor theological students — he knew where the shoe pinched. Taking security? Oh, yes, of course! No, he was too good for that also. It was worth while making him attorney in cases of national debt, particularly when government loans had to be arranged with German bankers!

Finally Öfverström became the pastor of his parish. But it was not an easy matter to bring about, in spite of the fact that he was universally beloved.

"Of course he deserves it more than anybody else," it was said; "but he is too good."

But as he took the parish in the year of grace, he did not receive any salary, and never did; for very soon after he was even too good for this life.

MRS. FÖNSS.

By J. P. JACOBSEN.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[Jens Peter Jacobsen, a prominent Danish novelist of the last generation, was born at Thisted in 1847, and died at Copenhagen in 1885. He began as a botanist, and was a strong supporter of the evolution theory; his literary activity was a later personal evolution. Among his best novels are "Mogens," "Niels Lyhne," and "Marie Grubbe." His short stories are also of much merit.]

In the pretty park behind the old palace of the Popes, in Avignon, there is a bench which affords a view of the Rhone, of the flowery banks of Durance, of hills and fields and a portion of the town.

An afternoon in October two Danish ladies were sitting on this bench, Mrs. Fönss, a widow, and her daughter Ellinor.

Although they had been here for a couple of days, and knew the view before them well, they still sat here wondering that Provence looked like this.

That this was really Provence! A clayish river with stretches of wet, muddy sand, and wide, flat banks of stony-gray gravel; then pale brown fields without a green grass, pale brown slopes, pale brown hills and roads shining white with dust, and here and there by the white houses groups of black trees, — bushes and trees that looked altogether black. Over it all a whitish sky tremulous with a light that made everything look still paler, still drier, and more wearyingly light, not a trace of luxurious, well-nourished plant-life, all hungry sun-tortured colors, and not a sound, not a scythe cutting through the grass, not a wagon rattling over the roads; and the city there, on both sides, as if built of silence, with all the streets in the silence of an afternoon siesta, all the deaf and dumb houses with every shutter closed, every blind drawn, houses that could neither hear nor see.

Mrs. Fönss had only a resigned smile for this lack of life, but evidently it made Ellinor nervous; not excitedly nervous, but peevishly and weakly so, as one is made nervous by a never-ending day of rain, when all one's sad thoughts come raining down too, or by the stupidly soothing ticking of a clock when feeling desperately tired of oneself, or by the flowers in the wall

paper, when against one's will the same worn-out old dreams, repeating themselves in one's brain, are broken and knitted together again with the pattern, in the same distressing unending continuity. It fairly made her ill, this landscape, made her feel faint, in the way it had to-day interwoven itself with the memory of a hope that was destroyed, and of sweet dreams that now only seemed cloyingly sweet, dreams that it made her red with shame to remember, but which in spite of it she could never forget. And what had it all to do with this country? The blow had come to her far away from here, at home by the fresh Sound, under the light green beeches; and yet every pale brown hill spoke of it, and every green-shuttered house kept silent knowledge of it.

It was the old sorrow of young hearts that had come to her; she had loved a man and believed in his love for her, and then he had suddenly chosen another, — why? what had she done to him? had she changed? had she not always been the same? and all these eternal questions, over and over again. She had not said a word to her mother, but her mother had understood it all so wonderfully, and had shown her such care, — she could have screamed out at this care, that knew everything, and still ought not to know, and her mother had understood that too, and then they had gone away.

The whole trip was merely that she might forget.

Mrs. Fönss did not need to make her daughter feel conscious by looking at her; merely looking at the nervous little hand that lay beside her, stretching itself in such powerless despair over the wooden strips of the bench, changing position constantly like a fever patient tossing on a hot bed; merely looking at this hand, she knew how wearily the young eyes looked out over the landscape, how haunted and drawn the fine features looked, how pale she was, and how blue the veins looked in the delicate skin at the temples.

She was so sorry for her little girl; she longed so to have her lying here against her heart and breathe down to her all the comforting words she could find; but she believed that there are sorrows which must die in silence, that must not find their way into words, not even between mother and daughter, lest some day, under new conditions, when everything tends to gladness and happiness again, these words may be in the way, like chains that bind and take away full liberty, because the one who has spoken them will hear them whisper in another's

mind, and feel them being turned and twisted in another's thoughts.

And then this too, — that she was afraid of harming her daughter by making confidence too easy; she would not give Ellinor cause to blush, she would not — never mind how much it might lighten the burden — help her over the humiliation it is to lay open one's innermost soul to another's eyes; no, although it made it so much harder for them both, she was glad to find her own reserve and aristocracy of soul, in a certain wholesome stiffness in her young daughter.

Once — it was many years ago, when she was eighteen herself — she had loved with all her soul, all her senses, with every hope, every thought; and it could not be, — he had only had his love and faithfulness to offer, to be tried in a long engagement, and there were conditions in her home that could not wait. So she had taken the man who was ready to master these conditions. They were married, the children came: Tage, the son who was with them in Avignon, and the daughter who sat here by her, and it had been much better than she had dared expect, — happier, easier. Eight years, then her husband died, and she mourned him sincerely; she had learned to like this man, of a delicate, thin-blooded temperament, who in a selfish, high-strung way, loved everything attached to him by family ties, and who cared for nothing in the great world outside, but his own opinion of it, — that, and nothing else. After his death, she lived for her children, but she had not shut herself up with them; she had taken part in the social world, as was natural for so young and well-to-do a widow, and now her son was twenty-one, and there were not many days left before her fortieth birthday.

But she was beautiful still; there was not a trace of gray in her heavy dark blond hair, not a wrinkle around the large, frank eyes, and she was straight and lithe, in full possession of her strong, well-rounded body. Her well-cut large features were brought into bolder relief by the deeper coloring she had gained with the years; but there was a sweet smile around the deep corners of her mouth, an almost promising youth in the liquid brilliancy of her soft brown eyes, which made it all mild and gentle. And again, the rounded line of her cheek was large and serious, and the chin had the firmness of the ripe woman.

"I think Tage is coming," said Mrs. Fönss to her daughter,

when she heard laughter and Danish words on the other side of the thick hedge.

Ellinor straightened up.

Yes, it was Tage. Tage and the Kastagers. Mr. Kastager from Copenhagen, with his sister and daughter; Mrs. Kastager was ill in bed at the hotel.

Mrs. Fönss and Ellinor made room for the two ladies; the gentlemen tried for a moment to converse standing, and were then tempted by the low stone wall; and there they all sat talking only just enough, — the new-comers were tired after a little railroad trip out into the rose-flushed Provence.

"Hallo!" cried Tage, slapping the knee of his light trousers with his flat hand. "Look at that!"

They looked.

Out in the brown landscape they saw a dust cloud, in the middle of it a horse. "That is the Englishman of whom I spoke to you, the one who came the other day," said Tage to his mother. "Did you ever see any one ride like that?" he turned to Kastager; "he reminds me of a Gaucho."

"Mazeppa?" asked Kastager.

The rider disappeared.

They rose and went toward the hotel.

They had met the Kastagers at Belfort, and as they were all going on the same trip through the south of France along the Riviera, they had joined forces. Both families decided to stop in Avignon: Mrs. Kastager because she felt out of sorts, and the Fönsses because Ellinor evidently needed a rest.

Tage was delighted with this companionship; day by day he fell more irretrievably in love with pretty Ida Kastager, but Mrs. Fönss was not quite so well pleased; to be sure, Tage was wonderfully settled and sure of himself for his age, but she was in no haste to see them engaged, and then this Kastager! Ida was a splendid little girl, the mother was a distinguished woman of excellent family. Kastager himself was both rich and good and able, but there was a certain atmosphere of the ridiculous about him, and people had a way of smiling, with their lips or with their eyes, whenever he was mentioned. He was so very excitable and so very enthusiastic, and was so in such a frank, confident, noisy way, and that was the trouble; for of all things, to be enthusiastic demanded discretion and tact. And Mrs. Fönss did not like to think that any one should speak of Tage's father-in-law with a look and a smile,

so she was a little cool to the family, to the great grief of the young lover.

Next morning Tage and his mother had gone over to the little town museum. They found the entrance door open, but the inner doors closed, and ringing proved futile. As it was, they could go into the rather small courtyard, surrounded by a pretty loggia, the short white columns of which were joined by black iron bars.

They went about looking at the objects ranged along the inside wall, Roman tombstones, pieces of old sarcophagi, a headless draped figure, two vertebræ of a whale, and a number of architectural casts.

All these curiosities were more or less decorated with fresh splashes from a house painter's brush.

They were soon back again at their starting point.

Tage ran upstairs to see if he could not find some sort of a human being in the house, and Mrs. Fönss walked up and down in the loggia.

As she turned at the door, she saw at the end of the walk a tall, bearded man, much sunburnt. He had a traveller's guide in his hand, was listening to a sound behind him, and looked straight ahead at her.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, half questioningly, taking off his hat.

"I am a stranger," said Mrs. Fönss; "there does not seem to be anybody here, but my son has run up to — "

They were speaking French.

Just then Tage came up. "I have been all around," he said, "in the caretaker's apartment too, but there was not a cat."

"I hear," said the Englishman, this time in Danish, "that I have the pleasure of being with compatriots."

He lifted his hat, and retreated a step or two, as if to suggest that he had only said this in order that they might know he understood what they were saying; but suddenly he went straight up to them, and said with a new excitement and emotion in his face, "For it is not possible, I suppose, that we are old acquaintances, madam."

"Is it Emil Thorbrögger?" cried Mrs. Fönss with outstretched hand.

He seized it, "Yes, it is," he said radiantly, "and it is *you!*"

He had almost tears in his eyes, as he stood looking at her.

She presented Tage, her son.

Tage had never in his life heard of this Thorbrögger, but he did not think of that, only of the fact that the Gaucho had turned out to be a Dane; and as there was a pause, and somebody had to say something, he could not help saying, "And I who said yesterday that you made me think of a Gaucho!"

Thorbrögger replied that it was not so very far from the truth, as he had spent twenty-one years on the La Plata prairies, where he had been on horseback a great deal more than on foot.

And now he had returned to Europe?

Yes, he had sold his ranch and his sheep, and had come back to the old world, his home; but he was ashamed to confess that he was often bored, traveling in pursuit of pleasure.

Was he homesick for the prairies, perhaps?

No, he had never been homesick for places or countries; he thought he merely missed the daily work.

They chatted in this way for a while. Finally the caretaker came, hot and breathless, with heads of lettuce under his arm, and a bunch of blood-red tomatoes; and they were let into the small stuffy gallery, where they got the vaguest possible impression of old Vernet's yellow storm clouds and dark waters, while they became thoroughly acquainted with one another's life and fate during the many years since they had parted.

For this was the man she had loved before she was bound to another; in the days that followed, while they were much together, and the others, feeling that such old friends had much to say to each other, often left them alone, they soon found that in spite of all the changes of years, their hearts had forgotten nothing.

Perhaps he was the first to understand this; all the uncertainty, sentiments, and longings of youth took possession of him again, and he suffered under them; the ripened man resented this sudden loss of the peace and self-possession he had gained with the years, and he wished his love had been of another nature, — more dignified, more composed.

It did not seem to her that she felt younger, but it was as if a spring of dried-up tears had suddenly been opened again in her soul; it was such ease and joy to weep, and she felt so rich with these tears, as if she were worth more, and everything else were worth more to her, a feeling of youth at last.

One evening Mrs. Fönss was at home alone; Ellinor had gone to bed early, and Tage had gone to the theater with the Kastagers. She had been sitting in the dull hotel room dreaming in the half light afforded by a couple of candles, until the dreams had stopped by dint of repetition, and she was tired, in the soft, smiling way in which one is tired, when happy thoughts are lulled half asleep in one's mind.

She could not sit here all evening looking out into space, with not even a book, and it might be more than an hour before the theater was over; she began to walk up and down the floor and stopped at the mirror to arrange her hair.

She might go down to the reading-room and look at the illustrated papers. The room was always empty at this time.

She threw a large black lace veil over her head and went down.

Yes, it was empty.

The small room, full of furniture, was brilliantly lighted with half a dozen gas jets; it was hot, and the air was dry.

She drew the veil down over her shoulders.

The white papers on the table, the maps with their great gold lettering, the empty velvet chairs, the regular squares of the carpet, and the straight folds of the curtains all looked so silent in this strong light.

She was still dreaming, and she stood there vaguely listening to the singing of the gas-jets.

This heat was enough to make one feel faint.

She stretched her hand up slowly toward a large heavy bronze vase, standing on a shelf against the wall, and took hold of the rough flowered border, as if to steady herself.

It was easy to stand so, and the bronze felt deliciously cool in her hand. But as she stood there, another sensation was added. She began to feel the plastically beautiful position in which she stood as a bodily enjoyment; the consciousness of its being becoming to her, and of the beauty that was over her at this moment, the mere feeling of poise and harmony, — all united in a triumphal feeling that took possession of her like a festive joy.

She felt so strong; life lay before her like a great sunlit day, no longer a day vanishing in the quiet melancholy hours of twilight, but a long, wide-awake stretch of time, with a quick pulse beating the seconds, with the joy of light, with action and motion, outwardly and inwardly. And she grew warm at the

thought of the fullness of life, and longed for it with the dizziness and ardor of strong longing.

She stood so for a long while, lost in thought, forgetting all about her. Then suddenly she heard the stillness, the long singing of the gaslight; she let her hand fall from the vase, and sat down at the table, turning the leaves of a map.

She heard steps that went past the door, heard them turn, and then saw Thorbrögger come in.

They exchanged a few words, but as she seemed taken up with her pictures, he began to look at the papers too. They did not seem to interest him much, however, for when he looked up, shortly after, she caught his eyes looking searchingly at her.

He looked as if he were about to speak, and there was a nervous determined expression around his mouth, which told her with such certainty what his words would be, that she blushed, and instinctively, as if to keep back these words, held out her paper across the table, and pointed at a drawing of Pampas riders lassoing wild bulls.

He was nearly tempted into a joke at the artist's naïve idea of the art of lassoing; it was so easy to speak of, compared with the matter he had on his mind; but then he pushed the paper aside resolutely, leaned slightly across the table, and said: —

"I have thought of you a great deal since we met; I have always thought a great deal of you, both in Denmark that time, and then over there. And I have always loved you, and if I think now, sometimes, that I have never loved you before our meeting again now, then it is not true, however great my love may be, for I have always loved you, I have loved you always. And if you could be mine now, you can't understand what it would be to me, if you, who have been taken away from me for so many years, — if you would come back to me."

He was silent a moment, then he rose and came nearer to her.

"Oh, do say a word; I stand here groping my way like a blind man, I must speak to you like an interpreter — like a mere stranger, who has to speak for me to the heart I am speaking to, I don't know — stand here, weighing my words — I don't know how far, or how near, I don't dare to give word to the love that fills me — or dare I?"

He sank down in a chair beside her.

"If I did dare, if I did not fear — is it true? oh, God bless you, Paula!"

"Nothing shall part us any more," she said with her hand in his, "never mind what happens. I have a right to be happy now, to live all my longings and dreams — to the full. I never did resign, just because happiness did not come to me; I never believed that life was all duty and barrenness, I knew there were happy people in the world."

He kissed her hand silently.

"I know," she said sadly, "those who will judge me most leniently will say that I deserve the happiness it is to me to know that you love me; but they will also say that that ought to be enough for me."

"But it would never be enough for me, and it could not be right for you to let me go so."

"No," she said, "no."

Shortly after she went up to Ellinor.

Ellinor was asleep.

Mrs. Fönss sat down by her bed and looked at the pale child, whose features were dimly outlined in the yellow sparse light of the night lamp.

For Ellinor's sake they must wait. In a few days they would part from Thorbrögger, go on to Nice and stay there, alone; she would spend the whole winter trying to get Ellinor well. But to-morrow she would tell the children what had happened, and what to expect. Never mind how they would take it, it was impossible for her to live with them every day, shut away from them by a secret like this. And they must have time to get accustomed to the thought; for it would mean a parting, greater or less as the children themselves might choose. They should choose themselves, what their lives should be in their relation to her and to him. She would demand nothing. It was their right to give, in this case.

She heard Tage's step in the sitting-room, and went in to him.

He was at once so radiant and so nervous that she immediately guessed that something had happened, and what it was.

But he, who was seeking a sort of introduction to what he had to say, sat and talked absent-mindedly about the theater; and it was not until his mother went up to him, laid her hand on his forehead, and made him look up at her, that he told her he had proposed to Ida Kastager and had her "yes."

They talked of this for a long while, but Mrs. Fönss felt all the time as if there were a certain coldness over everything she said, which she could not conquer because she was afraid of falling in too much with Tage's enthusiasm, on account of her own emotional excitement, and then also because she was on her guard, forcing herself, that there might be no relation between her affection to-night and what she had to say to-morrow.

Tage did not feel any coolness.

Mrs. Fönss did not get much sleep that night; there were too many thoughts to keep her awake. She thought of how strange it was that they should meet again, and that, meeting, they should love each other, as in the old days.

And it was old days, especially for her; she was not, she could not be young any more. And he would find that too; he would have to bear with her, become accustomed to the fact that she was no longer eighteen. But she felt young; she was young in so many ways, and yet she was conscious of her years, she knew it so well; in a thousand movements, in look and gesture, in the way in which she would come when she was called, the way in which she smiled at an answer, — ten times a day she made herself old in these things, because she lacked the courage to be as young as she felt.

The thoughts came and went, and through them all broke the question: what would her children say?

It was late the next morning that she challenged their answer.

They were in their sitting-room.

She said she had something of importance to say to them, something that would change much for all of them, something that would be unexpected. She begged them to hear her as quietly as they could, and not be tempted to rash words by their first impression; for this thing was settled, and nothing they might say could make her change her mind.

"I am going to marry again," she said, and she told them how she had loved Thorbrögger before she knew their father, how she had been parted from him, and how they had now found each other.

Ellinor wept, but Tage had risen completely bewildered; he went up to her now, knelt before her, took her hand, and pressed it to his cheek with the greatest tenderness, half sobbing, half choked with emotion, with an expression of being absolutely at a loss to understand.

"Oh, but mother, dearest mother! what have we done to you; have we not always loved you, have we not, both when we were with you, and when we were far away from you, and longed for you as for the best thing we had in this world? We really did not know father but through you, you taught us to love him, and that Ellinor and I are so fond of each other, isn't that because you have showed us every day how much we had to love in one another, and has it not always been so with everybody we have loved — it was all through you! We have everything from you, and we worship you, mother, if you only knew — oh, you don't know how our love for you has often longed to break all bonds, has reached out for you, up to you, and it is you again who has taught us to hold it within limits, and we have never dared to come as near to you as we would like to. And now you say you are going to take yourself entirely away from us, push us aside! But it is impossible; why, our worst enemy could do nothing to us that would be as terrible as that, and you are our very best friend — how is it possible! Tell us, do tell us quickly, 'It was not true, it was not true, Tage! it was not true, Ellinor!'"

"Tage, Tage! compose yourself, and don't make it so hard both for yourself and for us."

Tage rose.

"Hard!" he said, "hard, hard, oh, I wish it were only hard, but it is dreadful — unnatural; it is enough to make one lose one's mind. And do you really know what you have given me to think of? My mother in a strange man's arms, my mother caressing and caressed, oh, — these are thoughts for a son! thoughts worse than the worst insult, — but it is impossible, it must be impossible, it *must;* is there not as much power as that in a son's prayers! Ellinor, don't sit there crying, come and help me ask mother to have pity on us!"

Mrs. Fönss made a movement of denial with her hand, and said, "Let Ellinor be, she is worn out enough as it is, and I tell you that this cannot be changed."

"I wish I were dead," said Ellinor, "but it is all true, all that Tage has said, mother, and it can never be right of you to give us a stepfather now — at our age."

"Stepfather!" cried Tage, "I hope he won't for a moment dare — You must be crazy! When he comes, we go; there is not the power on the earth that shall make me endure the presence of that man. Mother must choose — him or us! If

they go to Denmark, we stay out of the country, if they stay here, we do not."

"Do you mean that, Tage?" asked Mrs. Fönss.

"I don't *think* you can doubt it. Think of that family life: Ida and I sitting out on the terrace on a moonlight night, and there are voices in the garden, and Ida asks, 'Who is that whispering in the moonlight?' and I must answer, 'It is my mother and her new husband.' No, no, I ought not to have said that; but you see what effect it has on me; you see what harm it is doing me, and it will not help to make Ellinor better, either."

Mrs. Fönss let the children go, and remained there alone with her thoughts.

No, Tage was right, it had not made them better; how they had drifted away from her, already, in this one short hour! How they looked at her, not as her children, but as their father's, and how ready they were to let her go, as soon as they felt that her every feeling did not belong to them! But she was not only Tage's and Ellinor's mother,—she was after all a human being, with her own life and her own hope, even apart from theirs. Perhaps she was not quite as young as she had thought she was. She had felt it in this talk with her children. Had she not been sitting there, afraid in spite of her own words, and feeling as if she had robbed youth of its rights, and were not the self-confident demands of youth and its tyrannical selfishness in every word they had spoken? "It is our right to love, life is for us, and your life is to live for us."

She began to understand that it might be a satisfaction to be altogether old; not that she wished for it, but it beckoned her gently as a far-off peace, now after all the emotions she had lately gone through, now that the prospect of so many misunderstandings was so near at hand. For she did not believe that her children would change their minds, and yet she felt she must speak to them of it again and again before she gave up all hope. It was fortunate that Thorbrögger was going away at once; when he was not there the children would be less irritable, and she would have a chance to show them how eager she was to consider them in everything; the first bitterness would have time to die down, and everything,—no, she did not believe that everything would be well.

They arranged it so that Thorbrögger consented to go to Denmark to have all business matters settled. He was to stay

there for the time being. But nothing seemed to be gained by this : the children avoided her, Tage was always with Ida or her father, and Ellinor was always looking after Mrs. Kastager, who was still sick. And when finally they were alone together, where was the old confidence and feeling of care and comfort, where were all the thousand small subjects of conversation, where was all the interest and life of it ? They sat there keeping up the conversation, like people who have for a space of time enjoyed each other's company, and who are now about to part, and those who are going away are thinking only of the journey's aim, and those who are to be left think only of how they are to fall back again into their daily life and daily customs, when the strangers have gone.

There was no union in their life ; all the feeling of belonging to each other was gone. They could speak of what they intended to do next week, next month, even two months hence, but it did not interest them as a question of days that were part of their life, only as a time of waiting to be got through in this way or that ; all three asked themselves in their own minds : And what then ? because they had no feeling of surety, they had no ground to build on, before that was settled which separated them.

And every day that passed the children forgot more and more what their mother had been to them ; as children, when they think they are suffering a wrong, will forget a thousand kind deeds in the single wrong.

Tage was the softest of the two, but the one who had been most deeply wounded, because he had loved the most. He had wept in the long nights over the mother he could not keep just as he wanted her, and there were times when the memory of her love for him was ready to kill every other feeling. One day he had gone to her and had begged her to remain theirs, and only theirs, nobody else's, and he had got a "No!" And this No had made him hard, and cold also, a coldness of which he was at first almost afraid, because it brought with it a feeling of such emptiness.

It was different with Ellinor : she had in a strange way felt it like a wrong committed against her dead father ; and she began a hero worship of this father whom she remembered but dimly, and made him real and alive to herself by reviving in her memory all she had heard about him, talking of him with Kastager and with Tage, kissing morning and evening a por-

trait of him which she carried in a locket, and longing, a little hysterically, for his letters at home and for the things that had belonged to him.

While the father thus rose the mother sank. The fact that she had fallen in love with a man made her smaller in her daughter's eyes; she was no longer the mother, faultless, wisest, most beautiful, she was merely a woman like other women, — not perhaps altogether so, — and precisely because she was better, the very one to be criticised, and judged, and found full of faults and mistakes. Ellinor was glad she had not confided her unhappy love story to her mother; she did not know how much her mother had purposely done to prevent her from doing it.

The days passed, one by one; this life became more and more intolerable; and they felt, all three of them, that it was useless, and that instead of uniting them, it separated them.

Mrs. Kastager, who was now well, and who, in spite of having been out of all that had happened, knew more about it in all its aspects than any of them, because it had all been told her. Mrs. Kastager had a long talk with Mrs. Fönss, who was glad to have some one able to listen quietly to her plans for the future — Mrs. Kastager proposed that the children go to Nice with her, that Thorbrögger return to Avignon, and that they be married then. Kastager could remain as witness.

Mrs. Fönss hesitated for some time, because it was impossible for her to find out how the children looked at this; they received the intelligence in superior silence, and when she pressed them for an opinion, they said that of course they would have to act according to her wishes in this matter.

So it was arranged as Mrs. Kastager suggested it: she said good-bye to the children; they left; Thorbrögger came, and they were married.

They made Spain their home; Thorbrögger chose it on account of sheep-raising.

Neither wished to return to Denmark.

And so they lived happily in Spain.

She wrote to her children a couple of times, but in their first impetuous anger at her having left them, they returned the letters. Later they regretted this, but they could not bring themselves to acknowledge it and write to her, and thus all communication stopped between them. But once in a while, they heard of each other in roundabout ways.

Thorbrögger and his wife lived happily for five years, then she was suddenly taken ill. It was a quick, destroying disease that would inevitably end in death. Her strength decreased with every hour, and one day, when the grave was not far distant, she wrote to her children.

"Dear children!" she wrote, "I know that you will read this letter, for it will not reach you before I am dead. Do not fear, there will be no reproach hidden in these lines, could I only make them hold love enough!

"Where people love, Tage and Ellinor, little Ellinor, the one who loves the most must always humble himself, and so I come to you once more, as I shall come to you in my thoughts every hour of the day as long as I am able to. The one who is about to die, dear children, is so poor; I am so poor, the whole of this beautiful world, that has been my rich, blessed home, for so many years, is about to be taken from me; my chair will stand empty, the door is to be closed after me, and never again am I to put my foot here. Therefore I look at everything with the prayer in my eyes, that it love me; therefore I come to you and beg you love me with all the love you once gave me; for recollect that to be remembered is the only part of human life that may still be mine. Only to be remembered, nothing more.

"I have never doubted your love; I knew so well that your great love caused your great anger; had you loved me less you had let me go easier. And therefore I want to say this to you: if some day it should happen that a sorrowing man come to your door to speak to you of me, because it may be a comfort to him to speak of me, you must remember that nobody has loved me as he has loved me, and that all the happiness that can radiate from a human heart he has given me. And soon, in the last great hour, he will hold my hand, when the darkness falls over me, and his words will be the last I shall hear....

"Good-bye; I say it here, but it is not the last good-bye I send you, I shall say that as late as I dare say it, and all my love shall be in it, and the longings of so many, many years, and memories of the time when you were little, and a thousand wishes and a thousand thanks. Good-bye, Tage, Good-bye, Ellinor! Good-bye, until the last Good-bye.

"Your Mother."

SONNETS OF OLD ROME.

By JOSÉ M. DE HEREDIA.

(Translated for this work.)

[JOSÉ MARIA DE HEREDIA, the second great Cuban poet of the name, was born near Santiago in 1842, but early went to France, and studied at Senlis; returning, studied at the University of Havana, then at Paris. He became a fertile magazinist, and edited Bernal Diaz with erudite notes; but made his great reputation by volumes of poems, "Les Trophées" (sonnets) and "Les Conquerants," and in 1894 was admitted to the Academy.]

TO A TRIUMPHATOR.

CARVE on thine arch, great Captain, turn by turn,
Files of barbarian warriors, chieftains hoar
Beneath the yoke, and ships and arms a store,
And captive fleet and gorgeous prow and stern.
Be thou of Ancus sprung, or rustic kern,
Thy names and quarterings, honors, titles, all
Many or few, engrave on frieze and wall
Deep, lest thy work the future mock and spurn.

Even now Time lifts his fatal arm. Canst hope
Thy merit with Oblivion's power may cope?
Base ivy rends all trophies, creeping lithe;
And sole where marble fragments tell thy deeds,
Thy ruined glories choked by grass and weeds,
Some Samnite mower may but dull his scythe.

THE TREBIA.

Dawn grays the hills with evil-omened light.
Its thirst the quick Numidian squadron slakes
Where brawls the river, as the camp awakes.
The trumpets' reveille sounds left and right.
For spite of Scipio and false augurs, spite
Of flooded Trebia and the wind and rain,
Sempronius Consul, of new glory vain,
Bids raise the lictors' ax to march and fight.

With dolorous fires that flush heaven's somber frame,
Along its edge Insubrian hamlets flame;
Far off, an elephant trumpets in the camp.

Beneath the bridge, against the archway leant,
Exultant, musing, Hannibal intent
  Lists to his long battalions' heavy tramp.

The Cydnus.

Beneath triumphal blue and burning ray
  The silver barge flecks white the sable flood;
  Wide on its wake the censered perfumes brood,
And sound of flute and silken rustlings gay.
On the rich prow where hawk-wings spread away,
  Bent from her dais, rapt in wanton dreams,
  In twilight splendor Cleopatra seems
A golden bird far stooping on its prey.

Disarmed, at Tarsus see the warrior wait;
  While the dusk Lagid in the charmèd breath
    Opes amber arms flushed rose by purples' gleam;
And her eyes see not, presage of her fate,
  Close by, the Twins divine, Desire and Death,
    Cast the dead roses on the sullen stream.

Antony and Cleopatra.

The twain were gazing from their terraced hold
  On Egypt slumberous 'neath a blinding glare,
  The enriching Stream that rived the Delta fair,
And on to Saïs or Bubastis rolled.
The Roman feels beneath his armor cold,
  As captive soldier lulls a babe to rest,
  Grow faint and sink upon his victor breast
The form voluptuous that his arms enfold.

With pale face turned, amid her locks of jet,
  Toward him whose sense by perfumes lay entranced,
    She tendered lucent eyes and crimson lips;
And, o'er her leaned, his warrior glances met,
  In the great orbs with golden stars that danced,
    A mighty ocean flecked with flying ships.

NIHILIST CIRCLES IN RUSSIA.[1]

By GEORG BRANDES.

(From "Impressions of Russia": translated by Samuel C. Eastman.)

[Georg Brandes is one of the most eminent of Scandinavian critics. He was born of Jewish parentage in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4, 1842, and after graduating at the university in that city, traveled and lectured in all parts of Europe. In 1883 he returned to Denmark, his fellow-countrymen having guaranteed him an income of four thousand crowns for ten years, with the single stipulation that he should deliver public lectures on literature. The most important of his publications, over thirty in number, are: "Æsthetic Studies," "Criticisms and Portraits," "Principal Tendencies in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," "Danish Poets," "Impressions of Russia," "Benjamin D'Israeli," and "William Shakespeare."]

Two thousand women annually, of their own accord, accompany the exiles to Siberia, frequently to hard labor. In this way a lady of high rank, Baroness Rehbinder, some years ago went with the celebrated physician, Dr. Weimar, who was implicated in the trials for the attempts at assassination.

It can generally be said of those who "go out among the people," that when the home life is oppression or obstruction, they seek emancipation from it at any cost. It was in this view that what at the time was called *sham marriage* was invented, though it has nearly gone out of use. The young girl found a comrade of the same views of life as herself, who consented to marry her *pro forma*, but who neither had nor claimed any control over her, and by whose aid she escaped from the surveillance of her family. Sometimes it happens that the two (as in Mrs. Gyllembourg's "Light Nights"), after having become better acquainted, actually marry; in other cases the man is said to have abused the rights formally conferred upon him and a separation is the result. Generally the newly married couple have separated from each other immediately after the wedding, each being free and independent. As is well known, in "Virgin Soil" Turgenief has described a kindred case, the relation of brother and sister in the case of Nezhdanof and Marianne, after he carried away the young girl.

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However much these young women feel themselves drawn towards the common people, it very seldom happens that they fall in love or marry out of their own rank; and, if it does happen, it usually brings its own punishment. The following is an instance from my own circle of acquaintance: A young girl loved a man of her own, the higher, classes. They were both exiled by the administrative process, but were sent to the opposite ends of Siberia and could never learn the least thing about each other. In the country town where the young girl was, after the lapse of a few years, she became acquainted with a young workman exiled for the same political reasons she was. She met him daily. He fell passionately in love with her; they had a child. Other exiles, on the way home, came to the town. Among them was a young man of the same class in society as the young girl, who knew something about her lover. She was never wearied of asking him questions, and sat and talked with him through the whole night. At daybreak, as she was sitting with the child at her breast, the workman killed her in a fit of jealous frenzy. He thought that in her face he read regret for having stooped down to him. Two years after, the child was brought to St. Petersburg, to her parents.

Very significant and instructive is an unprinted and prohibited novel of Korolenko, the title of which is "Strange," and the plot as follows: —

A woman has been sent in exile to a distant province. One of the gendarmes who has accompanied the young lady is the narrator. She has not been able in advance to find out where she is to be sent to, and is thus, by two gendarmes, taken almost through the whole of Siberia. One of the gendarmes, an uncultivated but fine fellow, feels so deeply affected by her youth and charms that he actually falls in love with her, and cannot obey his orders. He tells her the name of the town which is selected for her abode. "Good!" she says; "there are several of *ours* there." Immediately on her arrival, she goes to a young man, whose name she knows, but whom she has never seen, and takes lodgings in his house. She falls ill of a lung disease.

A month later the gendarme comes again through the town, seeks her out, and finds the young man by her bedside, and with astonishment hears them still using the formal "you" to each other. It is impossible for him to understand what kind of

bond it is which unites them; it is clear that it is not love; but the companionship of ideas is foreign to his scope of comprehension. He makes known to the young girl his attachment for her, but she drives him away with the greatest abhorrence. She does not dislike him personally; but solely because he is a gendarme, from principle, from love for the cause to which she has devoted her life; he is for her not a human being, only an instrument in the hand of an evil power. The poor gendarme cannot possibly understand this any more than what has been stated above.

An author, who has a European reputation, gave me the following account of his connection with this circle: "About ten years ago, while I was living in Berlin, I frequently received letters from discontented Russians, of both sexes, some of them asking me to write for them some pamphlets, which they could translate and distribute among the peasants; and others, in relation to a monograph I had written about a celebrated revolutionary individual, — a book to which I am chiefly indebted for my popularity in certain social circles in Russia. A juvenile naïveté shone through the style of some of the letters; but the tone of warm juvenile enthusiasm, united to an energy of style, — which is uncommon even in men of ability, — in one letter, where the Christian name of the writer was only indicated by an initial, awakened great surprise in me. As I remarked, in my answer, that it was not new to me to find enthusiasm and energy among the young men in Russia, I received, to my amazement, the following reply: 'It is very possible that you have been accustomed to find these qualities among our young men; but it does not apply to my case, for I have for some years already been a grandmother.' An extended correspondence was the result of this letter. But, after the lapse of some time, this, and other correspondence of a similar nature, had to be suspended, on account of the innumerable precautions my correspondents were obliged to take. As several of my books had at that time just been forbidden in Russia, they did not dare to write my name on the envelopes. They changed the name, so that I was obliged to inform the letter carriers of it. At the time of the attempts at assassination, all correspondence of this kind was suspended."

Not infrequently they are very young children who embark upon the peculiarly Russian plans for the improvement of the world. For, even if the old sometimes possess a youthful

enthusiasm, yet in Russia, as elsewhere, it is the rule that years and experience bring both men and women to regard the existing state of things as stronger than it is, and the prospect of being able to overthrow it, as much less promising than it appeared to them in their youth. The observation has also long since been made that, in the numerous political trials of the last twenty years, hardly any one has been convicted who was over thirty years old; even those who were twenty-five years old were uncommon, the ages of the majority varying from seventeen to twenty-three.

In the spring of 1887, a young girl of sixteen was arrested in St. Petersburg, whose parents were well known everywhere in good society. Out of regard to the high standing of her father, she was set at liberty; but yet with such conditions that she now remains under the surveillance of the police. A group of young students had a weekly meeting in her mother's house, — to read Shakespeare aloud in Russian, as it was said. The fact of these six or seven students meeting together so regularly aroused suspicion; and the police sent a warning, received an explanation, and answered: "It would be better to abandon these readings."

They apparently complied. Then the young students were arrested. A manuscript translation of a little socialistic tract, written by a man by the name of Thun, was found in the rooms of one of them; and a card of invitation was found, in the same handwriting, signed with the young girl's name. It was of no avail that she denied all knowledge of the tract contained in the manuscript.

She was very peculiar: homely, with beautiful eyes; difficult to become acquainted with, for a little thing would silence her. In the presence of a dashing woman of the world or a beautiful coquette, she opened not her mouth. She contended that it was impossible to say a word in the presence of that kind of woman. She had the whole severity of youth; forbearance was a virtue she knew only by name. And she had youth's naïve faith in the efficacy of every kind of propaganda. Her mother, a lady of thirty-five years of age, was high-spirited and passionate, with all the luxurious vital powers of the Russian blood. The whole emotional life of the daughter had been absorbed by the intellectual; she managed her mother as if the latter had been her own grown-up child.

Still more rare than this type, there is among these women

the patient, light-hearted, on whom no opposition makes any impression. A letter from a young married woman, who had been exiled to a town in Siberia, but without being confined in prison, was somewhat to this effect: "Dear Friends. — I can imagine that you are somewhat uneasy about me. But never in my life have I been happier. It is quite pleasant to be separated for a while from my beloved husband, who was beginning to tire me. But that is truly one of the most unimportant things. I have been received here not as a criminal, but as a queen. The whole town is made up of exiles, descendants of exiles, friends of exiles. They actually vie with each other in showing me kindness — nay, homage. Every other evening, I am at a ball, and never off the floor. This place is a true ball paradise," etc.

More frequent than this arrogance is a humility, a profound, boundless modesty, which is genuinely Slavic. In a small house with a garden, in a remote quarter of Moscow, lived an extremely finely endowed young girl, who for many years had been severely ill; and, as a result, from time to time, especially when excited, lost the power of speech. She lived a purely intellectual life, wholly absorbed in intellectual pursuits; and, on account of her poor health and weakness, was hardly a woman. But a purer and stronger intellectual enthusiasm, and more arduous exertions in that direction, are not often seen. She translated a great deal from foreign languages, and also wrote, herself. There was a combination of energy and the most profound humility, which struck the stranger who conversed with her. Her father had been a well-known professor of mathematics. She and her two sisters, bright and healthy girls, supported themselves respectably, orphans as they were, without aid. The worship of the gifted invalid by the two sisters, especially by the younger, was very touching.

One evening, in a company, a distinguished foreigner, who had spent some time in St. Petersburg, described another young girl of the same turn of mind and of the same plane of culture, only seventeen years old, and of far bolder temperament. "I have," he continued, "met her for a short time in society, but we were almost immediately separated. I merely noticed that she had beautiful, clear eyes, and cordial but very decided manners. The day before my departure, I received a long letter from her, which seemed to me to be very interesting, because

it gave me the impression of being characteristic of a whole family. She wrote : —

"'Permit me to express to you in writing what I had not any opportunity to say otherwise. I do not speak in my own name alone, but in behalf of a large part of the young people of Russia, with whom you have not had time to become adequately acquainted. I should have said it to you day before yesterday, at the D——s', but could not in the few moments we talked together. You regretted having known, comparatively, so few of the young people. That is partly because the time of your visit was very unfortunately chosen, so far as the Russian youth are concerned. It is just the time of examination in all of the public institutions of education. But, entirely apart from that, the Russian youth could not make themselves known to you. Life deprives us of its highest good, — freedom, and all the happiness which is inseparable from it ; but do not believe us insensible to that which alone gives meaning and value to human life. Quite the contrary. If fate has sent us so few blessings, we love those we do receive all the more dearly, and prize them the more highly. We prize above everything the science which emancipates. It is not allowed to the Russian youth to express in writing what they feel ; but it would pain me, as a patriot, if you should get an unjust impression of them. You once called Rudin the typical representative of the Russian weakness of character. "Weakness!" I exclaimed to myself when I heard it. Oh, no! Do not forget that the Russian literature is only an incomplete reflex of the life and character of the Russian people. Do not forget that they would make us deaf and dumb, and that we are still too few in number not to be compelled to be so. But we are really not like Rudin. Rudin is intelligent, and has a certain quality of intellectual perception, but has no depth of soul ; he loves no one and no thing. He is allured by the beauty of ideas ; he is not drawn on by true and earnest love for the human race. It is on this account that he is a failure in his relation to Nathalie, and especially in life, even if he does not succeed as a hero. But, great God! — do not believe about us that we are a failure in the wearisome battle of life, which we are in, day in and day out. How unjust! my strong and living faith is that Russia will some day come forth cured of its political disease, and disclose itself liberally and manfully. I believe not only in the Russian people, but

I believe in our intelligent youth, in their receptiveness of everything which is true and therefore beautiful. It betrays itself in the profound respect for the men who understand how to find out and unveil the meaning of things, and to open for us wider horizons.' "

There is, perhaps, nothing in this letter indicative of uncommon abilities, and the seventeen-year-old child is visible behind it; nevertheless, there is a personality in it which may be typically Russian, and which it would be impossible to find in a Scandinavian girl of that age, — and a will gleams out through the words, flashing like a steel blade, a will which is full of promise.

One can form a vivid conception of this progressive youth of both sexes, as they enter upon life, face to face with the common people, whose elevation is the object of their aspirations.

These young people represent the highest culture of the age; among the peasants there is an ignorance which renders it almost impossible to begin the communication of information. An exiled mathematician, who had returned from Siberia, a very practical young man, told me that in the country town he was regarded as a man with a supernatural insight, simply on account of his large library; and after he had taught some peasants there, in the spring, how to graft fruit trees, they came to him the next day from the whole neighborhood with sick children and sick cattle, and besought him to undertake a general cure: "Make them well, little father! make them well!" When he assured them that he had not the power to do it, there was not one of them who would believe him. They begged, cried, asked him what they had done to him that he would not help them: "You know very well you can, if you will!"

In Benjamin Constant's old work on "Religion," it is related that at the beginning of this century, when a Russian general in full uniform rode out into a country town in a part of Siberia but little frequented, he was regarded by the natives as God himself, and that the memory of his appearance got such a firm hold among the people that when ten years later a Russian colonel came to the same place he was greeted as the "Son of God."

That would hardly be possible now. Still, the following happened last year. A cultured Russian passed through a town inhabited by Cossacks of Little Russia. He was asked the

question : " Will you be so good as to tell us if you have been in the other world ? " He was offended, since he supposed that the inhabitants meant to indicate to him that they did not believe what he had said. But the fact was that one of the inhabitants of the town had returned from a pilgrimage and had told them that he came from the other world, and those recently deceased in the town had requested him to bring greetings to their relatives. He had gone away again, loaded with rustic presents, to the departed relatives of the credulous Cossacks. Now they wanted to find out from the Russian gentleman whether these gifts had reached their proper destination.

In the presence of such ignorance and naïveté, mutual understanding is difficult, — most difficult, perhaps, because the peasant does not like to be treated as children are by their teachers. As a matter of course, he does not like to have morals preached to him. When an attempt was lately made on an estate to give a new drama of Tolstoï, aimed against intoxicating liquors, and in which the devil personally appears as the maker and distributer of spirits, the peasants expressed their disgust at it. It was, they said, a tale for children.

But the same peasants would readily believe that, if the harvest was poor this year, it was because the priests were now on a fixed salary. Heretofore the latter said the mass earnestly, to get a good harvest and rich tithe : this year it was all the same to them ; therefore they prayed negligently and without real heartiness. Drought followed. And the same peasants explained the last Russian-Turkish war by saying that in the country of the Turks there lies in the ground a huge beast, of great age, and under the claw of his left hind leg an immense treasure of gold is buried, which the Tsar wanted to wrest from the Turk.

It must not be forgotten that by the last returns seventy-six out of one hundred of the soldiers could neither read nor write.

On the other hand, let us examine the moral idea which underlies the whole struggle of the intelligent people of Russia : The wish to be useful, to see those about them happy in freedom. This idea crops out in many different guises, now in the costume of the utilitarianism of Bentham and Mill, now in the garb of Tchernuishevski's phalanstery, now in Dostoyevski's strait-jacket, but it is the basis of the philosophy of the enlightened reformers of the fatherland and their friends of reform.

In speaking of the relations of the two sexes, attention has been called to the equality between the man and woman, and to the greatest possible sum of human freedom as the right of both. On this point we can compare the manner of thought and action prevailing among the peasants. External considerations are almost wholly excluded from the marriage question in this class. Nowhere else in Europe does the heart play so small a rôle in affairs of this kind. That early marriages do not indeed of themselves bestow the happiness of love is shown here ; for as a rule the age at which they marry is eighteen for the men and sixteen for the women. A result of the extreme youth of these marriages is that the " old man," the head of the family, is often a man less than forty years old and who uses to the full extent his power and the respect which must be shown to him. For a long time past he has sent his sons into the fields and been at home alone with the son's wives. For centuries he has gone about among all the young women in the house, like a Turkish sultan, and none of them has dared to defy him. A whole range of Russian national songs treat of the cane of the father-in-law. The result is that the Russian peasant never has treated woman as man's equal helpmate. The proverbs run : " Love your wife as your own soul and beat her like your fur ! " — " If you cannot thrash your wife, whom can you thrash? " — " It is my wife — my thing." — Even in the seventeenth century the father, on giving his daughter in marriage, bought a new whip to give her the last domestic discipline coming from him, and then gave it solemnly to the son-in-law, with the direction to use it early and unsparingly. On entering the bridal chamber, the ceremonial custom was for the bridegroom to give his bride one or two lashes over the shoulders, with the words: " Now forget your father's will and suit yourself to mine." The national song, nevertheless, directs him to take a " silken whip."

What a stride it is from this to the conceptions of the youngest generation about the right of women freely to give themselves away and freely recede, and their ideas of the common work of the sexes for the freedom and happiness of the masses !

And yet, if the distance is enormous between these alert and sprightly young people and those for whom and among whom they would labor, the contrast between an *intelligentia* with its system of morals and the official world of Russia, which holds

in its hands the whole administration and all the material means of the country, is not less immense.

Here is an intelligent *élite*, for whom the rule of ethics is not the official patent morality, — nay, even not the legal — for the motto, "Nothing unlawful," is, for many who belong to it, the stamp of the Philistine, — but for whom above all ethics stands that which they call *the divine spark*, — this spark which Dostoyevski traces out and finds even in criminals and the partially insane, and for whom morality is what they call "the unconscious condition," — that is, that in which the individual does what is right without exertion, without self-conquest, because it agrees with his nature.

Imagine an *intelligentia* with these rules of ethics, as a spiritual guiding power in a state which is ruled and governed as Russia, — where the most ignorant bigotry, in the darkest of the Christian creeds, is the law and fashion, which from the court is diffused downwards, and where a single man's will, even if he has none, is the supreme controlling law.

These two underlying powers are drawing away from each other on every side. What does it lead to? Can any mortal draught the parallelogram of these forces, the resulting tendency and its course?

We are reminded, in considering it, of the passage in Gogol's "Dead Souls," where Tchitchikof's *kibitka* is lost in the distance, driven with mad haste : —

"And dost not thou, Russia, drive away, like a *troïka*, not to be overtaken! The road smokes behind thee, the bridges creak. Thou leavest all behind thee. The beholders, amazed, stop and say, — 'Was it a flash of lightning? what means this blood-curdling course? what is the secret power in these horses? What kind of horses are you? have you whirlwinds in your withers? have you recognized tones from above, and do you now force your iron limbs, without touching the earth with your hoofs, to fly hence through the air, as if inspired by a God? Russia, answer whither thou art driving!' There comes no answer. We can hear the little bells on the horses tinkling strangely; there is a groaning in the air, increasing like a storm; and the Russian land continues its wild flight, and the other nations and kingdoms of the earth step timorously aside, without checking its career."

VARVARA AFANASIEVNA.

By VISCOUNT MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.

(From "Russian Hearts"; translated for this work.)

[Viscount Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, the precursor and leader of the conservative religious reaction in France in recent years, was born at Nice in 1848. He fought in the Franco-Prussian War, was taken prisoner, and afterward became attaché to the French embassy at Constantinople; among the ruins of the Orient he was penetrated with a sense of the continuity and the ideal meaning of history, and wrote letters upon it published in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. Among other results of his Eastern experiences were "Syria, Palestine, and Mount Athos" (1876), and "Oriental Histories" (1879). He thence went to St. Petersburg, making fine literary use of several years' stay, in "The Son of Peter the Great" (1884), "The Russian Romance" (1886), "Souvenirs and Visions" (1887), and "Russian Hearts" (1894). Since 1881 he has abandoned diplomatic life for literary production, and he has been a passionate preacher against the materialism, sensualism, and art unfecundated by social purpose, so prominent in French letters.]

As we continued talking on the condition of the peasants, I spoke to my host of certain individuals of that class whom I had seen figure in political trials; I told him how little they resembled the ideal type he had just evoked.

"From the moralist's point of view you are a thousand times right," replied Mikhaïl Dmitrich; "but from the pyschologist's point of view the difference is only apparent, — it is the same motives which, well or ill directed, produce such diverse action. I have tried to show you a glimpse of one phase of the Russian soul, what is called the ancient. That is the more easily explainable, to be sure, and we have not the gift of unconscious heroism; your middle ages were acquainted with races like what ours is to-day; you will find there again a thousand traits like those I have just recalled. Any given French or German crusader of the thirteenth century hardly differed from my Fedia or my Petrushka [types of self-sacrificing heroism].

"What disconcerts you is the new phase, the unexpected aspect under which that soul presents itself, when an accident precipitates it from its thirteenth century into the nineteenth. You saw this morning, my dear sir, and were kind enough to admire in order to flatter my vanity as owner, the sole fruit of my greenhouse, the wild cherry of the steppes on which I had grafted plums; you believed me on my word when I told you

that this coarse stock, covered with thorns and bitter berries, had thrown out last year a miraculous branch loaded with Queen Claudes as large as eggs. That tree is the image of my country; I do not know a more exact one. On the young wild trunk we have grafted here and there your Western ideas: for a long time still the tree continues to bear its natural fruits; but a few branches, constrained to yield to the experiment, bear new fruit; nourished by too violent a sap, the fruit appears transformed, perhaps monstrous. Most people who view it comprehend nothing of this hybrid vegetation; many, too hurried to examine the phenomenon thoroughly, see only one side, and they argue: 'It is a wild cherry,' cry a part; 'It is a plum,' reply the others. This brings us back to the famous question of nihilism, on which so much nonsense has been talked.

"Nihilism is that and nothing but that: the product of modern ideas hastily grafted on the Russian trunk. A chance of education, of fortune, abruptly draws Fedia or Petrushka from his natural surroundings, from his indolence of thought, infusing into him at a stroke the new learning, the pride of reason with its need of liberty or revolt — take whichever word you will, I do not prejudge it. My peasant's mind is changed, but not his soul and his instincts, which resist longer. In the brain where you have lodged your bold speculations, the vigorous blood of the primitive being continues to beat with eager pulsations. With you, evolution has operated slowly on the entire being; these audacities of thought are no longer made use of, with rare exceptions, by a formidable temperament, by a soul still burning with faith: with my man the temperament is entire, the faith instinctive, so that in default of better he will arrive at this laughable compromise, faith in nonentity; and will drive at it with lowered horns. In these unhappy beings there is a conflict of natures, and so to speak a conflict of centuries; more than any one else he has a right to apply to himself the words of Job, 'Pains struggle in me.'

"What will come out of this conflict, the Devil only knows; a thousand follies, a thousand forms of despair. — But don't let us wander into metaphysics. Do you wish to see one of these premature grafts and the fruit they bear? It concerns a woman: in our people, the woman is apter than the man at these subtle transformations, and it is in her that the phenomenon is most curious.

"My mother had harbored in this village a little girl whose lively intelligence promised much. This child shared the first lessons given to my sister, and read at random all our old library treasures. Later, my sister was sent to an academy at Moscow; her companion declared that she wished to perfect her studies and prepare for a liberal profession. Great embarrassment, as always, at such an occurrence. When the Creator gave wings to the birds, he took care to give them space to fly in; we, in our imprudent solicitude, give them wings and no space. My mother consented to send her protégée to Moscow.

"Varvara Afanasievna — thus she was termed — took it into her head to study medicine. That was the trend at the moment; hundreds of girls in Russia, seeing there a possible career for themselves, besieged the medical faculties, and urgently claimed admission to the lessons first, then to diplomas and the free exercise of that art. Nothing was organized to satisfy their prayers; some of them were admitted by grace of special courses, opened at a Moscow hospital. Varvara passed her days there from dawn to night, leaning over dissecting tables, feeling neither cold nor hunger, studying with a wholly feminine passion.

"At the end of a year, the state of our affairs obliged my mother to remove to the country with her children; she wished to recall the little village girl to the family roof, — being very little edified, moreover, by an occupation which she hardly understood, and which promised no future to a peasant girl without a copper of her own. This time, Varvara rebelled outright, and refused to follow her protectress. This was in 1872; the minister of war inaugurated at Petersburg, under the name of an experiment, the famous courses of medicine for women at the Medico-Surgical Academy; all those words are a little astonished to meet each other, but you are not a beginner in Russia, and you are no longer astonished at anything, I hope. Varvara, who was not twenty, put a few clothes and a few rubles into a handkerchief, took the train for Petersburg, and plunged into the capital, more alone than Robinson on his island.

"Now we have come to the point, I stop my recital and let the heroine speak for herself: it will be wholly to our profit. My mother continuing to send some help to her, Varvara made it a duty to write to her benefactress now and then. Here are the letters: I keep them as a curious document for the moral history of our time."

M. P—— got a packet of papers from a cupboard in his study and read them to me. I asked his permission to transcribe some extracts from this correspondence; they would teach nothing to any one in Russia, where not a month passes without the newspapers registering histories like these.

Varvara Afanasievna to Madame P——

PETERSBURG, November 1, 1872.

MY MUCH-HONORED BENEFACTRESS: Well! the Academy opened its doors to us to-day, the lectures were inaugurated, and I have the happiness to be among the chosen. It was not without trouble and disquiet. What frights have I and many others passed through in these three months! Every sort of contradictory rumor ran through our little world. Sometimes there was talk of refusal of the supreme authorization, sometimes we were threatened with the opposition of one or another professor. Nobody knew just what the programme of the entrance examination was, but all agreed in predicting that this examination would be of an extreme severity, to discourage our premature aspirations. There were, we were assured, more than four hundred applications, and the admissions were limited to sixty-six. Nevertheless we prepared ourselves at our best on all subjects.

Toward the middle of the last month, the examinations began: what a disappointment for us! They put us a few general questions on physics, chemistry, mathematics, the Latin and French languages; baby questions, jokes! The examiner asked me about the common properties of bodies; he did not condescend to question me on geometry, which I have spent so much time over. We perfectly understood the secret reason of this indulgence; it was to humiliate us. We were given to understand that they were investigating our development rather than our acquired knowledge. Our enemies hoped thus to belittle the work we were establishing, by refusing to take it seriously. But we will make it live in spite of everything, this sacred work!

Despite the ridiculous easiness of the examination, some candidates were turned down. The unfortunates wept hot tears and plead with the professors, speaking of their lost life. Before these tragic despairs, they consented to exceed the set figure of sixty-six woman students; eighty-six have been

admitted, who presented themselves this morning for the opening lecture.

You cannot imagine what a varied public it was, of every class, of every age, of every region. There are widows, married women, young girls; one is only seventeen. Some of my companions have come from the farthest parts of the empire, from the Caucasus, from Siberia. All classes were represented, but unequally: the daughters of minor state officials sent the strongest contingent; next were the daughters of small traders; there are only four girls from the nobility, one peasant's daughter like me, and one soldier's daughter.

When the door of honor of the Academy of Medicine — that door at which our sisters knocked vainly for ten years — opened before us for the first time, we cleared it with a sense of triumphant pride. We felt ourselves the advance guard of all the Russian women, called at last to the free employment of their talents and of their social activity. Not to compromise the institution, still so precarious, of which we expect everything, we yield to the sacrifices and the humiliations which they do not spare us. Thus on our entrance into the amphitheatre, an inspectrix delegated to keep watch of us ranged us in rows like boarding-school girls, as if we were not women emancipated by knowledge.

I write with emotion the date of this day, which will mark later an era in the national history, like the date of the emancipation of the serfs. It has overthrown the barriers erected against women. The field of the future is open to us. We come here to seek, first, a practical means of living independently, and usefully to others; next and above all, the secret of knowledge, of the knowledge we love with a religious passion, which alone can furnish a remedy for all the present evils, a solution to all doubts, an ideal of life. . . .

PETERSBURG, February, 1873.

We are out of the hesitations and the uncertainties of the beginning. Thanks to the protection of the ministry of war, thanks to the generous legacy of a donatrix and to public subscriptions, the course of medicine for women, which had no budget, is assured of a subsistence. Its duration will be four years. And afterwards? —

Afterward, the future is still obscure: we do not know yet whether our diplomas will confer rights on us equal to those

of masculine physicians, and without those rights, how struggle, how find a situation that can afford us a livelihood? But sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. At present we have only to think how to arm for the conflict, to prove our aptitude for the rights we claim, to impose our superiority. Besides, we are all happiness over being able at last to work freely. One should hear our elders telling of their long despairs, when of old they were admitted to the amphitheatre on the sly, by the side doors and for a few minutes, like thieves. To-day we have an amphitheatre to ourselves, and the privilege of working there from morning to night; we have our hours reserved in the dissecting room; in a word, we can learn anatomy on actual corpses! You may guess if we profit by it. Many of my companions study with such fever that they fall sick from it.

At the beginning, the professors' lessons were a little superficial; they persisted in treating us as children, in not taking us seriously. Now, the most of them do us justice; they give us the same lessons as the students, they tell us the last word of science. It is the professor of histology who has understood us and conquered our sympathies most; he is to examine us in a few days; I await that examination with anguish, for I should wish above everything to make our master feel how the subject he is treating impassions me, with what love for histology he has been able to inspire me.

We live on good enough terms with the inspectrix, despite the irritation this pretense of leading us around like boarders always causes us. What was the object of weighting this poor lecture budget with this sinecure? If it is imagined that it will establish maternal relations between her and us, they are mistaken. The regulations compel us to inform her of everything *extraordinary* that may occur to us. What is the meaning of that? That we shall tell her our dreams when we have a fever? Well, here is the regulation, as it is printed on our residential permits.

"The attendants at the lectures" — they will not call us students, the only qualification we really have — "are strictly obliged to inform the inspectrix of everything extraordinary that may happen to them. They must fulfill their religious duties and present the testimonials thereto of ecclesiastical persons. They must observe a rigorous order during the lessons, and not trouble them by manifestations of any sort. They may not leave the city without the authorization of the inspec-

trix. They must wear the uniform, and in general conform in their toilette to the rules of the most severe decency."

It is needless to add that every one of these points remains a dead letter.

As to the toilette, it is a subject of perpetual quarrels with the inspectrix. The uniform in question is a chestnut-colored gown, with a pinafore and a black apron. Nobody will have this costume; we dress in our own way, with no search beyond: a black dress, a paletot, an astrakhan cap, and short hair. A compromise has been entered into between the inspectrix and us: in solemn ceremonials, when a high personage honors the academy with his visits, we present ourselves in uniform and with a net, those who have one; as for the rest, the inspectrix has taken care to have a stock of nets on hand, which serve to disguise our short hair in these exceptional cases. The high personage departed, the inspectrix puts away the nets in her drawer for the next occasion. We take our parts in this masquerade laughingly. Our duenna is willing to shut her eyes to another infraction of the rules, and not to perceive that we smoke cigarettes in the corridors during the intervals of the lessons.

I feel quite sure this worthy lady was especially invented to watch over our occasional relations with the male students, when they mingle with us in leaving the lectures. What is the good? the students are very polite; we neither seek nor shun them, and we have no incivility to complain of on their part.

PETERSBURG, December, 1873.

You wished to be informed as to my means of existence. I have not spoken to you about my difficulties, which have been great, so as not to be a burden to you; now these difficulties are less, and I find them supportable when I think of the embarrassments of my companions still less favored.

Truly I do not know how we managed to live during these first weeks, before anything was organized for mutual aid among ourselves. A small number of us had some personal resources, twenty-five or thirty rubles [$20] a month; the majority were very far from that ideal fortune, and many had nothing in the world but head, feet, and hands. Held at the academy from morning to night, without relatives in this city, we could not seek the only work that suits us, private lessons.

It is with great difficulty and at ridiculous prices that we have found a few of them. The place is everywhere filled by the male students; there are hundreds of them, as poor as we, on the alert for every demand for lessons; they go everywhere, hustle around, and we have not the same facilities. Often we do not possess even the small advance payments necessary to have our offers of service inserted in the papers. Lastly, our position as students frightened the families; the prejudice against us is so strong that many of my comrades have seen the private lessons withdrawn which they were giving in the city before their entrance into the academy.

This dread that we inspire renders everything difficult for us. In many houses they refuse to lodge us when we exhibit the terrible residential permit, with the notice, "Attendants at the medical lectures," which seems an official advertisement of our having been distrusted. We are grouped in a few miserable rooms of the suburb, around the academy. At the outset I shared one of those rooms half and half with a comrade: for eight rubles a month we had six square meters [say 7 by 9], a bed, a table, and a chair. There was a common kitchen in the court, which furnished us dinners at twenty-five kopecks [ten or eleven cents]; every other day we took one of these dinners for the two of us; the leavings did us for the next day.

As this was too luxurious for our means, we applied to the charity bureau, established near the school for the students; the soup there was so nauseous that we could not endure it, and my companion was taken sick. We ended by doing like most of the others, contenting ourselves with a cup of tea and a morsel of cheese in the evening; of course you have some qualms when you must work on an empty stomach in the amphitheatre all day, but pshaw! with youth to help, you come out of it. And when nature cries out too hard, you absorb yourself in study with still more zeal. I assure you the brain achieves the suppression of the stomach: it suppresses so many other things with us! We shall think of these miseries with pleasure one day, when we have captured the golden key of knowledge, which gives possession of the world.

Our condition is a little ameliorated since we have united in groups of five or six, to diminish our expenses of food and lodging. Public subscriptions, and concerts given for the benefit of the women students, have furnished us with some help. Nevertheless, the life of many among us is a miracle

still. From time to time, when a female student does not appear at the school for a few days, they go to look for her; they find her in bed, at the end of her strength, nothing to eat since the night before last; the richer ones assess themselves to come to her aid, and there she is with a new lease of life.

PETERSBURG, May, 1874.

Our work progresses and grows strong; we, the elders, are approaching the goal, and here already behind us are more numerous recruits for the first year's course. They have come with the same faith, the same abnegation; we must continue to give them the same example of labor, without faltering. . . .

The hardest thing in our existence is its monotony and its isolation. Nothing outside our studies; the whole day is passed at the lectures; you go home, you talk of the professor's lesson, you plunge into your books till the minute of the hour. Always fibers and cells, to know nothing but that in the world, to have your brain haunted by it — perhaps it is too much; at moments, by force of the tension of mind on the same subject, terrors seize me, it seems to me I am about to go mad! We have no means of procuring a newspaper for ourselves, no time to visit the public libraries; sometimes we go down into the streets to catch the conversations of the passers-by, and so find out what is going on in this good Russia we are totally ignorant of.

Our dream, difficult to realize, is an evening at the theater now and then; for that the male students have to be willing to accompany us and charge themselves with securing our seats. We know a few of them, those who live in the same houses we do; they sometimes come to our gatherings, bring a paper which we devour like shipwrecked persons, and tell us the news. They are good fellows, but we have maintained a great reserve in our relations with them, for society, which accuses us of boldness, misconstrues the nature of these entirely fraternal intimacies; it is impossible to make it admit that the habitual preoccupations of our sex disappear or change their character with women enlightened by knowledge. Despite the inveterate opinions of the sorry world that pursues us with its hate, I have not seen anywhere around me, I assure you, what the world calls disorder. Certain of my companions, it is true, have thought it their duty to associate their lives with

those of honest workers like themselves ; the greater part have done so with the ceremonial commonly used; some have dispensed with that ceremonial, without doubt for serious reasons which I do not judge. All have acted in such cases with a calm and unshakable determination, with loyalty and dignity ; giving no more importance than is proper to these personal arrangements, in an existence devoted to the general interest.

— But it is too soon to undertake the reform of the vulgar judgment on these questions, to dissuade it from attaching a moral signification to phenomena that are the simplest of organic life — too soon !

PETERSBURG, January, 1876.

Forgive me if I write you rarely; the uniform sequence of our days can offer you nothing interesting. For three years each of those days begun and ended like those which have preceded it. It is but yesterday, it seems to me, that I entered this school for the first time. And yet during these three years what information acquired, what new points of view in my mind, what a moral transformation!

On the one hand, I see the definite horizon of knowledge recede before me, I despair of ever reaching its boundaries. Our professors expound contradictory theories to us; the results of their researches are full of obscurity; where is the truth? The universe appears to me an impenetrable enigma; does it represent anything real? Perhaps for each of us it is only a dream of insanity.

On the other hand, I have better learned to know society and its injustice. Oh, how ill this society is made ! Everything is to change there ; but how petty we are to accomplish this gigantic task ! and with what laughably inadequate forces ! Nothing comes to us but afflicting news : our country retrogrades instead of advancing ; men of good will are discouraged, or if they act, their efforts turn against themselves their blind contemporaries misunderstand them ; nothing is heard of but gloomy things, repressions, prisons, Siberia. — Our generation is sacrificed ; perhaps it is not destined to build anything, and its paltry ideal must be to limit itself to destroying that which is. —

This poor people, of which I am, and for which I work, is slumbering in brutishness ; it swells the chorus with our persecutors, and translates grossly into its fashion the reprobation

that pursues us. The other day I was riding with some of my companions on the Perspective, in the public sledge; the workmen recognized us, surrounded us, and followed us with their shouts: "Yah! the empresses of the Viborg suburb! room for the empresses! Ha, ha!" —

No matter. No discouragement, above all no sentimental whimperings, unworthy of a girl who knows each of her nerves by its name, unworthy of a Russian will. We must march forward, against the stupid world, as marched the apostles of the ancient faith.

PETERSBURG, March, 1877.

It has come, that moment we have called on in every prayer! The last year of the lectures is ended, we have gone through the commencement examinations, we possess our diplomas. I hesitate to rejoice at what I have so much desired. What shall we do with these diplomas? They do not confer on us the legal rights of true physicians; we are only a sort of medical second choice, under suspicion in advance. In these conditions, how can we obtain State places and a clientage, things already so difficult to find without that?

Nevertheless, we have paid dear enough for the rights they sell us. Entering the academy eighty-six, we come out seventy-four. During these four years, twelve of us have succumbed, seven from consumption. That is a nice proportion, isn't it? it witnesses strongly enough of our sufferings, our privations, our excess of work. Despite the resources of our youth, there have been twelve victims who were not able to bear up under fireless rooms, the wretched food of charity kitchens, laborious nights which burnt their blood. And the others, those who have reached the port, perhaps secretly envy their companions fallen on the road, but freed, and sure of rest.

What does society offer us for so much labor and constancy? Nothing. An empty title, and no hope of gaining daily bread with that depreciated title. Our only chance lies in appeal to the zemstvos, the provincial administrations, which lack physicians especially. We turn to all quarters to solicit the vacant places, whether in the most remote districts of the empire, in Asia, or among the frontier tribes! They do not answer us; they prefer surgeons and veterinarians. One of our comrades, a Lutheran, has been engaged for the German colonies of the steppes. We rejoiced over her good fortune, — that is to say,

the right she acquired of burying forever in a desert her youth, her activity, and her talents. It is the savage law of the struggle for existence which weighs on us. I have been taught that this law governs the universe ; I perceive it plainly.

P.S. — I learn sad news. You know in our course there was a soldier's daughter, Sophia Moltakova ; she was the most deserving among us : risen from nothing, she had conquered all obstacles by force of courage. After the commencement examinations she was allowed a glimmer of hope of a hospital position in Finland. We took up a collection to facilitate her journey, and sent her off on the railroad. On her arrival at Helsingfors, she was found lying in her compartment, poisoned with prussic acid. The poor girl had been seized with discouragement, or had she said to herself that the end to be attained was not worth what it cost? Courage had never failed her : it is probable that she had coldly reasoned out the folly of living. But does one ever know why a Russian girl kills herself? — That makes thirteen.

Petersburg, April, 1877.

The war of liberation is declared ! At last here is a solution of our uncertainties, a field of activity worthy of us. Appeal is made for every kind of medical assistance ; they are very willing to know us now: we are to set out in a body for the Danube. Sophia killed herself too soon. What finer employment for our learning? We are going to concur in the deliverance of our brother Slavs, to take our large part in that grand movement which is carrying Russia toward new destinies, which must purify her and regenerate her by the counter-action. The hates and lacerations of the past are foundering in oblivion ; all hearts, all intellects, unite in one same fraternal bound forward. Up, all ye overthrown and oppressed ! it is the dawn that is breaking before us ! It is justice ! it is love !

I write in haste — I am about to leave.

Sistovo, July, 1877.

I belong to the great Sistovo ambulance, in the quality of assistant physican. I exercise my art under desperate conditions : we lack many things, and our real resources often remain useless, in consequence of the disorder that reigns here. I forbear to depict for you the sadness and the depression that have replaced in my spirit the confidence of the first hours.

Oh, the horrible and stupid thing that war is! From afar, it appears a magnificent holocaust; close by, I see it as it is in reality, an inept butchery. War unchains the savage beast that is in us; egotism and ferocity joyfully give themselves way. I had figured that here at least, the social injustice was attenuated by the common abnegation: nowhere does it wound the eyes more; the small cynically sacrificed to the ambition of the great, to jealous rivalries, to unconfessed intrigues. These Bulgarians we are come to deliver seem much happier than our own people: they receive us coldly, and see us die with indifference. We have changed our minds on their score. Our soldiers are admirable for heroism, but nothing is more revolting to the reason than this fruitless heroism.

I experience the sensation of moral and physical horror that one would feel in seeing a madman cut the throats, without motive, of the sane people around him. No one succeeds in comprehending the march and the goal of operations; their sole evident result is that long file of carts which every evening pours out its wounded into the ambulance. I live in the midst of groans, tortures, and death. I see nothing but burning wounds, visages convulsed by fever, heaps of mutilated corpses, and hearts in distress. — And why all this? why? —

PLEVNA, December, 1877.

Months and months has this nightmare lasted: nothing announces that it is near its end. Our progress is insensible, there is advance, retreat, change of generals — the work undertaken has failed. This prodigious effort has aborted, useless for our fatherland; she will have lost the purest of her blood, the heroisms which ought to have wrought for her renovation, without having realized her dreams for others. Fool that I was to believe that reason and science could do anything for the world! More than ever, the world is to be delivered over to the brutal play of force: the tyrannical chances which govern it seem to have but one goal, the crushing of the meeker, the better. It sometimes occurs to me to compare my mind to these fields of battle, covered with corpses, which I have under my eyes; thus lie in me all my hopes, dead.

We await events in this charnel of Plevna. All is desolation around us. Winter has come to add its cruelties to those of men. I could not have imagined that nature could be so ingenious in varying its sufferings. They envelop me like a

sensible element, a poisoned atmosphere. In the earliest days my nerves upheld me with their frightful tension; now they are tired and sated, and I fulfill my mechanical task with intervals of deep dejection, nauseas of moral disgust. The combatants, at least, are stimulated by the sentiment of danger, by the necessities of the struggle; and then you can electrify these poor people with the sign of the cross, with a few sonorous words. The spectator has not the resource of action; and one who thinks cannot put hollow phrases in the balance with physical torments. Each morning, when the cry of a wounded man wakes me with a start, I feel life towering over me again like an iron wheel, and make in my bed an instinctive gesture to drive it away.

If this must finish by madness, it would be better to forestall the moment. Moreover, the spectacle at which I have assisted for a month has taught me the trivial worth of existence. In the ordinary course of things, when death is met at rare intervals, it seems an extraordinary phenomenon, a repulsive one; but when every day you see men's lives flow away like the merest water, you sometimes have the temptation to join the torrent, poor little insignificant drop that you are.

Finally, I talked with a young physician on this subject. We agreed in recognizing that, past a certain degree of despair and revolt, man naturally feels the need of destroying, of exterminating a part, however little it be, of that universe which overwhelms his heart and outrages his reason. It is the supreme resource of his impotence, to annihilate something. Only we differed on one point: I maintained that the first movement is to destroy one's self, that every individual has been ready to do it at some given moment of his life. He claimed that the instinct of self-preservation renders this act extremely difficult, and that it is much easier to kill some one else; he alleged in proof of it the number of murders, much greater than those of suicides, and the example of soldiers who kill gayly. — It is possible; there is a difference of temperament there in all cases. As for me, I think if I were a soldier and placed in that monstrous alternative, I should turn my weapon against myself. . . .

Since then, this young physician has been carried off by typhus; he was a brave and resolute spirit, the only one who was in communion of ideas with me, the sole friend I had found

in this medley of barbarian egoisms. I regret him. — Sentimental silliness, for he drew the good lot like Sophia Moltakova. . . .

Decidedly, Sophia was right, when I think of it, and I think of it a great deal. — Another wounded man calling me! the iron wheel that towers up again. — No longer to see suffering, no longer to think — delightful nothingness. . . .

The Superior of the Sisters of Mercy to Madame P——.

Plevna, December, 1877.

Madame, — Knowing that you took an interest in one of the attendants of my ambulance, Varvara Afanasievna, I write to inform you of the sad end of that unfortunate. For some time we had remarked the symptoms of melancholia in her, something gloomy and absorbed. I made vain efforts to penetrate this wild nature, which must have hidden an irritable sensibility under a surface hardness; my amicable attempts were futile against her pride, her silent indifference. In consequence of the recent battles, we have had in these days a renewal of wounded and of work for the ambulance. Varvara Afanasievna acquitted herself of her service as she was wont, with a punctual zeal; but day before yesterday morning, when we looked for her to help the surgeon in an operation, one of our sisters came all in tears to call me; she led me, without power to speak, to the attendant's room: I found nothing but a lifeless corpse. Varvara had hanged herself, with the sheet of her cot, to a beam of the roof.

We are lost in conjectures over the motives of the hapless girl. I think they must be sought in the desolating doctrines these poor women feed on. This one passed her rare hours of leisure over a work of the philosopher Schopenhauer. I venture to think our sisters are better inspired when, in the intervals of their painful duties, they content themselves with reading the Gospel once more.

How could this troubled soul not have been comforted and sustained by the admirable examples of heroism, devotion, and resignation amid which we live? These lofty manifestations of human nature ought to have reconciled her with life, if she had to complain of it. A woman they said was so learned and of so manly a spirit! I judge by my pious group, which gives us so much edification in these days of trials, and I conclude

that to be able to suffer, the humble can be counted on more than the wise.

I join, madame, my prayers to yours, that the Lord may gather in that strayed one and give her place in his rest.

Your servant,

N——.

"Poor girl!" I cried, returning the letters to M. P——, "some secret wound gave the final stroke, no doubt a first heart disappointment!"

"Ah!" said my host, "I was waiting for that! What a true Frenchman you are! You must have a little romance directly, mustn't you? an unprosperous love with its sequence of tragedy. Good heavens! that is to be found with us as everywhere; but nineteen times out of twenty, it is useless for explaining the epidemic of suicide that so sharply assails our youth. To make love intervene when there are children of fifteen, of twelve, who kill themselves in our schools! We are so used to them there that the announcement of those two suicides, at the end of the first medical course, passed unnoticed as a normal fact, when it appeared in the papers of the time.

"No, my dear sir, our girls, striking against life, commit suicide just as a shell bursts, simply because there is powder in it. Reason — the famous modern Reason — has come to inflate the pride of these wild souls; cast by knowledge into a new world, they make for themselves a wild ideal of life, outside all the old forms of the ideal. But the ideal, whatever it be, is like the eel, it always slides through your hands at any given moment; then our heroines, preferring to confess themselves vanquished rather than deceived, too proud to go back and essay the old ideal of the plain people, leap into annihilation. And the same, though more rarely, with men of feminine organization, such as are found so often with us. Some, as Varvara wrote, conceive their revenge otherwise: they kill those around them. Fortunately, this is the smaller number: the greater part execute justice for their deception only on themselves.

"Call this nihilism, if you will, but on condition of seeing in this curious moral phenomenon more than a political conspiracy. It is a condition of the soul; from the time we cease to be ignorant brutes, we all suffer more or less from it, from the frenzied who kill others or themselves, to the drowsy dreamers who philosophize in their easy-chairs, like me.

"And the remedy? you will ask me. I don't know any. Close our schools, suppress our contacts with civilization, forcibly keep in the lower levels of the populace every individual who seeks to escape from them? You know very well that is impossible. Ah! there are still your worthy friends of the West, who are very amusing. They arrive, examine the patient, and prescribe in a doctor-like tone, to cure him, the applying of a good constitution according to formula. It always reminds me of the fellows who sell medicine in the streets to make an end of all diseases in twenty-four hours: you know what they are called.

"And look here: it is a curious thing that man, who manages to perceive certain truths relating to his bodily regimen, refuses to admit the same truths in their application to his soul. Every sensible and instructed person, to whom a doctor should promise the cure in twenty-four hours of a physical malady by the sole virtue of a prescription, would treat the physician as a quack: he knows that the faculty is not given a diploma to work miracles, and he accords his confidence only to the practitioner sober enough to tell him, "With a long, very long treatment, I hope to ameliorate your condition somewhat." But when it concerns the soul, and the soul of a people, for whom years are counted by centuries, the wisest believe in the virtue of a piece of paper, and will not surrender themselves to the hard truth that time is the only healer. It is very hard, I know, for a man to wait for his solace from time, the only thing over which he has no control; but every other hope is a decoy, especially when it is a question, as in our case, of remedying precisely a too rapid belief. The best thing we could do would perhaps be to sleep for a hundred years, like the Beauty in the fairy tale; but some profess that Russia has already acquitted herself too well under that precept.

"Meantime, let us do like her, my dear guest: our players must have had their fill of tea and whist, and to-morrow we have to take our revenge against the wolves. Good-night!"

APOLOGUES BY COUNT TOLSTOI.

(Translated for this work.)

[Count Lyoff Nikolaievich Tolstoi, the most famous Russian of the century, a descendant of a trusted intimate of Peter the Great, was born in 1828 at Yasna Polyana in the government of Tula. After study at the University of Kazan he entered the army, serving in the Caucasus, and in the Crimean War as division commander. He was in Sebastopol at its storming. At the close of the war he resigned. Since 1861 he has lived on his estates near Moscow, dividing his time between literary work and the care of his property; he has gradually drifted into the extremest communistic Christian socialism, giving up the use of his revenues and the enjoyments of superior station as far as the legal rights of his family allow, laboring, dressing, and eating as a common workman; and advocating entire non-resistance. His literary work has for a generation transformed the entire outlook and method of a large part of the most powerful novelists of the world, by its intense social bearing and minute descriptive realism ; it sometimes descends to the most pessimistic gloom and horror, sometimes has passages of unabashed frankness, but never prurience or anti-social libertinism, which he detests, and chastises in other writers. His notable work has stretched over half a century. His first book, three in one, "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth," was issued in 1852 ; of the great number since then, the chief are "Sebastopol" (1855), "The Cossacks," "War and Peace" (1865–68), of the Napoleonic times, "Anna Karenina" (1875–78), "The Death of Ivan Ilyich" (1886), "The Kreutzer Sonata" (1888), "War" (1892), "Master and Man" (1895), and several works detailing his religion and social tenets.]

The Origin of Evil.

A hermit lived in the forest, with no fear of wild beasts. The hermit and the wild animals conversed together and comprehended each other.

One day the hermit was stretched out under a tree ; there also were gathered, to pass the night, a crow, a pigeon, a deer, and a serpent. These animals began to discuss the origin of evil in the world.

The crow said : —

"It is from hunger that evil arises. When you appease your hunger, perched on a branch and croaking, everything seems smiling, good, and joyful to you ; but remain fasting only two days, and you will no longer have any heart for looking at nature ; you feel agitated, you cannot stay still in one place, you have not a moment's rest ; let a piece of meat be presented to your view, and it is worse yet, you toss it one side

without a thought. No use giving you blows with a stick, or throwing stones at you ; dogs and wolves snap at you in vain, you do not fly away. How many of us are killed by hunger thus ! All evil comes from hunger."

The pigeon said : —

"To me, it is not from hunger that evil arises ; all evil springs from love. If we lived solitary, we should not have so much to suffer ; at least we should be alone in suffering : while in fact we always live in couples ; and you love your mate so much that you have no rest, you are thinking of nothing but her : 'Has she eaten ? Is she warm enough ?' And when she leaves her mate for a while, then you feel lost altogether ; you are haunted by the thought that a hawk has carried her off, or that she has been captured by men. And you set out on the quest for her, and fall into trouble yourself, perhaps into the talons of a hawk, perhaps into the threads of a snare. And if your mate is lost, you eat no more, you drink no more, you do nothing but hunt for her and weep ! How many of us die in this way ! All evil springs, not from hunger, but from love."

The serpent said : —

"No, evil does not spring from hunger nor from love, but from spite. If we lived in peace, if we did not pick quarrels with each other, then everything would go well : while in fact, if anything happens against your grain, you fall into a passion and everything offends you ; you think of nothing but of venting your spleen on some one ; and then, like an insane person, you do nothing but hiss and squirm and try to bite somebody. And you have no more pity for any one ; you will bite father and mother ; you will eat your very self ; and your anger ends by destroying you. All evil arises from spite."

The deer said : —

"No, it is neither from spite nor love nor hunger that all evil springs, but from fear. If we need have no fear, all would go well. Our feet are light in the race, and we are vigorous. From a small animal we can defend ourselves by blows of our antlers ; a large one we can flee : but we cannot escape having fear. Let a branch crackle in the forest, let a leaf stir, and you tremble all over with fright ; your heart begins to beat, as if it were about to leap from your breast ; and you dart off like an arrow. At other times it is a hare that passes, a bird that flaps its wings, or a twig that falls ; you see yourself already pursued by a wild beast, and it is toward danger that you run.

Sometimes, to escape a dog, you stumble on a hunter; sometimes, seized by fear, you fly without knowing where, and dash over a precipice where you find death. You sleep with one eye open, always on the alert, always in terror. No peace — all evil has its source in fear."

Then the hermit said: —

"It is neither from hunger, nor love, nor spite, nor fear that all these misfortunes arise: it is from our own nature that evil springs; for it is that which engenders hunger, and love, and spite, and fear."

The Mujik Pakhom.

"Does it take much earth for a man?"

I.

The elder sister has come from town to visit her younger sister in the country. The elder is married to a town merchant, and the younger to a country mujik. The elder begins to boast of her town life; she recounts how plentiful a life she has there, how nicely she is fitted out, how well she dresses her children, what good things she eats and drinks, and how she goes to the promenades and the theaters.

The younger is vexed at it, and falls to belittling the life of a merchant, and extolling her own, that of a countrywoman.

"I would not change," she said, "my condition for yours; however dull *our* life may be, we know no fear. You live more nicely than we, but sometimes you gain much, sometimes you lose everything. And the proverb says, 'Loss is the big sister of profit.' There is a chance that one day you are rich, and the next you are asking alms. Our mujik life is surer. With the mujik the belly is lean but long; we shall never be rich, but we shall always have something to eat."

The elder took up the word: —

"Yes, but living with pigs and calves! No refined manners, no comfort, in spite of all your husband's work. As you live in the dung, you will die there too, and the same lot awaits your children."

"Well," said the younger, "it is the business that compels that. But for that very reason our life is solid, when we have lands. We don't bow before anybody; we are not afraid of anybody. And you in the town are exposed to temptation.

To-day it is all right; but to-morrow comes the devil and tempts your husband, either by cards, or by wine, or by mistresses, and it will all go to the bad. May not that happen in spite of everything?"

Pakhom, the husband, seated on the stove, was listening to the wives' chatter.

"That is the honest truth," said he. "While we folks turn over the earth that feeds us, from childhood up, we hardly dream of foolish performances. The only misfortune is to have too little land. But if I had all the land I wanted, I wouldn't be afraid of anybody, not even the devil."

The wives, after taking tea, kept talking clothes, put away the dishes, and then went to bed.

And the devil was seated behind the stove, listening to it all. He rejoiced that the peasant's wife had led her husband to defy him. Had he not boasted that if he had the land, the devil himself could not catch him?

"That's all right," he said, "for both of us! I'll give you plenty of land. It is by the land I will catch you."

II.

Beside the mujik dwelt a little *barinia* [landed proprietress]. She had 120 deciatines [326 acres] of land. She was on good terms with the mujiks and was doing no harm to anybody, when she took for overseer a retired soldier, who began to heap fines on the mujiks.

In spite of all Pakhom's precautions, now it was his horse that made an incursion into the oats, now his cow that penetrated into the garden, or his calves that ran away into the meadow; in short, a fine for everything.

Pakhom paid and swore, and beat his family. And he had much to suffer from the overseer during that summer. It was with pleasure that he saw the time return to house his cattle, even though he regretted having to feed them: at least he was no longer afraid: he was more tranquil.

During the winter the report spread that the barinia was selling the land, and that the *dvornik* [portier] on the highway wanted to buy it.

The mujiks were greatly troubled by this.

"Oh dear!" they said, "if the land goes to the dvornik, he will load us with fines worse than the barinia."

The mujiks — the entire *mir* [village community] — flocked to the barinia to beg her not to sell to the dvornik, but to them. They promised to give her a higher price. The barinia consented. Then the mujiks put their heads together to have the land bought by the mir. They met once, twice, but the business made little progress. The devil sowed dissension; they could not come to an agreement. Finally they decided each to buy his share, according to their means. The barinia consented to that.

Pakhom learned that his neighbor had bought twenty deciatines of the barinia, and that she had allowed him the privilege of paying half the price in yearly installments. Pakhom was jealous of him.

"All the land will be bought up," he thought, "and I shall be left with nothing."

He consulted with his wife.

"The people are buying; we must," he said, "buy ten deciatines or so, too; else we can't live, — that overseer has ruined us with his fines."

He meditated over the means of making the purchase.

He had a hundred rubles of savings. By selling the colt and half his bees, and hiring out his son as a farm boy, he could get together half the sum.

Pakhom scraped the money together, selected fifteen deciatines of land with a little grove, and went to the barinia to transact the business. He bargained for the fifteen deciatines, they came to an agreement, and he left a note. They proceeded to the town to draw up the act of sale; he gave half the sum in cash; as for the rest, he engaged to pay it in two years. And Pakhom returned master of the land.

He borrowed more money of his brother-in-law to buy grain. He sowed the land he had just acquired, and all came up well. In a single year he paid his debt to the barinia and his brother-in-law. And thus he became — he, Pakhom — a true *pomeshchik* [freeholder]. It was his own land he labored on and sowed, it was on his own land he cut the hay, on his own land he raised the cattle; the fence stakes off his own land that he chopped.

When Pakhom begins to work on his own land, when he comes to see his wheat and his meadows grow green, he is transported with joy. And the grass seems quite different to him, and the flowers bloom quite otherwise. It used to seem

to him, when he walked on that soil, that it was just what a soil ought to be ; and at present it seems to him quite different.

III.

Thus Pakhom lived in happiness. All went well. But now the mujiks began to make frequent irruptions into Pakhom's wheat and meadows. He begged them to stop, they kept on. Now the cowherds let their cattle get into his meadows, now it was the horses that strayed into his wheat. And Pakhom drove them out and pardoned them, and would not call in the aid of justice.

Then he grew angry, and laid in a complaint at the district court. He knew very well that the mujiks acted thus, not from bad intentions, but because they were pinched, and he thought to himself : —

"But I ought not to pardon them forever, or they will eat me up. An example must be made."

He made a first example ; he made a second example, by turning another mujik over to justice. The neighboring mujiks were angry at Pakhom. This time they began purposely to set their cattle grazing on his land. One night somebody went into the grove and cut ten or a dozen lindens to make bark fiber. As he was passing through the forest, Pakhom saw something white, approached, and perceived on the ground the peeled trunks. Nothing remained in the earth but the stumps. If he had felled only the trees along the edges, if he had spared at least one ! But the robber had cut them all !

Pakhom was wroth. "Ah !" he thought, "if I knew who had done that, I would revenge myself ! "

He searches and he searches for some one to lay the blame on : it can be no one but Siomka [diminutive of Semen]. He goes to look in Semen's yard, but he finds nothing. He quarrels with Semen, and is still more persuaded that it is he who has done the cutting. He summons him to justice, and the case is called before the court. They hear it and hear it, and the mujik is acquitted in default of proof.

Pakhom was only the more irritated ; he wrangled with the *starshina* [headman] and with the judge : —

"You," he said, "you uphold thieves. If you did your duty, you would not let thieves off."

So Pakhom grew angry with his neighbors. It ended in his being threatened with the *red cock* [incendiarism]. Pakhom could now live handsomely upon his land, but being in evil odor with the mujiks, he felt himself cramped in the mir.

And the rumor was current just now that people were emigrating.

"Ah! as for me," thought Pakhom, "I have no need of quitting my farm; but if some of us went, we should have more room. I would take their land myself, I would add it to my land, and I should live better, for I always feel myself too cramped here."

One day when Pakhom is at home, a passer-by, a mujik, comes into his house. They let him pass the night there, give him food, and then ask him whither God is conducting him. The mujik answers that he comes from below, from the Volga; has been working there. One word leading to another, the mujik tells how the people have emigrated there. His own people have established themselves there and been registered in the village community, and ten deciatines [27 acres] a head have been allotted to them.

"And the soil there is such that when you have sowed rye, the ears stand so high and so thick together you can't see the horses. Five handfuls of ears and you have a sheaf. A mujik, poor as poverty, come there with his bare hands, works fifty deciatines of wheat now. Last year he sold his wheat alone for five thousand rubles."

And Pakhom thought, his heart fired within him: —

"Then why stay here pinched, when you can live comfortably elsewhere? I'll sell land and house, and with the money I will build down there and settle; while to stay here, hard up, is a sin. Only I mustn't go and tell anybody."

Toward summer he got ready and set out. As far as Samara, he descended the Volga by steamboat; then he did four hundred versts [verst = $\frac{2}{3}$ mile] on foot. He arrived at his destination. It was indeed so.

The mujiks are living in comfort. The community most hospitably gives each soul ten deciatines. And one who comes there with money is able, over and above the land granted for a period, to buy land in fee simple for three rubles a deciatine [about 85 cents an acre], and the best soil at that. One can buy as much as he likes of it.

Pakhom inquired into all this, returned home toward

autumn, and set about selling off all his property. He sold his land to advantage, he sold his house, he sold his cattle, had his name taken off the village register, waited till spring, and departed with his family to the new region.

IV.

Pakhom arrived in the new country with his family, and is registered in a large village. He has treated the elders, and is dressed in good style. Pakhom has been received, and has been conceded, for five souls, fifty deciatines of land in different fields, without counting pasturage. Pakhom builds his house and buys cattle. He now possesses, merely in granted lands, twice what he had before. And his soil is fertile. His life is ten times more delightful than what he formerly led; arable and pasture land, he has as much as he cares for.

At first, while he was building and was installing himself, all seemed fine to him; but when he had lived there some time, it seemed cramped to him. Pakhom, like the rest, wanted to sow white wheat, the Turkish. And of the wheat land there was little in his grants. You sow the wheat in the virgin soil, where the wild feather-weed grows, or else in fallow ground. You cultivate it one or two years, then you leave it alone once more, till the feather-weed have come up again. Of mellow soil as much as you like, only on this land you can sow nothing but rye, and wheat must have heavy soil. And for heavy soil there are plenty of competitors; there is not enough for everybody, and it is a subject of quarrels. The richer wish to work it themselves, and the poorer, to pay their contributions, sell it to the merchants.

The first year, Pakhom sowed old wheat on his grant, and it did well; but he wished to sow a great deal of wheat, and he had little land. And what he had was not good for that; he wanted to have better. He went to the merchant's to rent land for a year. He sowed more, and it all came up well, but it was a long way from the village. There were fifteen versts to go before reaching it.

Pakhom perceived that in this country of merchants, mujiks had country houses, and were growing rich.

"That is how I should be," he said, "if I could have bought land outright, and built country houses. I should have all that in my own hand."

And he thought over means of getting land in perpetuity.

Pakhom lived thus five years. He rented land and sowed wheat. They were good years, the wheat grew well, and he made money. He had only to go on living: but he was tired of renting his land every year; it was too much anxiety: wherever there is good soil, the mujik hurries and takes it. If he did not get there in time, he had no longer anywhere to sow. Or as at another time, he arranged with the merchants to rent a field in the mujiks' land; he had already done the work on it, when the mujiks reclaimed it through the courts, and all his labor was lost. If he had the land for his own he would not bow before anybody, and all would be well.

So Pakhom made inquiries where he could buy land in fee. And he found a mujik; the mujik has five hundred deciatines, has failed, and will sell at a bargain. Pakhom has an interview with him, haggles and haggles, and they agree for fifteen hundred rubles [25 cents an acre], of which half is payable down, half at a date. They had already come to an entire agreement, when one day a passer-by, a merchant, stopped at Pakhom's to fodder his horses. They took tea, they chatted, and the merchant told how he had come from among the Bashkirs.[1] There, he said, he had bought five thousand deciatines of land, and he had paid only a thousand rubles.

Pakhom questioned him, and the merchant answered.

"For that," he said, "I only had to wheedle the old men. I made them a present of clothes, rugs for so many rubles, and a chest of tea, and I offered drinks to everybody that wanted them. And I bought at twenty kopecks a deciatine" [less than six cents an acre].

He showed the deed of sale.

"The land," he went on, "is situated near a little river, and the feather-weed grows everywhere."

Pakhom thought it best not to ask the whys and the hows.

"A country," said the merchant, "that you couldn't make the circuit of in a year's walk. It all belongs to the Bashkirs, and those people are simple as sheep; you could have it for nothing, even."

"Ah!" thought Pakhom, "what is the use of buying five hundred deciatines for my thousand rubles, and still have a debt on my shoulders, when for a thousand rubles I can have God knows how much?"

[1] Asiatic nomads, encamped in the steppe beyond the Ural.

V.

Pakhom informed himself of the road to take, and as soon as he had seen the merchant off, he prepared to take his own departure also. He left the house in care of his wife, and set off with his servant. They betook themselves first to the village, to buy a chest of tea, presents, wine, all that the merchant had told him.

They went and they went. They had already made five hundred versts. The seventh day they arrived at a camp of Bashkirs. Everything was just as the merchant said. They all live in the steppe, near the little river, in woolen *kibitki* [tents]. They cultivate nothing, and do not eat bread, but pasture their horses and cattle in the steppe.

Behind the kibitki the colts are tethered; their mothers are taken to them twice a day; the people milk the mares, and make *kumiss* of their milk. The wives churn the kumiss and make cheese of it. The mujiks know nothing but to drink kumiss and tea, eat mutton, and play the flute. All are shining with grease, jolly and making holiday the whole summer; this people are utterly ignorant, and do not understand Russian, but are very civil.

At sight of Pakhom, the Bashkirs come out of their kibitki and surround the stranger. They had an interpreter among them, and Pakhom informed them that he had come to get some land. The Bashkirs made a feast for him, and took him to a fine kibitka. They installed him on the rugs, spread feather cushions over him, and invited him to drink tea and kumiss. They killed a sheep and gave it to him to eat.

Pakhom took out the presents in his *tarantass* [traveling wagon], and distributed them among the Bashkirs. He gave them the presents and partook of their tea. The Bashkirs rejoiced over it. They jabbered and jabbered among themselves; then they ordered the interpreter to translate.

"They have told me to say," began the interpreter, "that they have taken a great liking to you, and that it is our custom to treat a guest to the best we have, and return gifts for gifts. You have made us presents: now tell us what pleases you, we will give it to you in exchange."

"It is your land," replied Pakhom, "that pleases me above everything. With us we are stinted for land, and the land is worn out, while with you there is plenty of land and good land. I have never seen anything equal to it."

The interpreter translates. The Bashkirs talk and talk together. Pakhom does not understand what they are saying; he sees that they are merry, that they shout something and laugh. Then they quiet down and gaze at Pakhom, and the interpreter says : —

"They have ordered me to tell you that for your generosity they are glad to give you as much land as you wish. Just point out with your finger what shall be yours."

They began to talk again, and argue among themselves. And Pakhom asks, "What are they talking about?" And the interpreter answers : —

"Some of them are saying that it will have to be referred to the starshina, for the thing is not possible without him, and the others say we can do without him."

VI.

While the Bashkirs were arguing, suddenly a man appeared in a foxskin cap. All hushed and rose.

"It is the starshina," said the interpreter.

Pakhom at once took his finest robe and presented it to the starshina, as well as five pounds of tea. The starshina accepted it, and took his place at the head. The Bashkirs straightway laid the business before him. The starshina listened and listened. He smiled, and began to speak in Russian.

"Well," he said, "all right! There is plenty of land: choose where you like."

"And how can I get as much as I like?" thought Pakhom. "It must be in regular form, or else they will say 'It is yours,' and afterwards take it back."

And he said to the starshina : —

"I thank you for your kind words. You have plenty of land, and as for me, I do not need much. The question is simply of knowing which land will be mine. It must be marked off in some way or other, and the grant made regular. For we are all mortal. You are good people and you give it, but it might happen that your children would take it back."

The starshina began to laugh.

"All right," said he. "We will do it in such a way that nothing can be more regular."

And Pakhom said : —

"On my part, I have heard that a merchant has come among

you. You have given him land too, you have made out a deed, — well, you must give me one also."

The starshina understood.

"So be it!" said he; "we have a *pissar* [scribe]. We will go to the town to draw up the deed and put the necessary seals on it."

"And what will the price be?" said Pakhom.

"Our price is unique: a thousand rubles for one day."

Pakhom did not understand this fashion of counting days.

"But how much," he said, "will that be in deciatines?"

"We cannot tell exactly. But we will sell a day of land. All that you can make the circuit of in walking for one day shall be yours. And the price of the day is a thousand rubles."

Pakhom is astonished.

"But," he said, "in a day one can make the circuit of so much land!"

The starshina began to laugh.

"It shall all be yours, but on one condition. If you do not come back in one day to your point of departure, your money is forfeited."

"And how," said Pakhom, "will you keep track of everywhere I go?"

"We will put ourselves in any place you like; you shall choose. We will stay there; and you go ahead and make the round. Our lads will follow you on horseback, and put down stakes wherever you order. Then, from one stake to the other we will mark a furrow with the plow. You can make as large a circuit as you wish. Only be back at your point of departure before sunset. All you encircle shall be yours."

Pakhom consented. It was decided to set out the next day at dawn. They talked a little longer, drank kumiss, ate mutton, and took some more tea. They made Pakhom lie down on a feather mattress; then the Bashkirs went to bed, after having promised to meet again on the morrow at break of day, and appear at the place before sunrise.

VII.

Pakhom betakes himself to his feather mattress, but he cannot sleep. He still has land on his brain.

"What things I have done here!" he thought. "I am going to carve out a great Palestine for myself. In one day I

can make fully fifty versts ; the day at this season is as long as a year. Fifty versts, that will be ten thousand deciatines or so. I shall not have to bow before anybody again. I will buy myself oxen for two plows. I will hire house servants. I will cultivate the part that pleases me, and on the rest I will pasture cattle."

Pakhom could not sleep that night. Only just before dawn he drowses off a little. Hardly fallen into a doze, he has a dream.

He sees himself abed in the same kibitka ; he hears some one laugh outside and slap himself. Wishing to know who is laughing so, he rises and goes out of the kibitka ; and he sees the same starshina of the Bashkirs seated before the kibitka, holding his stomach with both hands and laughing with all his might. He approaches and asks, "What are you laughing at?" And he sees that it is no longer the Bashkir starshina, but the merchant who came to him that time to speak of the land. He immediately asks the merchant if he has been here long ; and already it is no longer the merchant, but the same mujik who has come to see him. And Pakhom perceives that it is no longer the mujik, but the devil himself, with his horns and his cloven feet, slapping himself and looking at something. And Pakhom thinks : "What is he looking at ? Why is he laughing?" He goes over there to see, and he sees that a man is laid out barefoot, in shirt and drawers, face upward, and white as a sheet. And he, Pakhom, looks more sharply to see who the man is, and sees that it is himself.

Pakhom says, "Ah !" and awakes.

He wakes, and thinks, "There are so many dreams !" He turns over, and sees that it is already light.

"I must wake the others and start !" he thought.

And Pakhom rose, waked his servant in the tarantass, ordered him to harness up, and went to waken the Bashkirs.

The Bashkirs rose, assembled, and the starshina came too. They fell to drinking kumiss.

They offered Pakhom tea, but he would not wait.

"As we've got to go, let's go," he said ; "it is time."

The Bashkirs came together, mounted this one on horseback and that on a tarantass, and set out. Pakhom seated himself with his servant in his tarantass. They reached the steppe. The dawn was breaking, and they climbed a little hill — in Bashkir, *shikhan*. The Bashkirs leave their tarantasses and

collect in a single group. The starshina approached Pakhom, and showing him the country with his hand : —

" There," said he ; " it is all ours, all that your eye takes in. Choose the part that pleases you best."

Pakhom's eyes sparkled. All the earth was covered with feather-weed, solid as the palm of your hand, black as poppy seeds ; and in the ravines there was grass of different sorts, grass breast high.

The starshina took off his foxskin cap, and placed himself on the summit of the hill.

" Here," he said, " is the guide point. Your servant will remain here. Lay down your money. Leave here and come back here. What you make the circuit of will belong to you."

Pakhom counted out the money, put it in the cap, took off his caftan, and retained only his *poddiovka* [light underblouse]. He buckled his girdle tighter, took a little bag of bread, tied a small bottle of water to his girdle, pulled up his boot tops, and made ready to set off. He reflected, uncertain of the direction to take ; but everywhere it was good. And he thought : —

" It is good everywhere : I will go in the direction of the sunrise."

He turned toward the sun's quarter, and waited for it to rise. And he thought : —

" I must not lose any time : with the coolness the walk is easier."

The Bashkirs on horseback held themselves in readiness likewise to leave the shikhan in Pakhom's wake. As soon as the edge of the sun peeped out, Pakhom set off and went out into the steppe. The horsemen followed.

Pakhom marched with an even step, neither slow nor fast. He made one verst, and ordered them to put down a stake. He kept on his road. When well warmed up to it, he accelerated his pace. After having done a good piece, he directed them to put down another stake. Pakhom turned around : the shikhan and the people on it were clearly visible, illuminated by the sun.

Pakhom estimated that he had already made five versts. As he was heated, he took off his poddiovka, then buckled his girdle once more and resumed his course. He made another five versts. It was growing hot ; he looked at the sun : it was time for breakfast.

"Here's a quarter of the day gone already," he thought, "and there are four of them in the day: it isn't time to turn around yet. I'll only take off my boots."

He sat down, bared his feet, and pursued his way. He felt agile, and said to himself: —

"I'll make another five versts, and then I'll turn to the left. This place is ever so good. The further I go, the better it is."

He continued to walk straight ahead. He turned around, and scarcely saw the hill. And the people seemed like little black insects.

"Well!" thought Pakhom, "I must turn off from this quarter now. I have taken in enough now."

And he already felt himself sweating, and he was thirsty. Pakhom lifted his bottle and drank as he walked. He ordered them to put down another stake, and turned to the left. He walked and walked; the grass was tall and the day was hot. Pakhom began to be tired. He looked at the sun, and saw that it was just time for dinner.

"Oh dear," thinks he, "I must take a rest."

Pakhom halts; he eats a little bread, but he does not sit down.

"When you sit down," he thinks, "you lie down, and then you go to sleep."

He remains a moment on the spot, takes breath, and wends his way.

He walked at first with a brisker pace, the dinner having revived his strength. But it was very hot, and the sun was gaining. Pakhom felt himself wearied.

"But," he thought, "an hour of suffering and an age of comfort."

Pakhom still walked in that direction for ten versts or so; he was about turning to the left, when he perceived a blooming ravine.

"It is too bad," he thought, "to leave that outside: good flax will grow here."

And he continued to go straight on. He included the ravine also, planted a stake there, and make a second turn. He turned back toward the shikhan. The people were hardly distinguishable; he must have left it fifteen versts behind.

"But," thought he, "I have gone too far in the first two directions: this one must be shorter."

He hastened his walk as he trod along the third line. He looked at the sun ; it was already near its decline. Pakhom had made only two versts on the third side, and the goal was still fifteen versts off.

"My domain will not be regular in shape," he thought, "but I must go straight to the end. There is enough ground like this already."

And Pakhom went straight toward the shikhan.

VIII.

Pakhom tramps straight toward the shikhan, and feels very tired. He tramps, and his feet are aching. He has hurt them cruelly, and feels them giving way. He would like to rest, but he must not. He cannot reach the goal before sunset. The sun does not wait. It seems to fall as if some one were pushing it.

"Alas!" thought Pakhom, "perhaps I have made a mistake ; I have included too much : what will become of me if I do not reach the goal in time? How far off it is still, and how tired I am ! If only I have not lost my money and my trouble for nothing. I must make it impossible."

Pakhom sets out on a trot. His feet are flayed till the blood starts, but he keeps on running ; he runs and he runs, but he is still far away. He throws away his poddiovka, his boots, his bottle, his cap.

"Ah!" thought he, "I have been too greedy. I have lost my undertaking. I can never get there before sunset."

And his breath fails him out of fear. Pakhom runs ; the sweat makes his shirt and drawers stick to him ; his mouth is dry. His chest heaves like a forge bellows : his heart beats like a hammer, and he no longer feels his feet. He is afraid he shall die, but he cannot stop.

"I have run so far already," he thought, "if I stop now they will think I am a fool."

He hears the Bashkirs whistle and yell; at these cries his heart is still more inflamed.

Pakhom puts his last strength into running, and the sun seems to plunge forward on purpose. And the goal is not far away now. Pakhom already sees the group on the hill: they are beckoning him to hurry. He sees also the cap on the ground with the money, he sees the starshina seated on the

ground and holding his stomach with both hands; and Pakhom recalls his dream.

"There is lots of ground," he thinks; "will God let me live on it? Oh, I have ruined myself!"

And he continues to run. He looks at the sun; the sun is red, enlarged, it is approaching the earth; its edge is already hidden. As Pakhom arrived at the hill on a run, the sun set.

Pakhom gives an "Ah!" He thinks that all is lost; but he recollects that even if he, below, can no longer see the sun, the planet is not yet out of sight for those at the top of the hill. He climbs rapidly, he sees the cap. Pakhom makes a false step, he falls, and his hand grasps the cap.

"Ah! bravo, my fine fellow," cries the starshina, "you have won a great deal of land."

Pakhom's servant runs and tries to raise him; but he sees that the blood is running from his mouth: he is dead. And the starshina, squatting, slaps himself and holds his stomach with both hands.

The starshina rises, lifts a mattock from the ground, and throws it to the servant.

"Here, bury him."

All the Bashkirs rose and retired.

The servant remained alone. He dug for Pakhom a trench just his length from head to foot, six feet; — and he buried him.

A Fire once Lit never Goes Out.

There dwelt in the country a peasant named Ivan Shcherbakof. He lived happily. He still had all his vigor, and he was the foremost worker of the village. He possessed, likewise, three sons who helped him, one married, the second engaged, and a third a boy who was already beginning to do field work.

Ivan's "old woman" was a clever helpmeet and a good housewife, and his daughter-in-law proved to be as gentle as she was industrious. There was not a useless mouth in the dwelling except the sick father (he was asthmatic, and rarely stirred from the stove).[1]

[1] Russian stoves are square brick structures, never hot, and the favorite places in that severe climate for sitting or sleeping.

Abundance reigned with Ivan. You could see there three horses with a colt, a cow and its calf, and fifteen sheep. The wives worked in their room, and themselves sewed the mujiks' shoes and garments. The bin contained more bread than was needed till the next baking. His oats sufficed to pay all the taxes, and provide for all the needs of the household.

Ivan Shcherbakof had only to go on living thus with his children. Unluckily, near his house was that of his neighbor, the lame Gavrilo, son of Gordeï Ivanof : hate had sprung up between them.

While old Gordeï was still living, and Ivan's father guided his household, the mujiks kept up relations of neighborly kindness. If the wives needed a sieve or a tub, or the men a spare wheel, they sent from one house to the other for it, and rendered mutual service to each other, as good neighbors. If a little calf ran over the threshing-floor, they contented themselves with driving it off, saying : —

" Don't let it come into our place, for our sheaves are not stacked yet."

As to hiding it or impounding it in the barn or the shed, that had never happened.

It was thus that it went on in the time of the elders. But when the juniors succeeded them in the conduct of the household, their relations became quite different.

A trifle was the cause of everything.

Ivan's daughter-in-law's hen began to lay early ; the young wife collected the eggs for Holy Week. She found an egg every day in the shed basement in a cart body. It chanced that the fowl, doubtless frightened by the children, flew over the hedge into the neighbor's, and laid there.

The young woman heard her hen cackle, and thought : —

" I have not time just this minute ; I have to get the cottage ready for the festival. I'll go pretty soon and get the egg."

In the evening she went into the shed basement, and to the cart body : no egg. She asked her mother-in-law and her brother-in-law if they had not taken it.

" No," they said, " we have not taken it."

And Taraska, the younger brother, told her : —

" Your hen has laid in the neighbors' yard ; she cackled there, and she came back from there."

The young wife looked at her hen, and saw it beside its cock, its eyes half closed, on the point of going to sleep. She

would have liked to ask it where it had laid, only the fowl would not have answered.

And the young woman went to her neighbors'. The old mother came to meet her.

"What is it you want, my daughter?"

"Why, see here, grandma," she said, "my hen flew into your place to-day. Mightn't she have laid an egg with you?"

"We haven't seen any. We have our own hen; thank God, she has been laying this long while. We have gathered our own eggs; other people's we have nothing to do with. We here, my child, don't go into neighbors' yards to pick up their eggs."

The young wife felt affronted. She said a word too much, the neighbor two, and the two wives fell at each other. But Ivan's wife, who had come out to go for water, mixed in the wrangle. Then Gavrilo's wife came out too, and began to load her neighbor with hard words, throwing at her head both what had happened and what had not happened. And the quarrel flamed up still more hotly. All screamed at the same time, and tried hard to speak two words at once; and there were as many insults as words.

"And you are this — And you are that — And you are a thief — And you are a street-walker — And that old man, your father-in-law, you starve him, and you let him go naked —

"And you are a sneak-thief, you are — You've taken my sieve and sold it — You've kept my *palanche*[1] in your house: give it back to me."

They clutch the palanche, spill the water, make the caps fly, and pull each other's back hair.

Gavrilo, who was returning from the field, took up the defense of his wife. Seeing this, Ivan came out with his sons and threw himself into the fray. Ivan was a sturdy fellow. He hustled them all about, and tore out a handful of Gavrilo's beard. A crowd gathered, and with great difficulty separated the combatants.

This was what the feud sprung from.

Gavrilo picked up the hairs of his beard, put them in a paper, and went to demand justice before the district court.

"I," said he, "have not grown my beard to have that rascal of an Ivan come and pull it out."

[1] A slightly curved shoulder-piece, to each end of which a pail of water is hooked for carrying it.

And his wife told whoever would listen that they were going to try Ivan, and send him to Siberia. And their hate grew more and more envenomed.

From the first the old man had urged conciliation; but the young people would hardly listen to him.

"It is a silly thing," he said to them, "it is a silly thing you are doing here! You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Consider a moment: all this row over an egg! Have the children picked up an egg? — Much good may it do them! There is no great value in an egg: God has them for everybody. And then the old woman gave bad tongue? — Correct her, and teach her to use better language. You have pounded each other? — Who hasn't that happened to? Come, make peace, and let it be all past. If you are going to get it into your heads to do each other harm, it is you that will suffer."

But the young folks did not listen to the old man. "What he has been saying," thought they, "is not wisdom, but old-folks' gabble."

Ivan refused to make peace.

"As for me," he said, "I didn't pull out his beard. It was he that tore it out himself, hair by hair; and his son tore my shirt to pieces; look at it."

And he went off to appear in court.

In the course of the suit, the cart-pin disappeared from Gavrilo's. In connection with it, his wife named Ivan's son.

"We saw him," she said, "pass by the window in the night and go up to the cart; and my neighbor told me he went to the tavern to offer the pin to the innkeeper."

They went to law again, and from house to house every day there were disputes and battles. The children repeated their elders' insults; and the wives, meeting at the brookside, worked their beaters less than their tongues, and always with harsh words.

At first the two mujiks limited themselves to slandering each other. Finally they came to laying hands on everything they saw lying around loose, and egged on their wives and children to act in the same way. And everything went from bad to worse.

Ivan Shcherbakof and the lame Gavrilo demanded justice at the *shkodki* [village assemblies], at the district court, and from the justice of the peace. They had soon wearied all the judges. Now it was Gavrilo who tried to have Ivan fined,

now Ivan who had wished to have Gavrilo shut up in jail. And the more they injured each other, the more they hated each other. Just as with two dogs who engage, the more they fight the more furious they grow; strike one of the two from behind, he thinks the other has bitten him and his rage increases; so with these two mujiks. They go into court; they are punished, turn about, by fine or imprisonment: and each time their wrath against one another mounts up. "Just wait, you'll pay me for this!"

Things dragged on in this way for six years.

The old man was still the only one who, from his stove, repeating his song, talked reason.

"What are you doing, children? Let these old stories be: you understand nothing of your interests. Don't be so rancorous against your neighbor: you will be none the better off for it. The more furious you get, the more you will suffer."

But nobody would lend ear to the old man's discourse.

The sixth year a new quarrel took its rise. One day, at a marriage, Ivan's daughter-in-law began to pour shame on Gavrilo before everybody, screaming at him that he had been met with horses that were not his own.

Gavrilo was drunk, and could not restrain himself: he struck the woman. He struck her so hard that for a week she had to keep her bed. And she was pregnant at the time.

Ivan rejoiced. He went with a petition to the magistrate.

"Now, here," thought he, "I am rid of my neighbor: he will surely go to Siberia."

But he was deceived afresh. The magistrate would not entertain his petition: they had sent to examine the woman, and she was up; no mark on her.

Ivan then hurried to the justice of the peace, who sent him before the district court. There he bestirred himself so well, giving a gallon of mild vodka to the clerk and the starshina, that he succeeded in having Gavrilo sentenced to the whipping-post.

The clerk read the judgment to Gavrilo, "The court directs that the peasant, Gavrilo Gordeïef, shall be punished with twenty blows of a rod on the back."

Ivan listened, too. He looked at Gavrilo: what would he do now?

Gavrilo lent ear; after hearing the reading, he became white as a sheet and went out into the ante-room. Ivan fol-

lowed him: as he was making his way toward his horses, he heard Gavrilo say: —

"All right, you'll lash my back, and my back will get hot; but take care something worse doesn't get hot for you!"

On hearing these words, Ivan returned immediately to the judge.

"Just judge," he said, "he is threatening me with setting fires: listen to what he has said before witnesses."

Gavrilo was called.

"Is it true that you said that?"

"I haven't said anything. Thrash me, since you have sentenced me. I see that I alone am to suffer for the truth, while he — everything is permitted to him."

Gavrilo would have continued; but his lips and his face began to tremble, and he turned toward the wall.

The judge himself grew afraid at the sight of him. "Suppose," thought he, "he is meditating mischief to his neighbor or himself!" And the little old judge said to the two of them: —

"See here, my brothers. Make up, that would be better. You, brother Gavrilo, are you not ashamed to have struck a pregnant woman? It is well that God has preserved her, but otherwise what a sin you would have loaded your conscience with! Is that right? Come, is that right? Acknowledge your fault before him, salute him, and he will pardon you. And we will revise our sentence."

The clerk, hearing this, broke in.

"That cannot be done, for the conciliation to the well-disposed, provided for by Article 117, is not produced: there is an adjudged case now, and the judgment is executory."

But the judge would not listen to him.

"You have let your tongue run enough," he said. "The first article, brother, is this: God must be obeyed before everything, and God has commanded us to be reconciled."

And he began anew to talk reason to the mujiks, but he lost his trouble there: Gavrilo proved intractable.

"For my part," he said, "I am already a half-century old, less a year. I have a son married, and I have never struck anybody, and here to-day this scoundrel of an Ivan gets me condemned to the whipping-post: and it must be I who ask pardon of him! — Well! that is enough. Ivan shall remember me."

His voice trembled once more, he could not speak further. He turned around and went out.

From the court to the cottage, the distance was ten versts: it was late when Ivan reached home. The wives had already gone to look up the cattle.

He unharnessed his horse and entered the *isba* [living room in a peasant's lodge]: nobody. The sons had not returned from the fields; the wives were still out after the cattle.

Ivan seated himself on the bench and began to ponder. He recalled Gavrilo's paleness at the reading of the judgment; how he had turned toward the wall. His heart shrank. He turned his thoughts inward. If it were he, Ivan, that had been sentenced to the whipping-post! And he felt pity for Gavrilo.

All at once he heard the old man cough and stir about, and then, letting his feet drop, descend from the stove.

The old man descended and dragged himself to the bench, where he sat down.

This effort fatigued him. After more coughing, he leaned his arms on the table, and said: —

"Well! has judgment been rendered?"

And Ivan answered: —

"They have sentenced him to receive twenty blows of a rod."

The old man wagged his head.

"It is a bad thing," he said, "that you are doing here. Oh, how bad it is! It is not he, it is you, who have done the mischief. So they are going to lash him on the back? You'll be the better for that, will you, hey?"

"He won't do it any more," answered Ivan.

"What is it he won't do any more? In what has he acted worse than you?"

Ivan flew into a passion.

"Indeed! What has he done?" said he. "Why, he nearly killed the wife, and just now he has threatened to set fires. Must I bow before him still?"

The old man sighed and said: —

"Because you move out in the great world, Ivan, and I have stayed here any number of years now crouched on the stove, do you imagine you see everything and I nothing? No, my son, it is you who see nothing. Anger blinds you. Others' sins are before you, but your own are behind you. What did

you say? He does mischief? But if he were alone in doing mischief, there wouldn't be any mischief. Does mischief ever come from one alone? No; it is always from two that it comes. You see his misdeeds, and you don't see your own. If there was no one wicked but him, and you acted rightly, there wouldn't be any mischief. Who was it tore out his beard, then? The mill-stone, who carried that off? And who has dragged him to court after court? You charge him with everything, without living yourself any better than he, and that is where the harm comes in. That isn't the way, my son, that I lived; that isn't what I taught you. Did *we* live so — his father and I? How did we live? As good neighbors. Was he out of flour? The wife came over. 'Uncle Frol, I need flour.' 'Go to the shed basement, daughter, and take what you need.' Was there nobody to leave the horses with? 'Here, Ivan, take charge of these horses!' If I was in want of something, I went to his house. 'Uncle Gordeï, I need this or that.' 'Take it, Uncle Frol!' That was the way we used to do among ourselves; and we found it well for us. But to-day, what is going on? A soldier was lately telling us of Plevna. Isn't this war of yours worse than Plevna? Is this a life to lead, then? And what sin! You, mujik, are the head of the establishment; it is you who are answerable for everything. Now, what do you teach your women and your children? To live like dogs. Wasn't Taraska, that little urchin, insulting his Aunt Arina yesterday? Doesn't he laugh at his mother? Is that good? Come, is that good? You will be the first to suffer from it. Then think of your soul a little. Is that the way to act? You utter an insult to me; I utter two to you. You give me a blow in the face; I give you two. No, my dear, our Lord, when he came down on the earth, did not teach us that — us poor fools of men. Whoever says an ugly word to you, don't answer him, and he will blush himself. Such are our Lord's teachings. If some one gives you a blow, hold out the other cheek — 'Strike me if I deserve it' — and he will be ashamed; he will repent, and come over to your opinion. That is what he has ordered us, and not to be haughty. Well, why do you keep silence? Isn't it the truth?"

Ivan was silent, listening.

The old man was seized with so violent a fit of coughing that he had hard work to recover. Then he resumed: —

"Do you think that Jesus Christ came to teach us evil? No, it is always for us — for us to do rightly. Look what a life yours is! Do you feel better or worse since this 'Plevna'? Reckon up a moment how much you have spent in law costs, in journeys, in supplies! You have sons, true eaglets. You have only to 'live and let live,' always growing richer, while in fact your property is beginning to decrease, and why? Always from the same cause — your pride. You would need to go into the fields with your children; sow wheat; and here you are obliged to rush either to a judge or to a business agent. And you don't work at the right times. You don't sow at the useful time. She gives us nothing for nothing, our bountiful mother. Why haven't the oats come up? When did you sow them? Only on your return from the town. And what have you gained? One anxiety more on your shoulders. Ah, my dear, don't busy yourself except with your own affairs. Stir the earth with your children, and stay at home. If any one affronts you, pardon him. Then you will have all the time to attend to your tasks, and you will feel your soul lighter also."

Ivan still remained silent.

"That is what I had to tell you, Ivan. Take an old man's word. Go on, then, harness your horse, return to the court by the same road, withdraw all your complaints; then go to-morrow to Gavrilo's, make peace with him, and ask him to your house. To-morrow is just the day, a holy day [it was the eve of the Nativity of the Virgin]. Prepare your samovar, buy vodka. Put an end to all these sins, so that there may never be any more question of them. Give your orders to the women and the children."

Ivan heaved a sigh. "It is true," he thought, "what the old man says." And he felt himself shaken. Only he did not know how to set about making peace.

As if he had divined his son's thoughts, the old man, resuming his speech, said to him: —

"Go on, Ivan, don't delay, put out the fire at its start; once lighted, you will never be master of it again."

The old man had something still to say; but he could not finish, for the wives came into the isba and began to chatter like magpies. They already knew of Gavrilo's condemnation, and his threats of incendiarism. They had even found time to scuffle in the fields with Gavrilo's women.

They told how the latter had threatened them with a member of the court, a judge who, it appeared, was protecting Gavrilo. He was going now to change the aspect of the suit, and the schoolmaster had already drawn up a petition to the Tsar in person. In that petition everything was set down in detail, both the pin and a certain bed of vegetables, and the rest. Half Ivan's property would come back to Gavrilo.

Ivan listened to them, and his heart grew icy again : he no longer wished to make peace.

With a mujik when at leisure, there is always something to do. Without stopping to chatter with the women, he rose, went out of the isba, and betook himself to the threshing-floor and the shed basement. While he was doing his work, the sun had had time to set, and the children had also returned from the fields, where they had plowed and harrowed the earth to sow it with winter wheat.

Ivan came up to them, questioned them about their work, and helped them to arrange everything. He laid aside, to repair it, a broken harness ; he meant even to put in the poles, but it was beginning to be night. So he left the poles there till the next morning, foddered the animals, and opened the carriage gate for the passage of Taraska, who was going away for the night with the horses.

"Nothing more remains but to eat supper and go to bed," thought Ivan. He took the broken harness and directed his steps toward the isba. He had forgotten both Gavrilo and what his father had said. He had already grasped the ring and entered the vestibule, when he heard behind the hedge his neighbor, who was abusing some one with his hoarse voice.

"Damn him!" cried Gavrilo ; "he deserved to be killed!"

Ivan halted, thrust his ear forward, wagged his head, and reëntered the isba.

He reëntered the isba. The fire was already lighted ; the young woman was in the corner at her wheel, the old woman was getting the meal ready, the eldest son was making *lapti* [slippers of plaited cord], the second held a book in his hand, and Taraska was preparing to go out for the night.

"All would be fine and well in the isba, if it wasn't for that beggarly neighbor."

Ivan was in a bad temper. He drove the cat off the bench, and scolded the women because the tub was not in its place. Listless and sulky, he sat down and began to mend the harness.

Gavrilo's words had not gone out of his head, — his threats at the court, and also the words he had lately heard him utter, — "He deserved to be killed!"

The old woman prepared Taraska's supper, who ate, put on his little *shuba* [sheepskin coat] and his caftan [outer blouse], buckled on his belt, took a piece of bread, and went out into the road to find the horses again. His elder brother started to accompany him; but Ivan himself rose and went out on the steps.

The darkness outside was now entire. Clouds covered the sky; the wind began to blow. Ivan descended the steps, helped his son bestride one of the horses, roused the foals, halted, looked, and listened; Taraska set off at a gallop, rejoined the other mujiks of his age, and all went out of the village.

Ivan remained thus for some time beside the carriage gate, and he could not keep from harping on Gavrilo's words: —

"Take care that something worse doesn't get hot for you!"

"He is a man to stick at nothing," thought he. "It is so dry now, and here's the wind mixing in. He can slip along somewhere to a hiding-place, set the fire in the rear, and then you may hunt for him. He will light it, the brigand, and I can't convict him. Ah! if I caught him in the act, he would not get out of it like this."

And this fear clung so tenaciously to his mind, that in place of returning to the steps, he passed through the carriage gate, gained the street, and turned the corner of his house.

"I am going to go this way as far as my yard: who knows? Nothing ought to be neglected."

And Ivan walked with a regular step, skirting the wall. Turning the corner, he looked along the hedge, and it seemed to him that at the other corner something stirred, something appeared for a moment behind the wall.

Ivan stops and holds his breath. He listens, he looks: everything is quiet; nothing but the wind that agitates the little leaves of the willows, and whistles through the thatch. It is so dark that it renders the eyes useless; but the vision at last grows wonted to the dimness, and Ivan distinguishes the entire corner with the plow there, and the front thatch of the isba. He remains thus for some moments, gazes, and sees nobody.

"My eyes deceived me," says Ivan to himself; "but all the same I will make the round."

And he advances, groping his way and skirting the exterior of the shed. He walks without making any noise with his lapti ; he hardly hears his own footsteps. He walks and walks ; suddenly he sees at the other corner something sparkle near the plow, then disappear.

It was like a stab in his heart. He stopped, and then at the same place something sparkled with a more vivid brightness ; and a man with a cap was distinctly visible, squatted down lighting a bundle of straw.

Ivan's heart leapt in his breast like a bird. He collected his strength, and began to cover with long strides the distance that separated him from the man. He did not feel the earth under his feet.

"Good!" he said; "I shall take him in the act."

He had gone barely a few steps when a great blaze shot forth, but not now in the place where the sparkles had glittered: it was the straw of the front thatch that was on fire, and the flames were beating back against the roof.

Gavrilo was there: he could be seen in full. Like a kite that pounces on a lark, Ivan flung himself on the lame man.

"I'll tie him up," he said to himself; "he shan't get away again."

But the lame man doubtless heard his steps: he turned around and — where did he get such agility? — began to leap like a hare along the side of the shed.

"You shan't get away from me," shouted Ivan, darting in pursuit.

He had already seized him by the collar ; but Gavrilo slipped through his hands, and caught Ivan by the skirt of his coat. The skirt tore, and Ivan fell.

Ivan quickly sprang up, and set up the cry: —

"Help! Help! Stop him!"

And he continued his pursuit.

While he was regaining his feet, Gavrilo had nearly reached his own yard. But Ivan caught up with him, and was at last on the point of grasping him, when suddenly something stunned him as if a stone had struck his head. It was Gavrilo, who, near his house, had lifted an oaken bar, and at the moment his adversary dashed up to him, dealt him a perfectly random blow on the head.

The blow felled him. He saw thirty-six candles; then everything grew dark, and he tottered and dropped.

When he came to himself, Gavrilo was no longer there. It was bright as in broad day, and in the direction of his yard something crackled and melted like a piece of fireworks. Ivan turned around; his rear shed was all in flames, the side shed had caught fire also, and on the isba, amid the smoke, were falling fiery flakes and blazing straws.

"Ho, brothers, what are you doing?" cried Ivan.

He raised his hands and let them fall on his thighs.

"But I only have to pull the bundle of straw off the front thatch and put it out," thought he.

He tried to shout, but his breath failed him, and he could not utter a word. He tried to run, but his legs, hooking over each other, refused to obey him. He dragged himself slowly along, made two steps, reeled, and his breath gave out once more. He halted, recovered his senses, and began to go forward again. Before he could circle the end shed and approach the heart of the fire, the side shed was entirely kindled in its turn. One corner of the house was burning too, also the carriage gate; and the isba was sending up jets of flame. It was impossible to enter the yard any longer.

A crowd gathered; but it was impossible to fight the fire. The neighbors removed their furniture and led off the cattle.

From Ivan's yard the fire gained Gavrilo's. The wind redoubled, the flame leapt the street. Half the village was swept away as with a broom.

From Ivan's isba they took out only the old man. His family escaped with what they had on. Aside from the horses, gone out for the night, everything had to be abandoned: the cattle were burned up, the fowls were ablaze in the hennery; the carts, the plows, the harrow, the women's chests, the wheat in the shed basements, all was consumed.

At Gavrilo's, they succeeded in removing the cattle and saving a part of his belongings.

The fire lasted all night.

"Why, how is this, brothers? There was nothing to do but pull off the straw and put it out."

But when the floor of the isba crumbled in, he rushed into the thickest of the flames, seized a blazing beam, and drew it out. The wives, perceiving this, called to him with loud cries. But he drew out his beam and went in again to look for another.

He staggered and fell into the fire. His son plunged in to rescue him and drew him out of the furnace. Ivan had his

beard, his hair, his hands, and his garments burned ; but he was not conscious of it.

"Grief is driving him mad," was said in the throng.

The fire was beginning to die down while Ivan was still in the same place, ever repeating : —

"Brothers, why, how is this? There was nothing to do but pull off the straw."

Toward morning, the starosta sent his son to look for Ivan.

"Uncle Ivan, your father is dying, and he is asking for you."

Ivan had forgotten his father, and he did not understand what they were saying to him.

"What father? Who are they asking for?" said he.

"He is asking for you; he is dying in our isba: come, Uncle Ivan."

With great difficulty Ivan succeeded in comprehending, and followed the son of the starosta. While they were drawing the old man out, some blazing straw had fallen on him, and he had received serious burns. He had been carried away to the starosta's in a suburb some way off which the conflagration had spared.

When Ivan arrived, he found in the isba only the aged wife of the starosta, with her children seated on the stove. All the rest had run to the fire. The old man was stretched on a bench, a candle in his hand, his eyes turned toward the door.

When Ivan entered, his father made a movement. The old woman came near and informed him that his son was there.

"Tell him to come nearer me," said the old man.

And when he had placed himself beside him, he said to him : —

"Well, Ivan, what did I tell you? Now who set fire to the village?"

"It is he, little father!" answered Ivan. "It is he, I caught him in the act. It was under my eyes that he set fire to the thatch — I only needed to pull off the burning straw and put it out with my feet: nothing would have happened."

"Ivan," said the old man, "I am dying, and you will die too. Who has sinned?"

Ivan looked at his father and kept silence. He could not say a single word.

"Tell it before God: who has sinned? What did I tell you?"

Then only did Ivan come to himself. He understood. His

breath grew hurried, he fell on his knees before his father, burst into tears, and said : —

"It is I who have sinned, little father. Forgive me ! I am guilty before you and before God ! "

The old man's hands quivered; he took the candle in his left hand, raised his right to Ivan's forehead, and tried to make the sign of the cross, but he could not accomplish it.

"God be praised ! God be praised ! " he said, gazing at his son once more. "Ivan ! eh ! Ivan ! "

"What is it, little father ? "

"What is to become of us now ? "

Ivan was still weeping : —

"I don't know, little father, how we are to live now."

The old man closed his eyes and moved his lips. Then, collecting his dying strength, he opened his eyes and murmured : —

"You will live if you are just : you will live."

The old man stopped. Then he smiled and resumed : —

"Listen, Ivan, don't reveal who started the fire. Hide another's sin, and God will remit two of yours."

And the old man, taking the candle in both hands, joined them over his heart, let a sigh escape him, grew stiff and died.

Ivan did not denounce Gavrilo, and no one knew how the fire started.

And Ivan's heart was no longer bitter against Gavrilo, and Gavrilo was astonished that Ivan did not denounce him. He was in fear at first, then he grew assured. The mujiks quarreled no more, nor their families more. While the houses were rebuilding, the two families lived side by side in the same yard. And Ivan with Gavrilo once more found themselves neighbors in the same nest. And they both lived as good neighbors, just as their elders had done.

And Ivan Shcherbakof recalled, he recalled without ceasing the last words of the old man, and that teaching of God, that a fire must be extinguished at its outset. And if any one does you evil, do not take vengeance for it, but try to arrange matters ; and if any one speaks a harsh word to you, do not answer by a worse one, but on the contrary, abstain from harsh words, and teach your wives and children to abstain from them also.

And Ivan Shcherbakof found it well for him to follow these precepts, and lived better than heretofore.

THE SISTER.

By A. TCHECHOV.

(Translated for this work, from the Russian.)

Klimov, non-commissioned officer, was traveling by train from Petersburg to Moscow. He was in a smoking carriage, and facing him sat a middle-aged man with a clean-shaven face, who looked like a skipper, and was evidently a well-to-do Finn or Swede, who kept sucking his pipe and repeating in broken Russian, — "Ah, you are an officer! My brother is an officer too, but he is in the navy. He is at Kronstadt. Why are you going to Moscow?"

"I serve there."

"Ah! Are you married?"

"No, I live with my aunt and sister."

"My brother is an officer too, but he is married and has three children. Ah!"

The Finn had a perpetually wondering look; a broad stupid smile lighted his face when he exclaimed "Ah," and now and then he blew at his ill-smelling pipe to clear it.

Klimov, who did not feel quite well, and who answered his questions with an effort, hated him cordially. He thought how nice it would be to snatch away his tiresome wheezing pipe, throw it under the seat, and drive the man himself into another carriage.

"A horrid people, these Finns and — Greeks," he thought. "A superfluous, good-for-nothing, horrid people. They only take up room in the world. Why do they exist?"

Merely to think of the Finns and Greeks made him sick. By way of comparison, he tried to think of the French and Italians, but these nations somehow suggested to him only organ-grinders, naked women, and some foreign oil engravings hung on a wall at home over his aunt's chest of drawers. Altogether he felt that he was in an abnormal state. Though he had the whole seat to himself, he could not settle his hands and feet comfortably. His mouth was dry and sticky; his brain was befogged; and his thoughts seemed to wander, not there, but somewhere beyond, among the seats and the people wrapped in the darkness of the night. Through his misty consciousness, as if in sleep, passed the sound of voices, the noise of rolling

wheels, the banging of doors. Bells, the guard's whistle, the running of passengers on platforms, were almost incessant. Time passed rapidly, unnoticed, and thus it seemed as if the train stopped at stations every minute, and harsh voices were heard.

"Mail ready?"

"Ready!"

It seemed that the man who attended to the heating apparatus came in too often to look at the thermometer; and that the noise of a train coming in the opposite direction, and the terrific uproar of wheels crossing a bridge, were continual. The noise, the whistling, the Finn, the tobacco smoke, — all these, together with the threatening aspect of dim images whose shape and character would have no effect on normal people, weighed upon Klimov like an unbearable nightmare. In agony he raised his heavy head, glanced at the lamp, and saw shadows and misty spots turning round in its rays. He wanted some water, but he could hardly move his dry tongue, and it was only with a great effort that he answered the Finn. He tried to lie down comfortably, and to sleep, but he could not. Meanwhile the Finn dropped off several times, awoke, smoked his pipe, uttered his "ah!" and fell asleep again; but the non-commissioned officer did not once succeed in putting up his feet comfortably, and the threatening images still remained before his eyes. At Spirovo station he went into the refreshment room to get some water, and he noticed passengers sitting at a table eating hurriedly — "How can they eat!" he thought, endeavoring not to breathe, for the air smelt of roast beef; and not to see the moving jaws, for both seemed to him horrible, sickening. A good-looking lady was speaking in a loud voice to a military man in a red cap, and as she smiled she revealed beautiful white teeth. The smile, the teeth, and the lady herself impressed Klimov as badly as the beef and the grilled chops. He wondered why this military man was not afraid to sit next her and gaze into her healthy, smiling face. When, after drinking some water, he returned to his carriage, the Finn was still sitting there smoking, his pipe making a sound like a torn golosh on a wet day.

"Ah!" he said, with his wondering look, "what station is this?"

"I don't know," replied Klimov, lying down, and he covered his mouth to avoid inhaling the strong tobacco smoke.

"When do we get to Iver?"

"I don't know. Excuse me, I—I can't talk. I am ill. I took cold to-day."

The Finn knocked his pipe on the window sill and began talking about his brother in the navy. Klimov no longer listened, and thought with anguish of his soft, comfortable bed, of the decanter of cold water, of his sister Katia, who so well understood how to put you to bed, to make you comfortable, and to give you water to drink. He even smiled when there flashed into his imagination his orderly, Paul, taking off his master's heavy boots, and placing a bottle of cold water on the table. He imagined that as soon as he should go to bed and drink a glass of water, the nightmare would give place to sound, healthy sleep.

"Mail ready?" a hoarse voice was heard in the distance.

"Ready!" replied a bass voice close to the window.

Already Spirovo was two or three stations behind. Time passed in leaps and bounds; and the bells, whistlings, and stoppages seemed endless. In despair Klimov thrust his face into the corner of the seat, clasped his head with his hands, and again began thinking of his sister Katia and of his orderly, Paul. But his sister and Paul got entangled with misty figures, turned round, and disappeared. His hot breathing, returning from the back of the seat, burned his face, his feet were cramped, he felt a draught from the window on his back. Still, painful as it was, he did not care to change his position. A nightmarish heaviness seized him and numbed his limbs.

When he ventured to lift his head, it was daylight in the train. The passengers were putting on their fur coats and moving about. The train stopped. Porters, in white aprons, with numbers on their badges, were hustling round the passengers, taking up their luggage. Klimov put on his coat; mechanically following the crowd, he left the train, and he fancied that it was not he that was walking, but some one else in his stead, a stranger; and at the same time he felt that the heat, thirst, and those threatening figures which had prevented his sleeping all night had left the train with him. Mechanically he received his luggage and took a cab. The driver asked half a crown to take him to the Povarskaya; but he did not bargain, and quietly, submissively, sat down in the sledge. He could still distinguish differences in numbers, but money had already lost its values for him.

Napoleon

From the painting by Steuben

Klimov was met at home by his aunt and his sister Katia, a girl of eighteen. As she came out to greet him, Katia held in her hands an exercise book and a pencil, and he remembered that she was now preparing to pass a teacher's exam. He returned no answer to questions or greetings, merely gasped from the heat, and aimlessly walked through the house. When he reached his bed, he fell on his pillows. The Finn, the red cap, the lady with the white teeth, the smell of the roast beef, the trembling shadows, filled his brain. He had already forgotten where he was, and did not hear the anxious voices around him.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself in bed, undressed; he beheld the decanter of water, and his orderly, Paul, but for all this he felt no cooler or more comfortable. His hands and feet were as awkwardly placed as before, his tongue stuck to his palate, and he heard the wheezing of the Finn's pipe; near the bed, the thick-set, black-bearded doctor was bustling about, pushing Paul by his broad shoulders.

"It's nothing, nothing, young man!" he mumbled. "Excellent, excellent... that's it!"

The doctor called Klimov "young man," and he pronounced some of his words oddly.

"Yes, yes, yes," he talked on. "That's it, that's it. It's all perfect, young man. One must not lose heart!"

The doctor's rapid, careless speech, his complacent appearance, and condescending "young man" irritated Klimov.

"Why do you call me 'young man'?" he groaned. "Why such familiarity? Devil take you!"

He was frightened at the sound of his own voice. It was so dry, weak, and drawling that he could not recognize it.

"Very good, very good," murmured the doctor, not in the least disconcerted. "Don't be offended, — yes, yes, yes."

At home, just as in the train, time passed with marvelous rapidity. Daylight in the bedroom was very soon replaced by twilight. It seemed as if the doctor were constantly by the bed, and every minute his "yes, yes, yes," resounded in the room, through which an uninterrupted line of faces stretched away before him. Here they were: Paul, the Finn, Captain Yaroshevitch, the Sergeant Maximenko, the red military cap, the lady with the white teeth, the doctor. They were all talking, waving their hands, smoking, and eating. Once even by daylight Klimov saw his regimental chaplain, Father Alex-

andre, who in his stole, and mass-book in hand, stood by the bedside and mumbled something with a serious expression that he had never noticed in him before. The officer remembered that Father Alexandre called all the Roman Catholic officers "liachi" [Poles], but in a good-natured way; and wishing to amuse him, he shouted, "Father Alexandre, liach Yaroshevitch joined the insurrectionary bands in the wood." But Father Alexandre, a good-humored man, very easily moved to laughter, did not laugh, but became more serious and crossed Klimov.

At night two shadows came in and out. The shadow of his sister kneeled and prayed; she bowed before the sacred images, and her gray shadow on the wall also bowed, so that two shadows prayed to God. The whole time Klimov smelt roast beef and the Finn's pipe, but once he distinguished the strong odor of incense. He felt sick, tossed about, and shouted: "Incense! Take away the incense!" There was no answer. He heard the priest singing softly somewhere, and somebody rushing up and down the stairs.

When Klimov again became conscious, no one was in his bedroom. The morning sunshine was streaming through the window curtain, and a trembling ray, thin and graceful like a blade, was playing on the decanter. He heard the noise of wheels; it meant that the snow was gone.

The officer gazed at the ray of light, at the familiar furniture, at the door, and suddenly he laughed. His chest and whole body trembled with sweet, tickling laughter. A sensation of everlasting happiness and the joy of life filled his being from head to foot, a sensation which was probably felt by the first-born man, when he for the first time beheld the world. Klimov longed for movement, for people, for speech. His body lay motionless, his hands alone moved, but he scarcely noticed that, and concentrated his attention on trifles. He was delighted with his breathing, his laughter, he was glad in knowing that the decanter, the roof, the ray of light, and the curtain ribbon existed. Even in this little corner of a bedroom, the world seemed to him beautiful, varied, great. When the doctor came in, the officer thought what a splendid thing medicine was, how charming and kind the doctor was, and how nice and interesting people are in general.

"Yes, yes, yes," talked on the doctor. "Excellent, excellent. — Now we are quite well . . . yes, yes. . . ."

The officer listened and laughed heartily. He remembered

the Finn, the lady with the white teeth, the roast beef, and he felt a desire to smoke, to eat.

"Doctor," he said, "tell them to give me a crust of rye bread with salt, and — and a few sardines."

The doctor refused; Paul did not pay any attention, and did not bring him any bread. The officer couldn't bear it, and cried like a naughty child.

"Baby!" laughed the doctor. "Mammy, ha, ha, ha!"

Klimov laughed too, and when the doctor went, he fell into a sound sleep. He awoke with the same sensation of happiness, the same joy. At his bedside was his aunt.

"Ah, auntie!" he exclaimed joyfully. "What was the matter with me?"

"Typhoid."

"That's it. And now I am all right, quite all right! Where's Katia?"

"She's out. Very likely she called on some one after her exam." As the old lady said this, she bent over her work, her lips trembled, she turned away and suddenly sobbed. In her despair she forgot the doctor's injunction, and said: —

"Ah, Katia, Katia! Our angel is no more! No!"

She dropped her knitting, and, while bending to pick it up, her cap slipped off. Klimov looked at her gray head, and not understanding, he felt uneasy about his sister, and asked: —

"But where is she, auntie?"

The old lady, absorbed in her sorrow, and not thinking of Klimov, said: —

"She took the fever from you — and died. She was buried the day before yesterday."

This terrible and unexpected news went straight home to Klimov; but terrible and appalling though it was, it could not subdue the animal joy pervading the convalescent officer. He cried, he laughed, and soon became angry again because they gave him nothing to eat.

But a week later, when, in his dressing-gown and supported by Paul, he approached the window, gazed at the gray spring sky, and heard the grating sound of old iron being carted by, his heart contracted with pain; he wept, and pressed his forehead to the window sash.

"How unhappy I am!" he murmured. "Ah, how unhappy I am!"

And the feeling of joy was replaced by the usual dullness and the feeling of an irreparable loss.

NAPOLEON.

By VICTOR HUGO.

[1802–1885.]

"Tu domines notre âge : ange ou démon, qu' importe !"

Angel or demon! thou — whether of light
The minister, or darkness — still dost sway
This age of ours; thine eagle's soaring flight
Bears us, all breathless, after it away.
The eye that from thy presence fain would stray,
Shuns thee in vain; thy mighty shadow thrown
Rests on all pictures of the living day,
And on the threshold of our time alone,
Dazzling, yet somber, stands thy form, Napoleon!

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
The subject lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
Whether he wind along the enchanting shore
To Portici from far Parthenope,
Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,
O'er loveliest Ischia's odorous isle he stray,
Wooed by whose breath the soft and amorous sea
Seems like some languishing sultana's lay,
A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way:

Him whether Pæstum's solemn fane detain,
Shrouding his soul with meditation's power;
Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,
Listening, he while away the evening hour;
Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone, and deep,
Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posilippo laid,
While as the swarthy boatman at his side
Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleasèd shade, —
Ever he sees throughout that circuit wide,
From shady nook or sunny lawn espied,
From rocky headland viewed, or flowery shore,
From sea and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, towering all objects o'er,
And blackening with its breath the horizon evermore!

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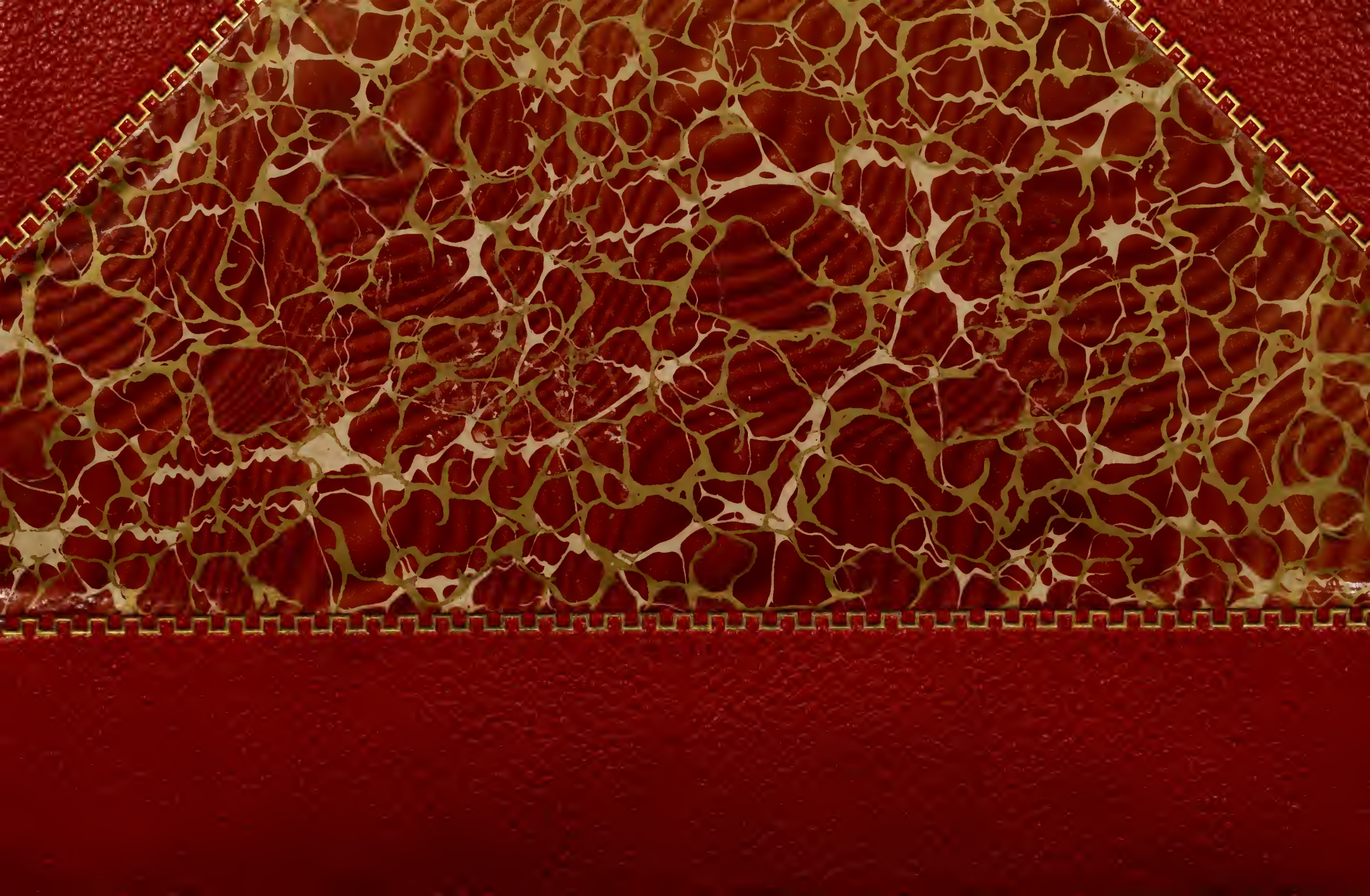
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